Everybody's Magazine

October 191

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MELBA

FARRAR

PADEREWSKI

GALLI-CURCI

GLUCK

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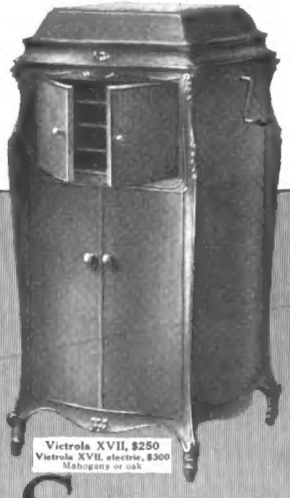
KREISLER

Victrola VI, $25
Oak



Victrola XVII, $250
Victrola XVII, electric, $300
Mahogany or oak

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Everybody's Magazine
Number Four October 1917 Volume xxxvii

THE KILLING OF RASPUTIN

By Lincoln Steffens

ILLUSTRATED BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

The name of Gregory Rasputin is linked for all time with the great drama of revolt in Russia. Much has been written of the weird career, the evil power, and the destruction of this real ruler of the last of the Romanoffs. But the true story of Rasputin was never told until Lincoln Steffens brought it out of Russia only a few weeks ago. In last month's Everybody's *Mr. Steffens recounted the growth of this sinister figure's power over Tsar and Tsarina. In the following pages he tells for the first time the full story of the killing of Rasputin and the part it played in the birth of democracy in Russia. The story was confided to Mr. Steffens by the assassins themselves. For sheer dramatic force, the bald facts as Mr. Steffens has set them down here have never been excelled in fiction.*—The Editor.

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GREGORY RASPUTIN picked with his own hands the woman to put him to death.

One evening, at a little party of the elect of Petrograd, he was attracted by the beauty and grace of a joyous young Grand Duchess who was enlivening the dull company with her wit and her playfulness. He watched her every move. She noticed it; everybody there did, and there was no mistaking the meaning of that peasant's fixed eye and moving mouth. His gaze meant what the look of a king means, or a beast of prey; it meant what the lust of any creature means that has the power to force its satisfaction.

Rasputin had power: his own and the Tsar's. He could win a woman, win her wholly, and he could give her husband a fleet to command or a term in prison. One of the exiles brought back by the Revolution was an officer of the guard who dared protest to the Tsar that his wife loved the favorite. Most dreadful of all, however, was the power which the primitive imagination of a superstitious public gave Rasputin, with his fame as a sacred healer, a religious devotee, and a satanic hypnotist. That's what drew the women and disarmed their men.

The Russians were afraid of Rasputin; men and women alike, they were hypnotized by their fear of his powers, natural and supernatural.

The gay young Duchess felt the danger. The wonder-worker's choice of her that evening filled her with terror. But she was full of courage, too, and pride, and strength. She went on with her merrymaking. Flushed and excited, she became even more wonderful, and the other guests, nervously aware of the possibilities of the situation,

AMID THE STARTLED SILENCE OF THE COMPANY, HE LAID HIS HANDS UPON THE DUCHESS.

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joined anxiously or cynically in the play. Only Rasputin was still. There was laughter, romping, applause, till suddenly he stopped it all. Rasputin rose from his place and, amid the startled silence of the company, crossed the room to the Duchess, and—"it was a way he had"—he laid his hands upon her. He laid them on her arm and shoulder, to caress her.

Rasputin's hands were not clean. Neither was he. A muzhik, he wore always the peasant's garb: a simple blouse over a simple shirt; breeches tucked in high boots. Ladies of the Court made him garments of silk and fine linen, and he wore their gifts, if they cut them peasant fashion. But he wore them too long at a time. And his long black beard and his long black hair were not carefully kept. Rasputin was a bit "greasy." He was so coarse and untidy that fine men wondered how fine women could stand him; and his specialty was fine women. Rasputin's career was a court career, and his victims were ladies.

The ladies declared it was his "fascinating, mesmerizing eyes," and there is male testimony to the effectiveness of his gaze. But it was his hands that he used most, and they were unclean, physically and spiritually; both to sight and touch. He used them, as the savages do, for everything. He ate with them. A glutton, he discarded knife, fork and spoon; he took up meat, fish — whatever he had to devour. He seized it with his two fists and, tearing it with his white teeth, like a wolf, got away with it lustily and aloud. Speechless while he fed, he would turn, when filled, and with those same half-wiped hands, paw the lady his ravenous eyes had been openly picking out all through the meal. It was indeed a way he had.

"The Fate of Rasputin"

THE woman he had picked for this evening, the Duchess, felt the horror of all this. She froze at his touch. And the other guests, horrified at her horror, froze. They were Rasputin's friends. It was his circle, and most of the people there feared, revered, or loved him. They sensed the irreverence of her shock, of her loathing for him. And Rasputin got it, too. He took off his hands. He grimaced, laughed a little nervous laugh, but he took his hands off that woman.

She stood there a moment. "She stood there like a marble statue of Horror," as one narrator expressed it, "and then," he said, "she went on to pose for the 'Fate of Rasputin.'"

She went on with her gaiety. Recovering her self-possession, she pretended to be merry again, and she was fascinating. And she was fascinating to Rasputin. She meant to be. She threw him glances, gestures, smiles to tempt him to think that, the first shock of surprise passed, she was feeling his lure and was sorry for her rebuff. Her purpose was forming. And Rasputin, vain and not proud, smirked, watched, and then, when he began to respond, gloating and munching, to her lure, she ran away.

Woman's Wit

SHE ran to the Prince. She told him about it. He was enraged and he was alarmed. He said he would kill the beast, and he started up to go and do it. But he trembled; he feared Rasputin. The Duchess knew he did.

The Prince is an educated gentleman, trained in the best schools of Russia and finished at Oxford, England. But he shared the aristocratic Russian superstition about Rasputin. The Prince believed that Rasputin was inviolable; that he could not be killed, and that whoever attempted to injure him would certainly be cursed and probably sent to Siberia. And yet the Prince meant what he said, and the Duchess knew he meant it.

Wise men do all their acts, big and little, with much the same measure of wisdom and efficiency, but when a foolish woman undertakes a serious thing, she is apt to put into the doing of it more sense and power than her friends thought she had. The Duchess realized that her Prince intended to shoot or cut Rasputin down; and that he had the courage to try it. But she knew also that several equally gallant gentlemen of her class in Petrograd, impelled by similar affronts to their women, had gone forth to do this very same thing, and—they hadn't done it. This woman meant that, this time, it should be done. Her knight would not only prove his courage and attempt the vindication of his honor—her Prince would do it.

So when he rose in his violent male rage to go straight away upon his mission, she stayed him.

"Yes, yes," she said in effect, "you shall go, but not now; not so."

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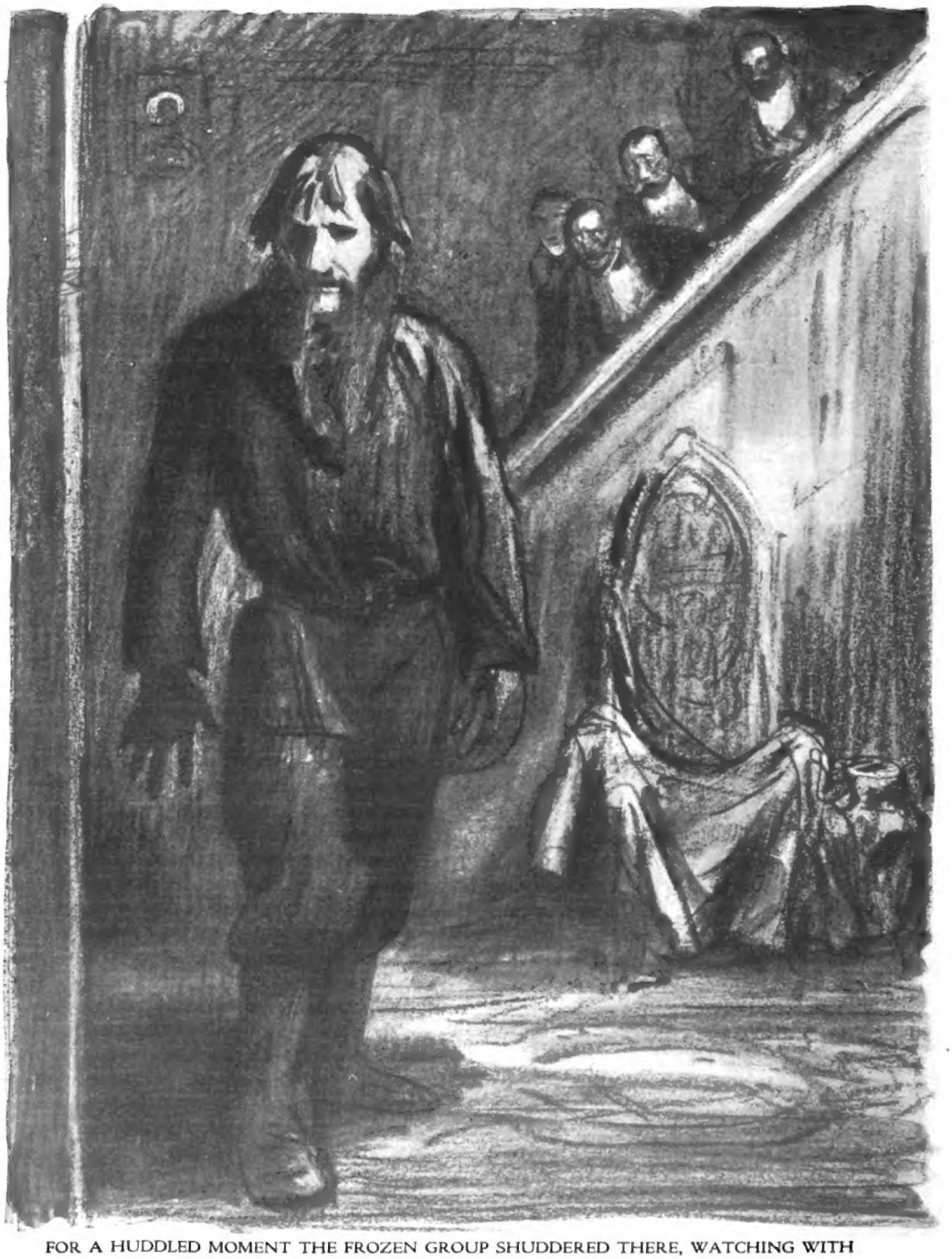

FOR A HUDDLED MOMENT THE FROZEN GROUP SHUDDERED THERE, WATCHING WITH STARTING EYES THE SILENT FIGURE FLOATING TOWARD THE DOOR.

She reminded him that Rasputin was carefully guarded. After the last attack upon his life, the Tsarina had ordered him to be surrounded constantly by detectives; and, to make assurance doubly sure, her detectives and his servants were to be foreigners, mostly English.

"You can't go to him and shoot or stab

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him," the Duchess told the Prince; "not just like that."

The impulsive man saw that the intelligent woman was right, and he was balked.

"But," he said, "it must be done."

She agreed. It must be done; yes, she said, and the Prince must do it. How? She told him how:

Since the Prince could not go to Rasputin and kill him, Rasputin must come to the Prince and be killed.

But how? How could that be brought about?

She told him that too:

Rasputin must be brought to her house to get her.

Rasputin could be brought to her house to get her.

The Prince, astonished and shocked, protested: "No!" But the woman reasoned it out for him.

She was what Rasputin wanted, wasn't she? Very well, then. Let the beast come there to get her. "And," she incited, "let him get me—or his death."

In a word, the lady offered herself for the lure; and as for the Prince and his motive: they would hint to Rasputin that the Prince aspired to a high command in the army or a portfolio in the Government, or anything that would cover and account for the lure. That was the main thing.

The Heroine

AND there we have the reason why, in Petrograd, they speak with pride, but do not print, the name of the Duchess. They do not want it known abroad.

The Russians seem to think that we foreigners do not obey the injunction to "judge not," as they do in Russia; that we are prone to punish, not, like them, to understand; and they fear that, since we do not know all the justifying circumstances, we might condemn this woman for an act which struck the shackles from their minds and so released the spirit of Russian freedom.

But we Americans ourselves disobey that other commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." We say that "murder is murder," but we permit the practise of "justifiable homicide." And as for the Prince and his pretended price, we Americans do not all know it, but the trade of a man's wife or daughter for business or social promotion occurs among us also; it isn't common, and neither is it done often in Europe, but it happens in high society in all countries. It was a familiar phenomenon to Rasputin.

I am leaving out, as I promised, the name of this noble Russian woman who lured the Pilgrim to his fate; for good measure I am omitting the names of all the well-known assassins, and I have stated the circumstances which "justify" the crime; but to satisfy completely the Russian patriots, and make sure that their act is understood, I will sum up their view of it in their terms.

Why She Did It

THE lady loathed the dirty peasant that put his possessing hands upon her. She felt about him as any upstanding creature feels about a crawling snake which has struck and will strike again. She had a human impulse to step on and crush Rasputin. She counted the fools he had made of women, the cowards he had made of men, and she wanted to save them. This, too, was human. And she had a class consciousness about him. A grand duchess by birth, she hated the low-born interloper who had crept into the imperial family and pulled the ears of the Tsar and the Tsarina down to his whispering lips and away from those of the grand dukes and grand duchesses; turning them and the aristocracy out of the Court to whine and tremble, his slaves, in the courtyard.

She heard and she shared the indignation and the dread which the plutocracy wasted on Rasputin. She had seen it grow and spread till, from craven mutterings, it had ventured out into open, formal resolutions of the Council of Empire and even in bourgeoisie speeches in the Duma. And these denunciations, which demanded that the Tsar get rid of Rasputin, were all explicitly for "the good of the Tsar," "of the House of Romanoff," "of the dynasty," "of the monarchical form of government." Yes, the Russian Conservatives, all the Tory groups and parties—Privilege—feared and, in plain speech, said that the influence and the scandal of Rasputin at Court was a menace to Things as They Are in Russia.

This class-fear was big in the mind of the little Duchess when she offered herself as the bait to bring her enemy to the point of the Prince's pistol. And she resented his perversion of religion and his degradation of her Church. But there was one other, more democratic motive at work in her. She

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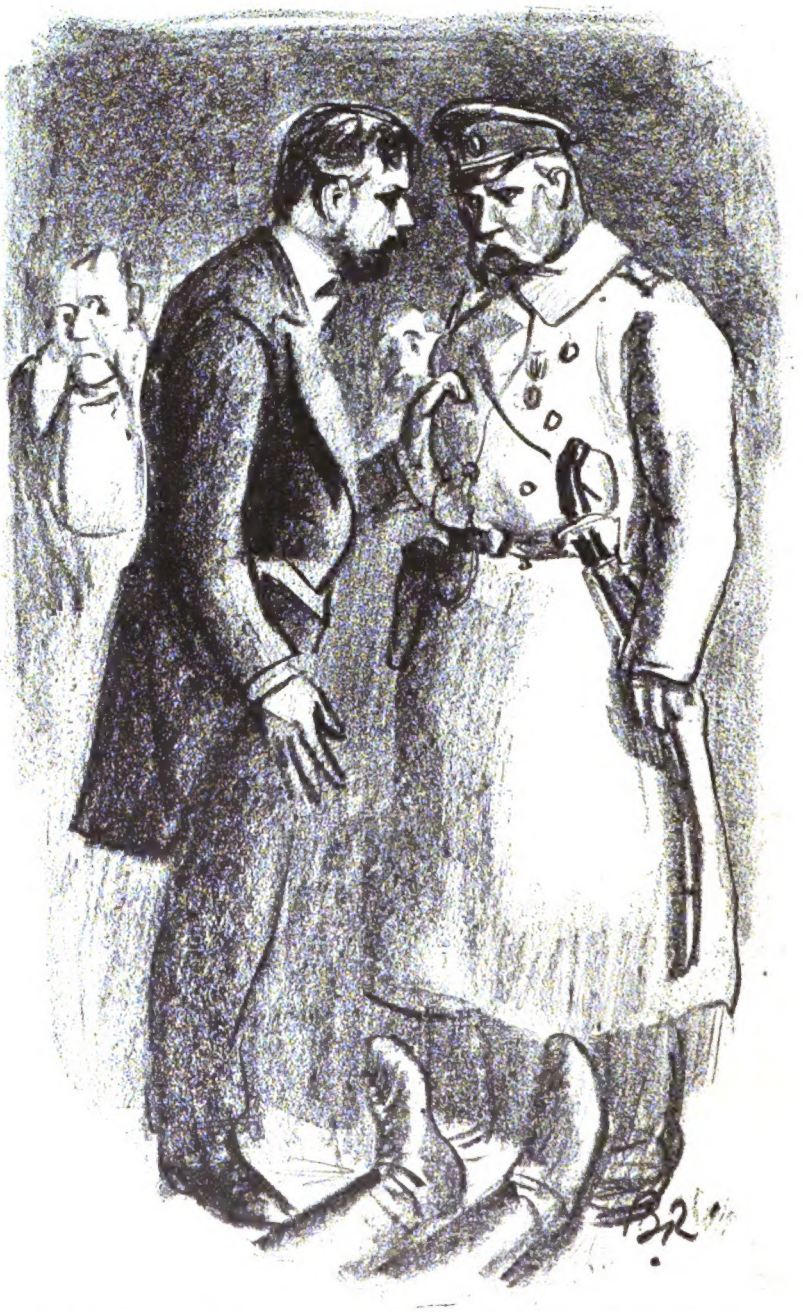
accepted the common belief that Rasputin was the agent through whom Germany was designating or purchasing generals in the Russian armies, mismaking and misshipping ammunition, and directing millions of Russian troops into V-shaped swamps where von Hindenburg's Germans could slaughter them in blood and mud!

The lady believed, in short, that her beast was a traitor to God, man, and the Tsar; to her kind, to her class and to her country. And upon that conviction she acted deliberately; not impulsively, like the gentlemen, but slowly, surely, like the able woman she is.

When the Prince had stated his dainty scruples against her part in their purpose, she set them aside with her rude reason; and when he had bowed to her rude reasoning and proposed to proceed, he and she alone, she again said:



THE MOST POWERFUL MEMBER OF THE GROUP BADE THE POLICEMAN KEEP THE SECRET, AND HE PROMISED.

"No, not so fast. This must be planned."

They must decide just when to do it, and just where, and just how; whether to poison or shoot or both. And in order to provide against every contingency and make the end certain, there must be others in the plot.

They called in a few of their friends; a very few; not more than half a dozen; all

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aristocratic, but each one chosen for a specific service. Two or three were there because of their power; they were men whose political and social influence was practically irresistible. They were a guarantee that, once Rasputin was dead and gone, there would be no indictments, no vengeance by the state. Others were called in for more active work. One of these was a doctor of medicine. He was to prepare the poison. For it was decided to use both poison and pistols; several pistols. The Prince was to do the shooting, but——

The Fear-Proof Plan

THE Prince and the man of science, the doctor, all the men scoffed at the notion that Rasputin could not be killed. The woman's fear of the men's fear of the miracle-man, the men waved aside as womanly superstition. The doctor said he knew a concoction that would kill any normal human being and he averred that it would even lay a ghost. He would mix it with his own hands, and the Prince would administer it.

The Duchess rejoiced to hear the men all talking so bravely, and she counted on their courage, of course; but there *was* that deadly fear of Rasputin and it *did* set the men a-trembling. She had to count on that, too. She kept the plotters plotting till every possibility of failure had been considered and provided for. The Prince was to serve the poison, but he was to be prepared to shoot if, for any reason, the poison wasn't taken or didn't work; and then all the men were to be armed and ready to shoot if the first shot failed.

In other words, the woman's was the practical mind in this remarkable case. The plan was developed by all; everybody contributed to its perfection and it was worked out to careful completeness; but it was not put into execution until the determined young Duchess was satisfied that it would not merely express male rage and jealousy, but go through to a result. As it did.

ON THE night of December 20 (old style: our December 31), 1916, there was an illumination in the house of the Grand Duchess. It looked as if there were a ball within. There wasn't; only a few persons were present, a very few, the few who had planned the plot to kill Rasputin; and a very anxious few they were. Rasputin had been invited to call upon the Duchess. He had accepted the invitation. And the lady was there to see him. She had no intention of meeting her distinguished caller. The plan was to let the Prince go down to receive Rasputin and, explaining to him that there was a party above, entertain him till the Duchess could "free herself from the other guests." While he waited, poisoned cakes and wine were to be offered to the glutton. Since the Prince might be expected to partake also of the food and drink, the glasses were marked to distinguish the clean one from that which was poisoned, and there were to be red cakes and white cakes; the red were poisoned. And, to complete the illusion of a ball upstairs, they had brought in a music-box and a record—one record.

"I think," said one of the noble assassins, "I really believe that if I should ever again hear that record played, I should collapse and I might go mad."

The Dance of Death

HE wouldn't, but his hyperbole gives some indication of the state of mind of that group that night. Rasputin came late; he had trouble escaping his detective guards. Invited for about midnight, he didn't appear till after one o'clock. His enemies, ready beforehand, sat there waiting. It was terrible, they say. All primed to murder, anxious about their plan and fearful, not only of a slip, but secretly in dread of the uncanny powers of their supernatural prey, the suspense was an agony. There was nothing more to do, nothing more to say, and their part was to play they were at a ball. They must dance or make the sounds of dancing—and since the guest must hear the music as he approached the house and afterward, that record had to be played and played and played, from eleven-thirty to midnight, from midnight till he arrived, and—afterward.

Accounts differ as to just what happened when Rasputin came. The published story had it that the whole group of men met him and, forcing from him a confession of his crimes, ordered him to kill himself. This is not true. Another tale has it that they gave Rasputin an opportunity to boast his political and social conquests; that they drew him thus into

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a complete confession and then, as if in high indignation, they fell upon and slew him. There's truth in all this, but the fact is that the group did not receive Rasputin. The Prince alone did that, and just what took place between them, the Prince seems never to have told in detail. All the stories I heard, the stories which are essentially alike and undoubtedly authentic, were told from the point of view of the group up-stairs. But there's a difference between the facts and the truth; and the truth will help us here.

Rasputin was forever bragging. An eyewitness tells how once Rasputin pointed out a pretty Court dame and declared with a leer that she was one of his disciples. Receiving a polite expression of incredulity, he said he would "prove it." He called the lady to him.

"You wear my dirty old undershirt next your skin, don't you,?" he said. "Show it to me." And he made her reach into her bosom and draw forth the hem of his "old shirt."

Some day the Prince will tell his story, and we shall be sure. Meanwhile, however, those who know most about the action and the persons of this nature-made melodrama, agree that the probabilities are that Rasputin boasted and that the Prince listened to the history of the pilgrimage from Tiumen, Siberia, to Jerusalem, to Moscow, to Petrograd; while the Pilgrim drank wine, ate cake and waited for the Duchess to get rid of her guests up-stairs; while the Prince waited for the poison to work; and while the guests up-stairs waited for the Prince to come back and report Rasputin poisoned —or for the crack of his revolver.

The Terrible Hour

HE HAD the weapon with him. They had asked him when Rasputin was announced, and he had tapped it to assure them and himself, as he left the room to go below. They had watched him go, pale, but determined; trembling, but nerved up to do his part. They watched, and they tried to listen, but couldn't hear. That record! It clamored, and their dancing feet shuffled. And then when the music ceased, and they could harken, there was silence down there. They couldn't catch even the murmur of voices; nothing, nothing but the silence. Their imagination sickened.

Maybe the visitor was a supernatural monster. He could read the mind. Had he divined the Prince's purpose? He hypnotized people. Had he hypnotized the Prince? Wasn't he holding the Prince in his power right now?

"Start the record," and the music, the crazy music danced. And they made their feet dance. Their spirits would not, could not dance. Mad for silence, mad to listen, they had to make a noise. Charged for action, they had to wait, minute by minute, for a quarter, for half an hour; for—

"He Still Lives!"

THEY don't know how long it was they waited, for it terminated suddenly. But they do remember that it was long enough for the poison to work—if it was going to work. The doubt about that, the uncanny fear that gripped their minds, came out upon their faces. Could Rasputin be killed? They looked to the doctor for the answer. He declared again that his mixture would cause "instant death," but his face betrayed him; his fellow-conspirators read his fearful doubt and they quailed. They were in a panic, when they heard the Prince coming.

He came running; quietly, very softly, but as swift as flight he fled up those stairs into that room.

"God! oh, God!" he whispered. "He has eaten all the cakes and drunk all the wine, and he lives. He lives!"

The doctor fainted. They were all struck sick by the conviction that felled the doctor.

Rasputin *was* inviolable; he really was. He could not be poisoned. He could not be shot.

They fluttered over the doctor, and he came to. And he came up repeating that the poison he had mixed was certain death to any normal being, certain and quick. The Prince pointed down the stairs.

"He lives," he said. "He took it all, and —he lives."

The doctor was appalled. They all were appalled. And they had to go on. The Duchess said they must, and they nodded. They must go on with their plot. They turned to the Prince. He was to shoot, if the poison failed; that was the plan. He remembered.

"Da, da," he said, "yes, yes, I'll do it. I'll go back down there, and—yes, but give me a moment, one minute——"

And he was gone. He cut himself short

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and he went "back down there" to do the terrible thing he was sure now could not be done!

The others watched him go. They, too, were sure now. They crowded to the door to see him go down those stairs, and then when, erect and bold, he disappeared, they listened for the shot or —. Not long. They had barely time to recover, and had just started the record, the maddening dance-music, when they heard the shot—a crack, and again a crack.

"STOP!" SCREAMED A VOICE. "STOP IT. SHOOT! EVERYBODY SHOOT. QUICK!"

They don't agree as to the number of the shots. All they are sure of is that they heard "something fall," and that there was another wait, another long silence below, before the Prince reappeared. He came slowly, climbing heavily up to them. Had he?

"Yes," he said wearily. "It's done. He's dead. He's on the big rug. He bled down the leg, out of one boot. I put his feet up on a chair. He is lying on the rug with his feet up on the chair."

They waited. They heard; they pictured it, but they waited till the Prince said dully:

"You must all come and help me get it away."

That was the plan. They knew. Somebody repeated it:

"We must all help get it away."

They started together down to help get the body away. They kept together all the way down the stairs, watching the door to the room where it was. It was a long flight of stairs; at the rate they crept down it took them an age, and all the way they fixed their eyes on the door. They stared at that door as if they feared that the dead would rise and come out and——

It did. Rasputin came out. They stood still in their tracks and they saw him walk out of that door. He didn't look at them. Head down, mournfully, he moved into the hall, turned evenly and walked away from them toward the front door. For a huddled moment the frozen group shuddered there, watching with starting eyes the silent figure floating toward the closed front door.

And— as they watched, the door swung open!

"Stop!" screamed a voice. "Stop it. Shoot. Everybody shoot. Quick!"

Everybody fired. That was the plan, the well-conned plan. Somebody had remembered it, and everybody responded. There was a crackety-crack of many revolvers; a scattered volley. The figure in the doorway paused, turned quietly toward them, bowed and then, majestically, fell. It fell in the vestibule across the door-sill, and lay still. By-and-by the assassins went together up to it, the doctor bent over and laid his hand upon it. "Dead," he said.

Rasputin was dead.

SUCH is the story, as the noble assassins tell it out of the state of mind in which they did it. Explanations followed. The poison, which failed, is said to have been found at the autopsy intact, undigested in the stomach. Rasputin was undoubtedly a man of great vitality, and the Prince, brave but trembling, probably shot wild and hit the leg or foot, causing the bleeding which he noticed "from the boot." Rasputin, bowled over by the shock, was able to get up and walk away. If he limped, nobody there was cool enough to observe it. As for the opened door, a servant may have done that unseen.

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Nobody seems to have inquired into this incident, but it is likely that some attendant, attracted by the Prince's shots, came up to the door outside and, seeing the guest of the evening approaching, quietly opened it. They all remembered that when they had gathered about the body, the hall and front steps filled with people; servants and passers-by, among them a policeman.

None of the principals had noticed him till one of them began to caution the servants to keep the secret of that night. They were to know nothing; to say they had seen nothing, heard nothing, and they promised.

"But," said one, "there's a policeman here."

The most powerful member of the group, a distinguished man of high position, bade the policeman also keep the secret, and he promised, "unless," he said, "I am questioned under oath." He refused a bribe of five hundred rubles, and the briber appealed to his patriotism. He told him, and he told the servants, who the dead man was; reminded them that Rasputin had disgraced the Court of the Tsar, threatened the empire, and betrayed the army. The whole crowd, servants, spectators, and police, were sworn there and then to silence. And they all kept faith, except the policeman. After a while he reported to his superiors all that he knew.

The End

THE conspirators put the body into an automobile, took it off and pitched it over a bridge through the ice into the river. The Tsarina, in frantic distress, ordered a search. One of Rasputin's rubbers was found on the bridge and a bloody spot over the side where the body struck in falling. These showed the searchers where to look; they discovered the body, and the Tsarina had it embalmed and laid away till the tomb she started near her palace could be finished. There was no vengeance. There were arrests; all the group were arrested, excepting only the Grand Duchess. She was not "suspected." There were hearings, but the hints as to the nature of the evidence to be offered by the defense—a warning that the "truth" about Rasputin and the Court would be laid bare, quashed the proceedings.

In vain. The death of Rasputin, "the inviolable," was too sensational to be passed over in silence. All Russia heard of and discussed it, and since he was certainly dead, all fear of him vanished and everybody laughed at that fear, at the man and at the Court. The gossip about him was passed along and improved upon. Rasputin's prestige went fast and with it went that of the Crown. Reverence for the "Little Father" could not survive when the very people were telling one another obscene stories about him and his wife and his Court, and obscenely laughing. It was tragic.

The Solitary Mourner

THERE is no doubt that the Tsarina mourned deeply the loss of her friend, the healer of her son and the savior of her family. She believed sincerely in Rasputin and she believed in his prophecy: that while he lived, the Romanoffs would live and reign, and if anything happened to him, they would fall. Hysterically she prayed and labored to save his memory clean and to keep his remains intact. And the world laughed. Her suffering was a crushing triple weight of sincere sorrow, superstitious fear and a lonely sense of an unsympathetic, nay, of a grinning, vicious, malevolent world. She drew away from it, herself and her child and the Tsar, her husband.

And thus the poor empress helped to bring about the realization of the prophecy of Rasputin.

The grand dukes and the land barons, the aristocracy, the plutocracy and the hierarchy of the Church—all the interests were "not received." In death, Rasputin's influence still cut them off from the Court. And that cut off the Court from the sources of power. When the Revolution broke upon him, the Tsar had no "friends;" none; no interests defended him; neither his class, nor his family; neither the aristocracy, nor the business men, nor "his people." Only the police and the bureaucracy were "loyal," and they were corrupt and incompetent.

The power of the Autocrat of All the Russias was slain with Rasputin, the Siberian Pilgrim, who took it away from the special interests and made it—autocratic.

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FROM MARIE-ANNE TO ANNE-MARIE

By John N. Raphael

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

(This letter from a little French work-girl to a friend is not only a true story, but a story typical of the Paris of to-day, and one that should appeal to every woman everywhere.)

AND so, Anne-Marie, I am Madame Lebrun; I was married this morning. Do you remember how we used to discuss Prince Charming? Yours was tall and dark, with velvety brown eyes, a little stern, perhaps, but very tender. Mine was small, slight, and active. He had crinkly fair hair, and laughing blue eyes. He was to be a banker and yours a doctor.

And now I am Madame Lebrun. He was a salesman in the Galeries Lafayette before the war. What will he become now, the poor one? Well, he will be my husband, anyhow, and I can work for both of us. I am doing well at the dressmaking. It was hard at first, because the ladies would not buy new dresses. It was their duty to practise every possible economy, they told me. But one adapts oneself. If there were no new dresses to be made, there were old ones to be transformed, and I have made more than enough to live on ever since my Pierre returned from the Champagne—what is left of him, poor fellow.

He has one leg quite shattered, which the surgeons had to amputate. His right arm is still paralyzed, but he may, with care, regain the use of it, the doctors say. And of his face, *hélas!* it is almost impossible to speak even to you, dear Anne-Marie. My dear, a hand-grenade exploded just under his chin. It has mutilated him too terribly. But he is plucky. He has his military medal; he is Sergeant Lebrun, and he is courageous—oh, so brave.

You know that he had spoken just

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before the war. One evening in July last year, when I came out from the side door of Madame Violette, Pierre waited for me. It was Saturday evening, and both of us were to be free all day on Sunday.

Pierre was like a boy for glee. We were so happy, and we danced off together down the street, hand in hand, planning an evening of enjoyment and a whole long Sunday at St. Cloud.

That evening and the long, bright, sunny Sunday with my Pierre will be perhaps the happiest memories of my life. For that evening Pierre told me. I knew before, of course, for what girl does not know?—but he had not spoken until then of marriage, and I—I, Anne-Marie—had been afraid, a little. But now he spoke and I was happy, oh, so happy—for a week, just for a week.

Every evening Pierre waited for me with some flowers. Every evening we walked up the hill to Montmartre together. Every evening we kissed as we parted. And the plans we made! But you know, Anne-Marie, you can guess, for you and I have dreamed so many of our dreams together. Yes, the week was a week of perfect happiness.

AND then came the mobilization. Shall I ever forget it! Pierre had been busy all the day—our wedding-day—and I was not to see him till the evening. He had, of course, no day but Sunday, and the papers had to be taken to the Mairie. It was to be a quiet wedding, because it was not long since father died, but even for a quiet wedding there are preparations, and I, too, was working hard that Sunday, but so happily. Then I ran out for something which petite mère needed, and I saw the concierge crying in her little room, weeping, weeping, weeping, as though the tears would never stop.

"What is it, Madame Maclou?" I asked her. I thought, that Père Maclou had gambled at the races. He was always doing it.

"My poor little one," said Madame Maclou, and took me in her arms. "You too will suffer."

I could feel myself grow cold. She frightened me. "What is it, Madame Maclou?" I asked again. "Do not cry so."

"Ah, my poor little one," she said, "we have all cause to cry, we poor women of France." And between two hiccoughs and many kisses she told me that it was the mobilization.

I stood straight in her arms for a minute, said "Pierre," and fainted. Le Père Maclou had been in the room all the time, but it is dark there and I had not seen him. He was tender and kind, that great hulking man whom I had always laughed at. He picked me up and carried me up-stairs all the five flights to petite mère. He kissed me, yes, le Père Maclou kissed me and I kissed him.

"I, too, am a soldier of France, my little one," he said, as he clumped off. Poor fellow, he was killed in the first week in Alsace. I forget if I have told you.

And then Pierre came. His face was very white and he had very few words, but he was brave and begged me to be brave. I don't remember much of the next day or two. Then petite mère and I went to the station on the third day, and after that there was no Pierre, and—oh, that was hard!—there were no letters.

You remember those long weeks before the first news came, how after the first news one trembled every time the letters came. Once it was in another handwriting, the letter, and I could hardly find the strength to read it. But that time he had been hurt in the right hand only, and it was nothing serious. He scrawled a few words with his left hand at the end of the letter which his comrade wrote for him to me, or I should not have believed. But I kissed the dirty mark which his poor fingers made on the paper, and I felt consoled.

And then, one morning, Madame Violette showed me the line in the newspaper. He was a sergeant and was mentioned in the General's order of the day. But he was badly wounded. "Saving a comrade under fire," the paper said. Madame Violette was very good to me, and I ran, oh, I ran from one place to another for news. To hospitals, to the Mairie—everywhere. But I could get no news except that he was wounded seriously.

I believe I was sure that he was dead, my Pierre, but even against hope I would not stop hoping. And then there was silence again, and I felt like a widow — a widow unmarried. Petite mère became anxious about me. I worked every day, but I could not eat, I could not talk, I found it hard — impossible — to smile. You know how your face is when there is snow in the air and the weather is cold and the wind blows fiercely from the east. One is all stiff and dead. I was like that.

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And then I got my letter. It was from a nurse in the hospital where he was lying. Through all those miserable weeks when I thought he was killed, my Pierre had been suffering only a few thousand mètres away from me, in the big hospital in our quarter which was a cardboard-box factory before the war. I forget if you know it.

The nurse wrote that Pierre did not know that she was writing. She would have written before, she said, but she could not until then find out my address. She could not find it out directly, because Pierre, who had told her about me, had forbidden her to let me know where he was. He had made up his mind, the poor fellow, not to see me again, "and," the nurse wrote, "I am afraid he is right." Then she told me of his fearful wounds. What a horrible thing is this war! Le bon Dieu should not let it be permitted that should happen to a man.

Of course I ran at once to the hospital, almost before I had finished my letter, without my hat, just as I was. I saw the nurse, but I could not see Pierre. He himself did not wish it, and he was very weak and ill still, and the doctor would not let me see him, the nurse said, both for his sake and for mine.

"But," I cried, "I am going to be his wife! What difference does it make that he is wounded and disfigured? Is he not my Pierre?"

I went every day to the hospital until they told me that there was no danger any longer—it had not been sure at first that he would live—and always I had long talks with the nurses and sometimes with the doctors, too. And little by little I persuaded them.

I made them see that it was impossible that I should be parted from Pierre. He, the dear one, was anxious to spare me, I knew. The nurse told me that he was always saying that he would not bind me down to life with such a mutilated one as he was, and that he thought it better that I should never know that he had not been killed. He did not know then that the nurse had written to me. It was only one day when Pierre had said, "And to think that she lives quite near," and had said where I lived, that the nurse had been able to write to me.

I persuaded her, her and the doctor, that Pierre should be told. I said that if he knew I knew he would not refuse to see me any longer. But the doctor looked grave.

"It is not only for you," he said, "my little one, that I fear the meeting. It is for him also. He is still very weak and ill. He will frighten you when you see him, for he is badly disfigured. He is so disfigured that the face which you tell me was so handsome is almost a grotesque now. How will you bear the sight of it?"

I cried a little at this. "But, monsieur le major," I said, "I will be quite brave." The doctor looked at the nurse and the nurse patted my head as it lay on her shoulder and nodded. She is so kind to me, that nurse. Monsieur le major left us alone.

"Listen, my little one. I have an idea," she said. "You shall see your Pierre and perhaps the great joy will help him to get better quickly. But you must *learn* to see him first." I did not understand.

"Learn to see him? Learn to see my Pierre?" I cried. "But I shall see him every day when he becomes my husband."

The nurse smiled. "You see," she said, "the doctor fears, that when you see him

THE WEEK WAS A WEEK OF PERFECT HAPPINESS.

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first and even afterward for some time the shock will make you start, will make you show him how terrible his wounds make him look in your eyes. Terribly wounded as he is, he is not blind, the poor fellow. It is the one thing that is spared him. But the scars on his poor face are very terrible. He is, as monsieur le major said just now, almost a grotesque, the poor one."

I nodded. "I will not flinch," I said.

"You will not be able to help it," the nurse said. "I myself, who am used now to these horrors, could not help flinching when I saw him first. But he had a bandage on his eyes then, and he did not see."

Well, Anne-Marie, to be brief, the nurse helped me, and monsieur le major helped her in a little conspiracy. They pretended that it was necessary for them to photograph his wounds, and the picture they took was given to me. My poor Pierre! I did not believe at first that it was he, and when I did I cried out that they were cruel, cruel, yes, and the bon Dieu too.

And then, Anne-Marie, I took that dreadful photograph away with me and studied it night and day and worked at it till I knew every dreadful patch of healing skin, every horrible white line, every feature. Oh, they were hard days, and the nights were even worse, and I confess—that sometimes in the night I woke up petite mère by crying aloud that I could never marry him.

But little by little I grew calmer, more resigned, more accustomed to my poor disfigured Pierre, and one day I went to the hospital and I said to the nurse that now I could see him.

"You must not," she said, "go to his bedside yet; but we have told him that you want to come one day soon, and we have promised that if he says so you shall go away at once. But before you go to him you must become more used to the sight of him. If you will come with me now you may stand in the doorway at the end of the ward, and there you can see him quite well and he will not see you. But you must not call out, and you must not go to his bedside. Be brave, be strong for a little while, my child."

For a week I went every day, stood in the door, and looked at Pierre. Ah, if prayers could have cured him! Then, one day, I said to the nurse, "I will not hurt him now. I will be quite merry. Let me go to him."

I went up to the bed and two big tears were rolling down his poor face. It gave me strength to see him cry. He was thinking of me, of me only; and what was my torment to his? I said quite cheerfully, "Why, Pierre, is *that* all it is?" And I leaned over the pillow and kissed him.

I wonder if you can realize, Anne-Marie, how terrible it was to kiss him that first time? But afterward it was quite easy, and after that first day I went every day to Pierre's bedside, and every day we talked together. The nurses say that it was I who cured him, the poor boy. He did get strong more quickly, and in a few days now he is to be allowed to leave the hospital.

But that is not all, Anne-Marie. We were married this morning! We were married in monsieur le major's little room, for they will not let him go out yet, and I—I refused to wait any longer. But soon he will come out of the hospital, and, Anne-Marie, I am so happy.

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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By Jackson Gregory

AUTHOR OF "UNDER HANDICAP," "THE OUTLAW," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

CHAPTER ONE

The Wildcat

BUD LEE, horse foreman of the Blue Lake Ranch, sat upon the gate of the home corral, builded a cigaret with slow brown fingers, and stared across the broken fields of the upper valley, to the rosy glow above the pine-timbered ridge where the sun was coming up. His customary gravity was unusually pronounced.

"If a man's got the hunch an egg is bad," he mused, "is that a real good and sufficient reason why he should go poking his finger inside the shell? I want to know!"

Tommy Burkitt, the youngest wage-earner of the outfit and a profound admirer of all that taciturnity, good humor, and quick capability which went into the make-up of Bud Lee, approached from the ranch-house on the knoll. "Hi, Bud!" he called. "Trevors wants you. On the jump."

Lee watched Tommy coming on with that wide, rocking gait of a man used to riding everywhere he went. The deep gravity in the foreman's eyes was touched with a little twinkle by way of greeting.

Burkitt stopped at the gate, looking up at Lee. "On the jump, Trevors said," he repeated.

"The hell he did," said Lee pleasantly. "How old are you this morning, Tommy?"

Burkitt blushed. "Aw, quit it, Bud," he grinned. Involuntarily the boy's big square hand rose to the tender growth upon lip and chin which, like the flush in the eastern sky, was but a vague promise of a greater glory to be.

"A hair for each year," continued the quiet-voiced man. "Ten on one side, nine on the other."

"Ain't you goin' to do what Trevors says?" demanded Tommy.

For a moment Lee sat still, his cigaret unlighted, his broad black hat far back upon his close-cropped hair, his eyes serenely contemplative upon the pink of the sky above the pines. Then he slipped from his place and, though each single movement gave an impression of great leisureliness, it was but a flash of time until he stood beside Burkitt.

"Stick around a wee bit, laddie," he said gently, a lean brown hand resting lightly on the boy's square shoulder. "A man can't see what is on the cards until they're tipped, but it's always a fair gamble that between dawn and dusk I'll gather up my

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string of colts and crowd on. If I do, you'll want to come along?"

He smiled at young Burkitt's eagerness and turned away toward the ranch-house and Bayne Trevors, thus putting an early end to an enthusiastic acquiescence. Tommy watched the tall man moving swiftly away through the brightening dawn.

"They ain't no more men ever foaled like him," meditated Tommy, in an approval so profound as to be little less than out-and-out devotion.

And, indeed, one might ride up and down the world for many a day and not find a man who was Bud Lee's superior in "the things that count." As tall as most, with sufficient shoulders, a slender body, narrow-hipped, he carried himself as perhaps his forebears walked in a day when open forests or sheltered caverns housed them, with a lithe gracefulness born of the perfect play of superb physical development. His muscles, even in the slightest movement, flowed liquidly; he had slipped from his place on the corral gate less like a man than like some great, splendid cat.

The skin of hands, face, throat, was very dark, whether by inheritance or because of long exposure to sun and wind, it would have been difficult to say. The eyes were dark, very keen, and yet reminiscently grave. From under their black brows they had the habit of appearing to be reluctantly withdrawn from some great distance to come to rest, steady and calm, upon the eyes of the man with whom he chanced to be speaking. Such are the serene, dispassionate eyes of one who for many months of the year goes companionless, save for what communion he may find in the silent passes of the mountains, in the wide sweep of the meadow-lands, or in the soul of his horse.

The gaunt, sure-footed form was lost to Tommy's eyes; Lee had passed beyond the clump of wild lilacs whose glistening, heart-shaped leaves screened the open court about which the ranch-house was built. A strangely elaborate ranch-house, this one, set here so far apart from the world of rich residences. There was a score of rooms in the great, one-story, rambling edifice of rudely squared timbers set in field-stone and cement, rooms now closed and locked; there were flower gardens still cultivated daily by José, the half-breed; a pretty court with a fountain and many roses, out upon which a dozen doorways looked; wide verandas with glimpses beyond of fireplaces and long expanses of polished floors.

For, until recently, this had been not only the headquarters of Blue Lake Ranch, but the home as well of the chief of its several owners. Luke Sanford, a man whose own efforts alone had made him at forty-five a man to be reckoned with, had followed his fancy here extensively and expensively, allowing himself this one luxury of his many lean, hard years. Then, six months ago, just as his ambitions were stepping to fresh heights, just as his hands were filling with newer, greater endeavor, there had come the mishap in the mountains and Sanford's death.

Lee passed silently through the court-yard, by the fountain which in the brightening air was like a chain of silver run through invisible hands, down the veranda bathed in the perfume of full-blown roses, and so came to the door at the far end. The door stood open; within was the office of Bayne Trevors, general manager. Lee entered, his hat still far back upon his head. The sound of his boots upon the bare floor caused Trevors to look up quickly.

"Hello, Lee," he said quietly. "Wait a minute, will you?"

Quite a different type from Lee, Bayne Trevors was a man heavy and square and hard. His eyes were the glinting gray eyes of a man who is forceful, dynamic, the sort of man who is a better captain than lieutenant, whose hands are strong to grasp life by the throat and demand that she stand and deliver. Only because of his wide and successful experience, of his initiative, of his way of quick, decisive action mated to a marked executive ability, had Luke Sanford chosen Bayne Trevors as his right-hand man in so colossal a venture as the Blue Lake Ranch. Only because of the same pushing, vigorous personality was he this morning general manager, with the unlimited authority of a dictator over a petty principality.

The office was a long room, well lighted, austerely furnished. There was but one chair besides Trevors's; often enough he had its seat covered with a litter of paper so that the man whom he interviewed must stand to take orders. His knees were under a broad table; before him was a map his own hand had made, a chart showing every field and building and fence, every ridge,

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stream, and pond upon the many uneven miles which went to make up the great sweep of Blue Lake Ranch. At his elbow was the telephone, which gave communication with Rocky Bend, forty miles to the west. A steel safe stood in the corner of the room.

In a moment Trevors lifted his frowning eyes from the table, turning in his chair to confront Lee, who stood lounging in leisurely manner against the door-jamb.

"That young idiot wants money again," he growled, his voice as sharp and quick as his eyes. "As if I didn't have enough to contend with already!"

"Meaning young Hampton, I take it?" said Lee quietly.

Trevors nodded savagely.

"Telegram. Caught it over the line the last thing last night. We'll have to sell some horses this time, Lee."

Lee's eyes narrowed imperceptibly. "I didn't plan to do any selling for six months yet," he said, not in expostulation but merely in explanation. "They're not ready."

"How many three-year-olds have you got in your string in Big Meadow?" asked Trevors crisply.

"Counting those eleven Red Duke colts?"

"Counting everything! How many?"

"Seventy-three."

The general manager's pencil wrote upon the pad in front of him "73," then swiftly multiplied it by 50. Lee saw the result, 3650, set down with the dollar sign in front of it. He said nothing.

"What would you say to fifty dollars a head for them?" asked Trevors, whirling again in his swivel chair. "Three thousand six fifty for the bunch?"

"I'd say the same," answered Lee deliberately, "that I'd say to a man that offered me two bits for Daylight or Ladybird. I just naturally wouldn't say anything at all."

"Who are Daylight and Ladybird?" demanded Trevors.

"They're two of *my* little horses," said Lee gently, "that no man's got the money to buy."

Trevors smiled cynically. "What are the seventy-three colts worth then?"

"Right now, when I'm just ready to break 'em in," said Bud Lee thoughtfully, "the worst of that string is worth fifty dollars. I'd say twenty of the herd ought to bring fifty dollars a head; twenty more ought to bring sixty; ten are worth seventy-five; ten are worth an even hundred; seven of the Red Duke stock are good for a hundred and a quarter; the other four Red Dukes and the three Robert the Devils are worth a hundred and fifty a head. The whole bunch, an easy fifty-seven hundred little iron men. Which," he continued dryly, "is considerable more than the thirty-six hundred you're talking about. And, give me six months, and I'll boost that fifty-seven hundred. Lord, man, that chestnut out of Black Babe by Hazard, is a real horse! Fifty dollars——"

He stared hard at Trevors a moment. And then, partially voicing the thought with which he had grappled upon the corral gate, he added meditatively: "There's something almighty peculiar about an outfit that will listen to a man offer fifty bucks on a string like that." His eyes, cool and steady, met Trevors's in a long look which was little short of a challenge.

"Just how far does that go, Lee?" asked the manager curtly.

"As far as you like," replied the horse foreman coolly. "Are you going to sell those three-year-olds for thirty-six hundred?"

"Yes," answered Trevors bluntly, "I am. What are you going to do about it?"

"Ask for my time, I guess," and although his voice was gentle and even pleasant, his eyes were hard. "I'll take my own little string and move on."

"Curse it!" cried Trevors heatedly. "What difference does it make to you? What business is it of yours how I sell? You draw down your monthly pay, don't you? I raised you a notch last month without your asking for it, didn't I?"

"That's so," agreed the foreman equably. "It's a cinch none of the boys have any kick coming at the wages."

For a moment Trevors sat frowning up at Lee's inscrutable face. Then he laughed shortly. "Look here, Bud," he said good-humoredly, an obvious seriousness of purpose under the light tone, "I want to talk with you before you do anything rash. Sit down." But Lee remained standing, merely saying, "Shoot."

"I wonder," explained Trevors, "if the boys understand just the size of the job I've got in my hands? You know that the ranch is a million-dollar outfit; you know that you can ride fifteen miles without getting off the home-range; you know that we

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are doing a dozen different kinds of farming and stock-raising. But you don't know just how short the money is! There's that young idiot now, Hampton. He's got a third interest and I've got to consider what he says, even if he is a weak-minded, inbred pup that can't do anything but spend an inheritance like the born fool he is. His share is mortgaged; I've tried to pay the mortgage off. I've got to keep the interest up. Interest alone amounts to three thousand dollars a year. Think of that! Then there's Luke Sanford dead and his one-third interest left to another young fool, a girl!"

Trevors's fist came smashing down upon his table. "A girl!" he repeated savagely. "Worse than young Hampton, by Heaven! Every two weeks she's writing for a report, eternally butting in, making suggestions, hampering me until I'm sick of the job."

"That would be Luke's girl, Judith?"

"Yes. Two of the three owners' kids, writing me at every turn. And the third owner, Timothy Gray, the only sensible one of the lot, has just up and sold out his share, and I suppose I'll be hearing next that some superannuated female in an old lady's home has inherited a fortune and bought him out. Why, do you think I'd hold on to my job here for ten minutes if it wasn't that my reputation is in making a go of the thing? And now you, the best man I've got, throw me down!"

"I don't see," said Lee slowly, after a brief pause, "just what good it does to sell a string of real horses like they were sheep. Half of that herd is real horseflesh, I tell you."

"Hampton wants money. And besides, a horse is a horse."

"Is it?" A hard smile touched Lee's lips. "That's just where a man makes a mistake. Some horses are cows, some are clean spirit. You can stake your boots on that, Trevors."

"Well," snapped Trevors, "suppose you are right. I've got to raise three thousand dollars in a hurry. Where will I get it?"

"Who is offering fifty dollars a head for those horses?" asked Lee abruptly. "It might be the Big Western Lumber Company?"

"Yes."

"Uh-huh. Well, you can kill the rats in your own barn, Trevors. I'll go look for a job somewhere else."

Bayne Trevors, his lips tightly compressed, his eyes steady, a faint, angry flush in his cheeks, checked what words were flowing to his tongue and looked keenly at his foreman. Lee met his regard with cool unconcern. Then, just as Trevors was about to speak, there came an interruption.

The quiet of the morning was broken by the quick thud of a horse's shod hoofs on the hard ground of the courtyard. Bud Lee in the doorway turned to see a strange horse drawn up so that upon its four bunched hoofs it slid to a standstill; saw a slender figure, which in the early light he mistook for a boy, slip out of the saddle. And then, suddenly, a girl, the spurs of her little riding-boots making jingling music on the veranda, her riding-quirt swinging from her wrist, had stepped by him and was looking with quick, snapping eyes from him to Trevors.

"I am Judith Sanford," she announced briefly, and there was a note in her young voice which went ringing, bell-like, through the still air. "Is one of you men Bayne Trevors?"

A quick, shadowy smile came and went upon the lips of Bud Lee. It struck him that she might have said in just that way: "I am the Queen of England and I am running my own kingdom!" He looked at her with eyes filled with open interest and curiosity, making swift appraisal of the flush in the sun-browned cheeks, the confusion of dark, curling hair disturbed by her furious riding, the vivid, red-blooded beauty of her. Mouth and eyes and the very carriage of the dark head upon her superb white throat announced boldly and triumphantly that here was no wax-petaled lily of a lady but rather a maid whose blood, like the blood of the father before her, was turbulent and hot, and must boil like a wild mountain-stream at opposition. Her eyes, a little darker than Trevors's, were the eyes of fighting stock.

Trevors, irritated already, turned hard eyes under corrugated brows up at her. He did not move in his chair. Nor did Lee stir, except that now he removed his hat.

"I am Trevors," said the general manager curtly. "And whether you are Judith Sanford or the Queen of Siam, I am busy right now."

"He got the queen idea, too!" was the quick thought back of Bud Lee's fading smile.

"You talk soft with me, Trevors!" cried

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JUDITH'S SPURS ANSWERED HIM, AND THE BIT BROUGHT HIM ABOUT, WHIRLING, SIDLING, STRIKING AND BUCKING, AS ONLY A DEVIL-HEARTED HORSE KNOWS HOW.

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the girl passionately, "if you want to hold your job long enough for me to fire you! I'll tolerate none of your high and mighty airs!"

Trevors laughed at her, a sneer in his laugh. "I talk the way I talk," he answered roughly. "If people don't like the sound of it they don't have to listen! Lee, you round up those seventy-three horses and crowd them over the ridge to the Lumber camp. Or, if you want to quit, quit now and I'll send a sane man."

The hot color mounted higher in the girl's face, a new anger leaped up in her eyes.

"Take no orders this morning that I don't give," she said, for a moment turning her eyes upon Lee. And to Trevors: "Busy or not busy, you take time right now to answer my questions. I've got your reports, and all they tell me is that you are going in the hole as fast as you can. You are spending thousands of dollars needlessly. What business have you got selling off my young steers at a sacrifice? What in the name of folly did you build those three miles of fence for?"

"Go get those horses, Lee," said Trevors, ignoring her.

Again she spoke to Lee, saying crisply: "What horses is he talking about?"

With his deep gravity at its deepest, Bud Lee answered: "All L-S stock. The eleven Red Duke three-year-olds; the two Robert the Devil colts; Brown Babe's filly, Comet——"

"All mine, every running hoof of 'em," she said, cutting in. "What does Trevors want you to do with them? Give them away for ten dollars a head, or cut their throats?"

"Look here!" cried Trevors angrily, on his feet now.

"You shut up!" commanded the girl sharply. "You, Lee, answer me."

"He's selling them fifty dollars a head," he said, with a secret joy in his heart as he glanced at Trevors's flushed face.

"Fifty dollars!" Judith gasped. "Fifty dollars for a Red Duke colt like Comet!"

She stared at Lee as though she could not believe it. He merely stared back at her, wondering just how much she knew about horseflesh.

Then, suddenly, she had whirled again upon Trevors.

"I came out to see if you were a fool or just a crook," she told him, her words like a slap in his face. "No man could be so big a fool as that! You—you crook!"

The muscles under Bayne Trevors's jaws corded, his fists hardened. "You've said about enough," he shot back at her. "And even if you do own a third of this outfit, I'll have you understand that I am the manager here and that I do what I like."

From her bosom she snatched a big envelope, tossing it to the table. "Look at that," she ordered him, "you big thief! I've mortgaged my holding for fifty thousand dollars and I've bought in Timothy Gray's share. I swing two votes out of three, now, Bayne Trevors. And the first thing I do is run you out, you great big grafting fathead! You would chuck Luke Sanford's outfit to the dogs, would you? Get off the ranch. You're fired!"

"You can't do a thing like this!" snapped Trevors, after one swift glance at the papers he had whisked out of their covering.

"I can't, can't I?" she jeered at him. "Don't you fool yourself for one little minute! Pack your little trunk and hammer the trail."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. Why, I don't know even who you are! You say that you are Judith Sanford." He shrugged his massive shoulders. "How do I know what game you are up to? Wayward maidens," and in his rage he sneered at her evilly, "have been known before to lie like other people!"

"You can't bluff me for two seconds, Bayne Trevors," she blazed at him. "You know who I am, all right. Send for Sunny Harper," she ended sharply.

"Discharged three months ago," Trevors told her with a show of teeth.

"Johnny Hodge, then," she commanded. "Or Tod Bruce or Bing Kelley. They all know me."

"Fired long ago, all of them," laughed Trevors, "to make room for competent men."

"To make room for more crooks!" she cried, her own brown hands balled into fists scarcely less hard than Trevors's had been. And for the third time she turned upon Lee. "You are one of his new thieves, I suppose?"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bud Lee gravely.

"Well, answer me. Are you?"

"No, ma'am," he told her, with no hint of a twinkle in his calm eyes. "Leastwise,

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not *his* exactly. You see, I do all my own killing and highway robbing on my own hook. It's just a way I have."

"Well," Judith sniffed, "I don't know. It will be a jolt to me if there's a square man left on the ranch! Go down to the bunk-house and tell the cook I'm here and I'm hungry as a wildcat. Tell him and any of the boys that are down there that I've come to stay and that Trevors is fired. They take orders from me and no one else. And hurry, if you know how. Goodness knows you look as though it would take you half an hour to turn around!"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bud Lee. "But you see I had just told Trevors here he could count me out. I'm not working for the Blue Lake any more. As I go down to the corral shall I send up one of the boys to take your orders?"

There was a little smile under the last words, just as there was a little smile in Bud Lee's heart at the thought of the boys taking orders from a little slip of a girl! Inside he was chuckling, vastly delighted with the comedy of the morning.

"She's a sure-enough little wonder-bird, all right," he mused. "But, say, what does she want to butt in on a man's-size job for, I want to know!"

"Lee," called Trevors, "you take orders from me or no one on this ranch. You can go now. And just keep your mouth shut."

Bud Lee stood there in the doorway, his hat spinning upon a brown forefinger, his thoughts his own. He was turning to go out and down to his horse when he saw the look in Trevors's eyes, a look of consuming rage. The general manager's voice had been hoarse.

"I guess," said Lee quietly, "that I'll stick around until you two get through quarreling. I might come in handy somehow."

"Damn you," shouted Trevors, "get out!"

"Cut out the swear words, Trevors," said Lee with quiet sternness. "There's a lady here."

"Lady!" scoffed Trevors. He laughed contemptuously. "Where's your lady? That?" and he leveled a scornful finger at the girl. "A ranting tough of a female who brings a breath of the stables with her and scolds like a fishwife. . . ."

"Shut up!" said Lee, crossing the room with quick strides, his face thrust forward a little.

"*You* shut up!" It was Judith's voice as Judith's hand fell upon Bud Lee's shoulder, pushing him aside. "If I couldn't take care of myself do you think I'd be fool enough to take over a job like running the Blue Lake? Now—" and with blazing eyes she confronted Trevors—"if you've got any more nice little things to say, suppose you say them to me!"

Trevors's temper had had ample provocation and now stood naked and hot in his hard eyes. In a blind instant he laid his tongue to a word which would have sent Bud Lee at his throat. But Judith stood between them and, like an echo to the word, came the resounding slap as Judith's open palm smote Trevors's cheek.

"You wildcat!" he cried. And his two big hands flew out, seeking her shoulders.

"Stand back!" called Judith. "Just because you are bigger than I am, don't make any mistake! Stand back, I tell you!"

Bud Lee marveled at the swiftness with which her hand had gone into her blouse and out again, a small-caliber revolver in the steady fingers now. He had never known a man—himself possibly excepted—quicker at the draw.

But Bayne Trevors, from whose make-up cowardice had been omitted, laughed sneeringly at her and did not stand back. His two hands out before him, his face crimson, he came on.

"Fool!" cried the girl. "Fool!"

Still he came on. Lee gathered himself to spring.

Judith fired. Once, and Trevors's right arm fell to his side. A second time, and Trevors's left arm hung limp like the other. The crimson was gone from his face now. It was dead white. Little beads of sweat began to form on his brow.

Lee turned astonished eyes to Judith.

"Now you know who's running this outfit, don't you?" she said coolly. "Lee, have a team hitched up to carry Trevors wherever he wants to go. He's not hurt much; I just winged him. And then tell the cook about my breakfast."

But Lee stood and looked at her. He had no remark to offer. Then he turned and went upon her bidding. As he went down to the bunk-house he said softly, under his breath: "Well, I'm damned. I most certainly am!"

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CHAPTER TWO

"Put Up or Shut Up"

WRINKLED, grizzled old half-breed José, his hands trembling with eagerness, stood in the smaller rose garden culling the perfect buds, a joyous tear running its zig zag way down each cheek.

"*La señorita* ees come home!" he announced triumphantly, as Lee drew near on his way to the bunk-house. "*Jesus Maria!* Een my heart it is like the singing of leetle birdies. *Mira, señor.* My flowers bloomin' the brighter, already—no?"

Bud Lee paused, looking down into the ecstatic face of the old half-breed. "So you know Miss Sanford then?" he asked.

José threw out his hands and opened his night-black eyes to their most enormous extent. "Do I know God?" he demanded.

"Well," smiled Bud, "as to that. . . ."

"But, *señor*," cried the devout José, "like on holy days I feel that Dios comes to sit down in the corner of my heart, so without seeing *la señorita* I know she ees come home! She ees in the air like the light of sun, like the sweetness of my roses!"

"You've known her a long time, Joe?"

"Seence she ees born!" and José, unashamed, wiped away a tear upon the back of a leathery hand. "Señor Sanford and me, señor, we teach her when she ees so leetle!" José's shaking hand was lowered until it marked the stature of a twelve-inch pigmy. In all things must the old fellow gain his emphasis by exaggeration which more often than not took the form of plain lying. "Never at all unteel one year ago does she leave us and the *rancho.* We, us two who love her, señor, learn her to walk and to ride and to shoot and to talk. You shall hear her say, '*Buenos dias, José, mi amigo!*' You shall see her kees the cheek of old José."

Again his leathery hand was put in requisition, this time to wipe clean the cheek to be honored.

"And one theeng I tell you, señor," he added confidentially. "Her papa was a wild devil before her. Her mama ees grow up on the ranch, and when she marry, *el señor* Sanford was like a wild boy! And *mi señorita,* she ees the cross between a wild devil and a sweet saint, señor! *Madre de Dios!* I would go down to hell for her to bring back fire to warm her leetle feet een weenter!"

Lee went thoughtfully on his way to the bunk-house. The cook, an importation of Bayne Trevors, a big, upstanding fellow with bare arms covered with flour, was putting on the breakfast to which a dozen rough-garbed men were sitting down.

"I've got orders for you fellows," said Lee from the doorway. "The boss of the outfit, the real owner, you know, just blew in. Up at the house. Says you boys are to stick around to take orders straight from headquarters. You, Benny," to the cook, "are to have a man's-size breakfast ready in a jiffy."

Then he came in for his own coffee and hot cakes, prepared to answer some of the questions which would be forthcoming.

Naturally Benny led the clamor with a string of oaths. What in blazes did the owner of the ranch have to show up for any way?—he wanted to know. He accepted the fact as a personal affront. Who was this owner?—demanded Ward Hannon, the foreman of the lower ranch, where the alfalfa fields were.

Bud Lee explained gravely that the newcomer was some sort of relative of old Luke Sanford who had recently acquired a controlling interest in the ranch. Ward Hannon grunted contemptuously. "The Lord deliver us!" he moaned. "Eastern jasper! One of the know-all-about-it brand, huh, Bud? I'll bet he combs his hair in the middle and smokes cigarets out'n a box! The putty-headed loons can't even roll their own smokes."

"Don't believe," hazarded Lee indifferently, "from the looks of our visitor that—that the owner smokes anything!"

"Listen to that!" grunted Ward Hannon. "Softy, huh?"

"Well," Bud admitted slowly, "looks sort of like a girl, you know!"

"Wouldn't that choke you?" demanded Carson, the cow foreman, a thin, awkward little man, gray in the service of "real men." "Takin' orders off'n a fool Easterner's bad enough. But old man or young, Bud?"

"Just a kid," was Lee's further dampening news. And as he nonchalantly buttered his hot cakes he added carelessly: "Something of a scrapper, though. Just put two thirty-two calibers into Trevors."

They stared at him incredulously. Then Carson's dry cackle led the laughter.

"You're the biggest liar, Bud Lee," said the old man good-naturedly, "I ever focused

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my two eyes on. I'll lay an even bet there ain't nobody showed up this morning."

"You, Tommy," said Lee to the boy at his side, "shovel your grub down lively and go hitch Molly and old Pie-face to the buckboard. That's orders from headquarters," he grinned. "Trevors is to be hauled away first thing."

Tommy looked curiously at his superior. "On the level, Bud?" he asked doubtingly.

"On the level, laddie," was the quiet response.

And young Burkitt, wondering, but doubting no longer, hastened with his breakfast.

The others, looking at Lee's sober face questioningly, fired a broadside of questions at him. But they got no further information.

"I've told you boys all the news," he announced positively. "Lordy! Isn't that an earful for this time of day? The real boss is on the job: Trevors is winged; you are to stick around for orders from headquarters. If you want to know any more 'n that, why—just go up to the house and ask your blamed questions."

Out of the tail of his eye he saw the swift approach of Bayne Trevors. The general manager's face was black with rage, and through that dark wrath showed a dull red flush of shame. He walked with his two arms lax at his sides.

"Give me a cup of coffee, Ben," he commanded curtly, slumping into a chair. "Hurry!"

Benny, looking at him curiously, brought a steaming cup and offered it. Trevors moved to lift a hand; then sank back a little farther in his chair, his face twisting in his pain.

"Put some milk in it," he snarled. "Then hold it to my mouth. For the love of Heaven, hurry, man!"

Then no man there doubted longer the mad tale Bud Lee had brought them. Down from Trevors's sleeves, staining each hand, there had come a broadening trickle of blood. Trevors set his teeth and waited. Benny at last cooled the coffee and held it to his lips. Trevors drank swiftly, draining the cup.

"Get this coat off me," he commanded. "Curse you, don't tear my arms off! Slit the sleeves."

Benny's big, razor-edged butcher-knife cut away coat and shirt sleeves. And at last, to the eager gaze of the men in the bunkhouse, there appeared the two wounds, one upon the outer right shoulder, the other upon the left forearm, both ugly flesh wounds.

It was Lee who, pushing the clumsy cook aside, silently bandaged the two wounds with strips of Trevors's shirt. It was Lee who brought a flask of brandy from which Trevors drank deep.

And then came Judith.

They stared at her as they might have stared had the heavens opened and an angel come down, or the earth split and a devil sprung up. She looked in upon them with quick, keen eyes which sought to take every man's measure. They returned her regard with a variety of amazed expressions. Never since these men had come to work for Bayne Trevors had a woman so much as ridden by the door. And to have her stand there, composed, utterly at her ease, her air vaguely authoritative, a vitally vivid being who might, suddenly, have taken tangible form from the dawn, bewildered them. Bud Lee had told of the coming of the Blue Lake owner; he had not mentioned that that owner had brought his daughter with him.

"I am Judith Sanford," she said in her abrupt fashion, quite as she had made a similar announcement to Lee and Trevors. "This outfit belongs to me. I have fired Trevors. You take your orders straight from me from now on. Cookie, give me some coffee."

She came in then without ceremony and sat down at the head of the table. Benny gasped, stood for a moment rooted to the floor, and then, Judith's eyes hard upon him, hastily brought the coffee. From some emotion certainly not clear to him, he went a violent red. Perhaps the emotion was just sheer embarrassment. He brought hot cakes with one hand while with the other he buttoned his gaping shirt collar over a bulging, hairy chest.

Men who had finished their breakfasts rose hastily with a marked awkwardness and ill-concealed haste, and went outside, whence their low voices came back in a confused consultation. Men who had not finished followed them. In an amazingly short time there were but the girl, Lee, Trevors, and the cook in the room. Then Trevors went out, Benny at his heels. Bud Lee, moving with his usual leisureliness, was following when Judith's cool voice said quietly:

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"You, Lee, wait a moment. I want to talk with you."

Lee hesitated. Then he came back and waited.

The men outside naturally grouped about the general manager. And now his angry voice, lifted clearly, floated to the two in the room.

"I'm fired," said Trevors harshly. "As soon as I can get going I am leaving for the Western Lumber camp. Every one of you boys holds his job here because I gave it to him. Do you want to hold it now, with a fool girl telling you what to do? Do you want men up and down the state to laugh at you and jeer at you for a pack of softies and imbeciles? Or do you want to roll your blankets and quit? To every man that quits the job here and follows me to-day I promise a job with the Western. You fellows know the sort of boss I've been to you. You can guess the sort of boss that chicken in there would be. Now, I'm going. It's up to you. Stick to a white man, or fuss around for a woman?"

He had said what he had to say and, cursing when his shoulder struck a form near him, made his way down to the stables. Burkitt was ahead of him, going for the team.

"Well, Lee," said Judith sharply, "where do you get off? Do you want to stick? Or shall I count you out?"

"I guess," said Bud very gently, "you'd better count me out."

"You're going with that crook?"

"No. I'm going on my own."

"Why? You're getting good money here. If you're square I'll keep you at the same figure."

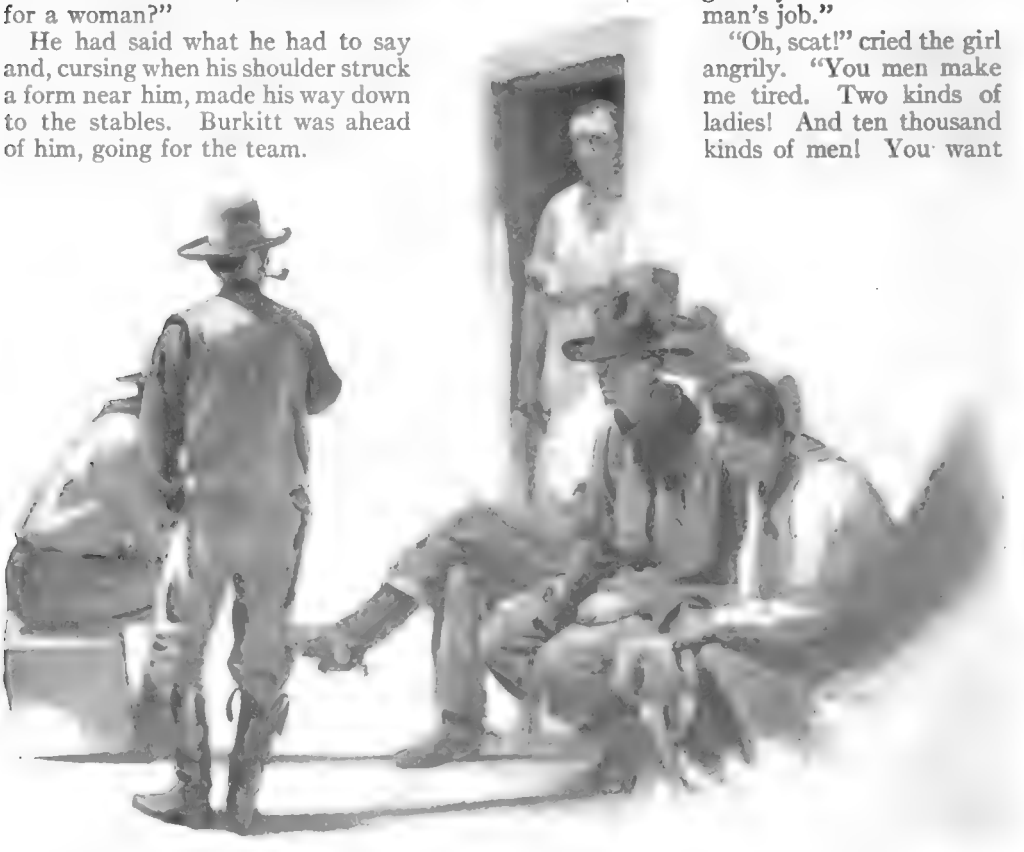
But Bud shook his head.

"I'm game to play square," he said slowly. "I'll stick a week, giving you the chance to get a man in my place. That's all."

"What's the matter with you?" she cried hotly. "Why won't you stay with your job? Is it because you don't want to take orders from me?"

Then Lee lifted his grave eyes to hers and answered simply: "That's it. I'm not saying you're not all right. But I got it figured out, there's just two kinds of ladies. If you want to know, I don't see that you've got any call to tie into a man's job."

"Oh, scat!" cried the girl angrily. "You men make me tired. Two kinds of ladies! And ten thousand kinds of men! You want



"ROLL THAT IN YOUR DOUGH, COOKIE, AN' MAKE BISCUITS OUT'N IT," SAID OLD CARSON.

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me to dress like a doll, I suppose, and keep my hands soft and white and go around like a brainless, simpering fool! There *are* two kinds of *ladies*, my fine friend: the kind that can and the kind that can't! Thank God I'm none of your precious, sighing, hothouse little fools!"

And gulping down a last mouthful of coffee, she was on her feet and had passed swiftly out among the men.

"You men!" she cried, and they turned sober eyes upon her, "listen to me! You've heard that big stiff rant; now hear me! I'm here because I belong here. My dad was Luke Sanford and he *made* this ranch. I was raised here. It's two-thirds mine right now. Trevors there is a crook and I told him so. He's been trying to sell me out, to make such a failure of the outfit that I'd have to let it go for a comic song. He got gay and I fired him. He tried to manhandle me and I plugged him. And now I am going to run my own outfit! What have you got to say about it, you grumbling old grouch with the crooked face? Put up or shut up? I'm calling you!"

The men turned from her to Ward Hannon, the field foreman, who had been Trevors's right-hand man and who now was sneering openly.

"I'm sayin' it's no work for a kid of a girl," grumbled Hannon. "You run an outfit like this?" He laughed derisively. "It can't be did."

"It can't, can't it?" cried Judith. "Tell me why, old smarty. Spit it out lively."

Jake Carson's shrill cackle cut through a low rumble of laughter. "That's passin' it to him straight," said the old cattleman. "What's the word, Ward?"

Ward Hannon shrugged his shoulders and spat impudently. "I ain't sayin' nothin'," he growled. "Only this: I got a right to quit, ain't I? Well, I'm quittin'. Any time you ketch me workin' for a female girl that can't ride a horse 'thout fallin' off, that can't see a pig stuck 'thout faintin', that can't walk a mile 'thout gettin' laid up, that can't. . . . "

"Slow up there!" called Judith. "Didn't I stick a pig already this morning, and have I keeled over yet? Didn't I ride here from Rocky Bend last night and get here before sun-up? Listen to me, chief kicker: If you've got a horse on the ranch I can't ride, I'll quit right now and give you my job! How's that strike you? I tell you the word on this ranch is going to be: 'Put up or shut up!' Which is it, Growly?"

Again the men laughed and Hannon's face showed his anger.

"Mean that, lady?" he demanded briefly.

"You can just bet your eyes I mean it!"

Hannon turned toward the stable. "All right. We'll see who's goin' to put up or shut up!" he jeered over his shoulder. "You ride the Prince just two little minutes and I'll stay and work for you!"

But Bud Lee from the doorway interfered. He was a man who loved fair play and he knew the Prince. "None of that, Ward," he called sternly. "Not the Prince!"

But Judith, her eyes aflame, whirled upon Lee, her voice like a whip as she said: "Lee, you keep out of this. The sooner you learn who's running things here the better for you."

"Maybe so," said Lee quietly. "But don't you fool yourself you can ride Prince. There's not a man on the job except me that can ride him." It was not boastfully said, but with calm assurance. "He's an outlaw, Miss Judith. He's the horse that killed Jimmy Carpenter last spring, and Jimmy——"

"Go ahead, Ward," ordered Judith. "You don't have to stop every time the wind blows, do you?"

Even Bud Lee smiled. But old Carson spoke up, saying: "Bud's right, miss. An' if Ward wants to know, he's a low-down dawg to try to turn a trick like this. . . ."

"Go ahead, Ward," Judith repeated. "I've got something to do to-day besides play pussy-wants-a-corner with you boys."

Ward went, his eyes filled with malice. Two or three of the other men joined their voices to Bud's and Carson's, expostulating, telling of that fearful thing, an outlaw horse. Judith maintained a scornful silence.

In due time Ward came back. He was leading a saddled horse, a great wild-eyed roan that snapped viciously as he came on, walking with the wide, spreading stride of a horse little used to the saddle. Judith measured him with her eyes as she had measured the men in the bunk-house.

"He's an ugly devil," she said, and Lee, at her side, smiled again. But the girl had not altered her intention. She stepped closer, looking to cinch, bit, and reins. She commanded Ward to draw the latigo tighter,

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and Ward did so, dodging back as the big brute snapped at him.

Judith laughed. "Look out, Ward," she taunted him. "He's after your hair!"

Two men held the Prince. At Judith's command they shortened the stirrups and then blinded him with a bandanna handkerchief. Then, moving with almost incredible swiftness, she was in the saddle, the reins firmly gripped. The Prince, a sudden trembling thrilling through him, stood with his four feet planted. The girl leaned forward and whipped the blind from his red-rimmed eyes.

"There's a good boy!" said Judith coolly. "Buck a little for the lady, Prince!"

Slowly the great muscles of Prince's leg and shoulder and flank corded. The trembling passed; he was like a horse carven in bluish granite. He shook his head a little. Judith, her hand tightening upon the reins, held his head well up, the severe bit thwarting the attempt to get his nose down between his forelegs.

Then suddenly, without sign of warning, the Prince whirled, leaping far out to the left, striking with hard hoofs bunched, gathering himself as he landed, swerving with the quickness of lightning, plunging again to the right. And again he stood still. Judith, sitting securely on his rebellious back, laughed. Her laughter, cool and unafraid, sent a strange little thrill through Bud Lee—who, with fear in his heart, was watching her.

"Look out for him now!" he called warningly.

In truth the Prince had not yet begun. He had tried a trick which would have unseated any but one who rode well. He knew that he had to do with something more than a rank amateur.

Now he plunged toward the corral, his purpose plain, the one desire in his heart to crush his rider against the high fence. But Judith's spurs answered him, and the bit, savage in his jaws, brought him about, whirling, sidling, striking, bucking as only a strong, fearless, devil-hearted horse knows how to buck. He doubled up under her; he rose and fell in a quick series of little jumps which tore and jerked at her body, which strove to tear her knees away from his sides and break the grip of her hand on the reins. But it seemed to the men watching that the girl knew before the horse which way he would jump, that she knew how to sway her body with his, so that she and he were not two separate beings, but just one, moving together in some mad devil's dance. The Prince, in the midst of the vicious bucking, tried to rear, to throw himself backward; and a quick, sharp blow of a loaded quirt between his ears brought his forefeet back to earth.

"*Can* she ride!" whispered Bud Lee. "I want to know!"

Again the maddened Prince reared; and again she brought him to earth. Again he resumed the terribly tearing series of short, sharp bucks. And still, her hair tumbling, blown about her shoulders, she rode him.

Old Carson was muttering and pulling at his lip nervously. Out of the corner of his mouth in a voice that was almost a whimper, he kept cursing and saying to Ward Hannon: "You skunk! You ornery skunk! Hunt your hole after this!"

Suddenly, with a quick, concerted action of spur, whip, and rein, Judith had swung the Prince about so that he was headed for the open valley, running toward the west, giving him his head only a little, driving him. He broke into a thundering run, snorting as, with mane and tail flying, he dashed through the men who fell away from his furious rush. And as he ran, Judith spurred him so that his only thought lay in running away from the menace upon his back.

"She ain't givin' him time to buck!" laughed old Carson hysterically. "Mama! Ain't she sure enough—God! She's goin' to get a fall."

For horse and rider had come to the wide irrigating ditch which since Judith Sanford had lived here, had been constructed to carry the water of Blue Lake River down to the alfalfa fields. She saw it when she was too close to swerve.

The men watching saw her lean forward a little in the saddle, gather her reins, lift her whip. And then the lifted whip came down, the spurs touched the Prince's sweating sides, the big horse leaped, and as he jumped, far and clear of the ditch, there floated back Judith's laughter.

Three minutes later she rode back to the bunkhouse, and slipped from the saddle. Bud Lee, going to her, had his hat in his hand.

"Now, Ward," she said quickly, her breathing hurried, her cheeks red, "what do you say?"

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"I said I'd stick if you rode him," muttered Ward. "And—"

"And," cried the girl with quick passion, "I'll tell you something. You're a great big lumbering coward! Stick with me?" She laughed again, a new laugh, ringing with her scorn. "Here's your outlaw; I've gentled him a bit. You ride him!"

His fellows laughed at Ward; for the field foreman was no horseman, and the timorous way in which he had brought out this snapping, vicious animal had testified to the fact. He drew back now, muttering.

"Ride him!" cried Judith, her voice stinging him. "Ride him or get off the ranch! Which is it?"

And Ward Hannon glad of the opening, answered surlily: "Aw! think I want to take orders off'n a woman? You're right I'll get off'n the ranch!"

"That's two down," said Judith. "Now, take this horse back to the stable; I'm going up to the office. You men come there in five minutes. If you want to stay, and are good, you can. Or I'll give you your time. It's up to you: it's a free country. But—" and she said it slowly, confronting them—"if you all throw me down and leave me short-handed without giving me time to take on another set of men, you are a pretty low-lived bunch!"

Then, without turning, she went swiftly to the ranch-house. Old man Carson wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"I remember hearin' about Luke Sanford's girl," he said simply. "This is her, all right."

CHAPTER THREE

Judith Puts It Straight

"OLD MAN" Carson—so called through lack of courtesy and because of the sprinkling of gray through his black hair, a man of perhaps forty-five—filled an unthinkably disreputable pipe with his own conception of "real tobacca" and chuckled so that the second match was required before he was ready to say his say:

"You just listen to me, you boys!" he said. "I worked with the Down River outfit a year before Trevors sent me word he had a job open here at better pay. That's only seventy-five miles, and news does percolate, give it time. None of you fellers ever saw old Luke Sanford?"

"I'd been working here close to two weeks when he got killed," Bud said as Carson's twinkling eyes went from face to face. "I got my job straight from him, not Trevors."

"That's so," said Carson. "Well, Bud knows the sort Luke Sanford was. He was dead and buried when I come to the Blue Lake, but I'd saw him twice and I'd heard of him more times than that. Quiet man that 'tended to his own business and didn't say so all-fired much 'less he was stirred up. And then—!" He whistled his meaning. "A fighter. All he ever got he fought for. All he ever held on to he fought for. He bucked Western Lumber for a dozen years, first and last. And, by cripes, he nailed their durned hides on his stable door, too!

"Well, I heard tell about this same Luke Sanford ten years ago and more—about him and his little girl. From what folks said I guess there never was a man wanted a boy baby worse'n Luke Sanford before Judith come. And I guess there never was a man put more stock in his own flesh and blood than Luke did in her as soon as he got used to her being a she. I don't know just exactly how old she was ten years ago, women folks bein' so damn' tricky in the looks of their ages, but I'd say she was eight or nine or ten or eleven years old. Anyhow, Luke had took her in hand already."

"Taught her to ride, huh?" asked one of the men.

"You're shoutin', Poker Face," nodded Carson with vehemence. "He sure did! Why, that girl's rid real horses since she was the size of a pair of boots. Luke took her everywhere he went, up in the mountains, over the Big Ridge, down valley ways, into town when he went off on his yearly. And they say Luke wasn't no poky rider, either. You've rode his string, Bud? What are those for horses, huh?"

"I'm a little particular when it comes to a saddle-horse," Bud admitted. "But I never asked any better than old Sanford's string."

"You hear him!" said Carson. "Well, that Judy girl has rid horses like them for a dozen years. And her dad—anyway, folks say so down on the river—showed her his way to ride and his way to shoot and his way to play cards! I guess," and he spoke with slow thoughtfulness, "that she's a real chip off'n the old block. It's my guess number two that she ain't just shootin' off her face promiscuous when she says there's somethin' crooked in the deal Trevors

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has been handin' her. And, third bet, there's most likely goin' to be seven kinds of hell poppin' around this end of the woods for a spell."

"What are you doin' about it, Carson?" asked the man whose unusually vacuous expression gave him his name of Poker Face. "Stick on the job or quit?"

"Me?" Carson sought a match, and when he had found it held it long in his grimy fingers, staring at it thoughtfully. "Me stay an' let a she-girl boss me? Well, it ain't the play a man might look to me to make, an' I ain't sayin' it's the trick I'd do every day in the week. But here there's some things to set a man scratchin' his head: she's a winner, all right, an' I'm the first man to up an' say so. She's got the sand an' she's got the savvy. Take 'em together an' they make what you call gumption. Sure it ain't no woman's job to step in an' run an outfit like this one; a woman ain't nacherally cut out for that sort of thing any more'n a man is to darn socks an' make fancy stitches. Again, tippin' it over so's you can look at the other side, like a fair man ought to, what's she goin' to do? She lands here sudden, strikin' all four feet in a mess of trouble. She grabs holt of things, seein' they belong to her in a way, an' seein' she's fed Trevors his time. I might go trailin' my luck some other where, if I did the first fool thing that plopped into my nut. But playin' fair, I'm goin' to stick an' do my damnedest to see Luke Sanford's girl put up her scrap. Yes, sir."

"What did she want to fire Trevors for?" asked Benny, the cook.

Carson, looking at him contemptuously, spoke in contemptuous answer about the stem of his pipe. "Any man on the job can answer you that, cookie. It's been open an' shut the las' month Trevors is either crazy or crooked. I said, didn't I, Western Lumber's itchin' to get its devil-fish legs wropped aroun' Blue Lake timber? They've busted more than one rancher up in the mountains. Trevors is in with 'em. Any man on the ranch that don't know that, don't want to know it!" He removed his pipe at last, and his look upon Benny was full of meaning. "He's paid to go blind. Roll that in your dough, cookie, an' make biscuits out'n it."

"Go easy there, grandfather," growled Benny.

"That's somethin' I ain't learned," was old Carson's ready answer, lightly given. "I've told you before, if you don't want your name printed plain don't come around askin' me to spell it."

Benny growled an answer, but did not take up the quarrel. He knew Carson well enough to know that there was no man living readier for a fight or abler to conduct his own part of it. Carson, smaller than Benny, was wiry, quick-footed, hard-eyed. There was something about him that caused a man of Benny's sort to stop and think.

"*Que hay, Bud!*" called a voice, and old José, his face shining with his joy—Bud was certain that Judith had actually kissed the leathery cheek, and wondered how she could do it!—came down the knoll. "*La señorita* wants you!"

"Haw!" gurgled Bandy O'Neil facetiously. "It's your manly beauty, Bud! You ol' son-of-a-gun of a lady killer!"

Bud Lee swung about upon his heel to glare at Bandy. But suddenly conscious of a flush creeping up hotly under his tan, he turned his back and strode away to the house. Bandy's "haw, haw!" followed him. Lee's face was flaming when he went into the office.

"What do you want with me?" he said shortly, angered at Bandy, Judith Sanford, and himself.

"Bow, wow!" retorted Judith, looking up from Trevors's map. "Whose dog art thou? Do you want me to think you are as fierce as you look?"

"You sent for me?" he said coolly.

She looked up at him critically. "What's come over you, Lee? I took you for a cool head—Heaven knows I need a few cool heads around me right now!—and here you show up with red in your eye, barking at me."

"Let's pass up what I look like," said Lee, stiffly. "What can I do for you, Miss Sanford?"

"Hm," said Judith. "On your high horse, are you? All right, stay there. What I want is some information. How long have you been on the Blue Lake payroll?"

"A little over six months," he answered colorlessly.

"Over six months?" A quick look of interest came into her eyes. "Trevors hired you? Or dad?"

"Your father. Then Trevors kept me on."

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"Then"—and a sudden, swift smile came for the first time that morning into the girl's eyes—"you're square! Thank God for one man to be sure of."

She had risen with a quick impetuosity and put out her hand. Lee took it into his own, felt it shut hard, like a man's, on his.

"Just how do you know I'm square?" he asked slowly.

"Dad was human," she replied softly. "He made some mistakes. But he never made a mistake in a horse foreman yet. He has said to me a dozen times: 'Judy, watch the way a man treats his horse if you want to size him up! And never put you horses into the care of a man who isn't white, clean through.' Dad knew, Bud Lee!"

Lee made no answer. For a little Judith, back at her long table and looking strangely small in the big, bare room before this massive piece of furniture, stared into vacancy with reminiscent eyes. Then, with a little shrug of her shoulders, she turned again to the tall foreman.

"Why did you tell Trevors this morning that you were going to quit work?" she asked with abrupt directness.

"Because," he answered, and by now his flush had subsided and his grave good-humor had come back to him with his customary serenity, "I felt like moving on."

"Because," she insisted, "you know that there was some dirty work afloat and did not care to be messed up in it?"

Now here, most positively, Bud Lee said within himself, was a person to reckon with. How did she know all that? She was just a girl, somewhere, as old Carson put it, between eighteen and twenty-two. What business did a kid like this have knowing so blamed much?

"You've got your rope on the right pair of horns," he said after his brief pause.

"How did you know that Trevors was working the double-cross on this deal?" she demanded.

"I didn't know. I just guessed. The same as you. He was spending too much money; he was getting too little to show for it; he was selling too much stock too cheap."

"What's the matter with you?" cried the girl, surprising him with the heat of her words and the sudden darkening of her eyes. "Why do you insist on being so downright stand-offish and stiff and aloof? What have I done to you that you can't be decent? Here I am only putting foot on my own land and you make me feel like an intruder."

"I am answering your questions."

"Like a half-animated human iceberg, yes! Can't you act like a human being? Oh, I've got your number, Bud Lee, and you are just as narrow between the horns as the rest of the outfit. You are narrow and prejudiced and blindly unreasonable! I know as much about ranching as any man of you; I know more about this outfit because the best man that ever set foot on it, and that's Luke Sanford, taught me every crook and bend of it; and now, just because I'm a girl and not a boy, you stand off like I had the smallpox, just when I need loyalty and understanding, and when the Lord knows I've already got a double handful of trouble, I can't count for a minute on men that have been taking my pay for months! Get some of the mildew and cobwebs out of your head and tell me this: What reason in the world is there why you choose to think I haven't any business wearing my own shoes?"

"That's sure putting it straight," said Lee slowly.

"You just bet it's putting it straight!" she announced vigorously. "And you'll find that it's a way I have, putting things straight! I was trained to the business by a better man than you'll ever be, Bud Lee!"

"Maybe so," he admitted without heat. "I'll take off my hat to Luke Sanford for a man. And I'll take off my hat to you, if you want to know. But, training or no training, this here is no job for a lady, and shooting up Trevors and riding the Prince isn't going to make it so. Sure enough it's none of my butt-in what sort of thing you do. But at the same time, there's no call for me to say you're doing fine when I don't see it that way."

"What you're looking for," sniffed Judith contemptuously, "is a female being extinct this one hundred years! You'd have every girl wear tails to her gowns, and duck and dodge behind fans, and faint every time she jabbed her thumb with a pin!"

"I can't see that a woman's place is riding bucking broncos and rampsing around. . . ."

"A woman's place!" she scoffed. "Her place is where a blunder-headed man puts her! How do you know what her place is?

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"STAND BACK," CRIED JUDITH, "STAND BACK, I TELL YOU."

Do you suppose the blood in a healthy-bodied, healthy-minded woman is any different from your blood? How would you like to be told just what your place is? To be jammed, for instance, into a little bungalow in a city; to be squeezed into a dress-suit and told 'Stay there and look sweet'? to be commanded not to get up a natural sweat, nor to kick over the traces with which some woman had hitched you to the cart of convention? How'd *you* like it, Bud Lee?"

Bud Lee grinned and a new look crept into his eyes. "Being Bud Lee," he answered frankly, "I wouldn't stand it for one little tick of the clock! If you want me to swap talk with you all day at ninety bucks a month, all right. I'd say there's two kinds of men, too. There's my kind; there's the Dave Burril Lee kind. You see, he's a sort of relation of mine, is Dave Burril Lee, and I'm not exactly proud of him. He's the kind that wears dress-suits and sticks in a bungalow. He's proud of his name Burril and Lee, both, because big men down South wore 'em before he did,

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and they were relations. He's swelled up over the way he can dance and ride after a fox, and over the coin he's got in the bank. Then there's Bud Lee who ducks out of that sort of a scrap-heap and beats it for the open."

"I get you!" broke in Judith, her eyes very bright. "And you men here, my men, want me to be the sort of woman that your precious cousin, Dave Burril, is a man? Is that it? Where's your logic this morning?"

"Meaning horse sense?" he smiled. "It's in these few little words: 'What's right for a man may be dead wrong for a woman.'"

"Oh, scat!" she cried impatiently. "What am I wasting time with you for? You're right when you say that if I am paying you ninety dollars a month and grub and blankets I'd better get something out of you besides talk." She swung back to her table. "What was Trevors's latest excuse for selling at a sacrifice?" she asked, her tone dry and business-like. "Why was he selling those horses at fifty dollars a head?"

"Told me he just had a wire last night from young Hampton, asking for three thousand," he explained in a similar tone, though his eyes were twinkling at her.

"Pollock Hampton has the nerve!" she snapped. She took up the telephone instrument at her elbow and demanded the Western Union at Rocky Bend. "Judith Sanford speaking," she said crisply. "Repeat the message of last night for the general manager, Blue Lake Ranch."

In a moment she had it. "So Trevors wasn't lying about that part of it," she said reluctantly. And to the Western Union agent, "Take this message:

Pollock Hampton, Hotel Glennlyn, San Francisco:

Impossible send money now or for some time. Have fired Trevors. Running outfit myself. Need every cent we can raise to pay interest on loans, men's salaries and keep going. This is final.

JUDITH SANFORD, General Manager.

"That may start his gray matter working," she ended as she clicked up the receiver.

"Now, Lee, will you stick with me ten days or so and give me time to get a man in your place?"

"Yes, I'll do that, Miss Sanford."

"You will help me in every way you can while you are with me?"

"When I work for a man—or a woman," he added gravely, "I don't hold back anything."

"All right. Then start in right now and tell me about the gang Trevors has taken on. Are they all crooks?"

"I wouldn't say so. I wouldn't put it that strong."

"That little gray, quick-spoken man with the smelly pipe—he's straight, isn't he?"

"That would be old Carson? Yes; he's a good man. You won't find a better."

"Is he going to quit, too? Just because I've come?"

Lee shook his head. "If you work him right Carson will stick right along. Being white clean through, being broader-minded than I am"—and a twinkle came into his eyes—"Carson'll show you a square deal."

"Has he any love for Bayne Trevors?"

"Maybe you'd better ask Carson."

In a flash she was on her feet and had gone to the door. "Carson!" she called loudly. "Come here, will you?"

There was a little silence, a low sound of laughter, then Carson's sharp voice answering: "I'm comin'!"

Judith went back to her chair. She did not speak until Carson's wiry form slipped through the doorway. Then with the old cattleman's shrewd, hard eyes upon her she turned from a clip full of papers she had been looking through and spoke to him quietly: "You used to work for the Granite Cañon crowd, didn't you, Carson?"

"Yes'm," he answered.

"Cattle foreman there for several years?"

"Yes'm."

"Helped clean out the Roaring Creek gang, didn't you, Carson?"

Carson shifted a bit, colored under her fixed eyes and finally admitted: "Yes'm."

"Haven't had a real first-class fight for quite a bit, have you, Carson? Not since that gash on your jaw healed? Not since you and Scotty Webb mixed with the Roaring Creekers?"

Carson rubbed his jaw, flashed a quick look at Bud Lee as though for moral support, looked still further embarrassed, and finally choked over his brief: "No'm."

Judith sat smiling brightly up at his hard features. "I've heard dad talk about that," she said thoughtfully. "I guess I've got at

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least one real man on the ranch, Carson. Oh, don't dodge like that! I'm not going to put my arms around you and kiss you on the top of your head. But I do love a man that loves a fair fight. Lee, here, has given me his promise to stick on the job for ten days or so, to give me time to get some one else to look after my horses."

"Yes'm," said Carson, fingering his pipe and looking down.

For a few moments the girl sat still, now and then flashing a quick, keen look from one to the other of her two foremen. Then, abruptly, her eyes on Carson, she snapped: "You've found out, more or less recently, haven't you, that Bayne Trevors is a crook? You've perhaps even guessed that he's been taking money from me with one hand and from the Western Lumber with the other?"

"Yes'm," said Carson. "I doped it up like that."

"Why," cried the girl, "he's fired all of the old men, and Heaven knows how many of his sort he's put in their places! Help me clean 'em out, Carson! Where will we begin? I've chucked Trevors and Ward Hannon. Who goes next, Carson?"

"Benny, the cook," said Carson gently. "An' I'd be obliged, ma'am, if you'd let me go boot him off'n the ranch."

"That's talking," she said enthusiastically. "You can attend to him. Any one else?"

Carson shook his head. "I got my suspicions," he said. "But that's all I'm dead sure on."

"The others can wait then. Now, I'm taking a gamble on you and Lee. You have all kinds of chances to double-cross me. But I've got to take a gamble now and then. I'm going to tell you something: Trevors is trying to sell me out to the Western Lumber people. He is one of their crowd and has been since they bought him up six months ago. They want our timber tract over the north ridge, but they don't think they will have to pay the price. They want the lake; they want the water-power of Blue Lake River. They want pretty well all we've got. The ranch, outside the stock we've got running on it, is worth a clean million dollars if it is worth a nickel. Well, the Western Lumber Company has offered us exactly two hundred and fifty thousand! One-quarter of what it's worth! They know we're mortgaged; they know the interest we have to pay is heavy; they know Pollock Hampton, for one, is a spender who knows nothing about big business; they think that I, because I'm a girl, am a fool. It looks to them like a melon easy to cut and ripe for the slicing."

She paused a moment, frowning thoughtfully at the floor. Then suddenly she lifted her eyes to Carson's, saying crisply: "Trevors took time at the end to tell me something. That something was that he was going to make me sell! He was excited a bit, I'll admit, or he wouldn't have spoken quite so plainly. And he counted upon the fact of my sex, of course, to feel confident that he could throw a scare into me. He even threatened, if I hadn't come to my senses before the ranch was dry in the summer, to burn me out!"

Carson blinked at her. "How's that?" he asked.

She told him again, coolly indifferent, it seemed to Carson.

"The durned polecat!" whispered the cattle foreman.

"Now then," cried Judth, "you've got your first job cut out for you. Let Bayne Trevors or one of his gang set foot on Blue Lake land, and I'll tell you what I think of you, Carson! Or is the job going to be too big for you?"

Carson smiled deprecatingly. "I'd like to see 'em try it," he said in that soft, whispering voice which upon occasions was characteristic of him. "I sure would, Miss Judy!"

"That's all this morning, Carson," she said quietly. "On your way don't forget to look in on your friend Benny."

Carson went hastily down the knoll, his eyes bright. Judith laughed softly.

"I've got his number, Bud Lee! All that's needed to keep that old mountain-lion on the job is to show him a real fight ahead! And by golly, Mr. Man, there's going to be scrap enough from the very jump to make Carson forget whether he's working for a woman or John W. Satan, Esquire!"

The next instalment of ***"Judith of Blue Lake Ranch"*** *will appear in the November number.*

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THE INFLUENCE

By Sarah Warder MacConnell

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD BIRCH

BOTH HIS CHARGES HAD GONE TO SLEEP IN THE LAP OF THE RED-HAIRED GIRL.

HE WAKENED early, a wide, dry, staring, pop-eyed sort of waking. He tried to sleep again, but he could only lie and think of bills and how he probably should die. With an empty larder and no orders, it was only wise to sleep through breakfast-time. He turned on his unsteady couch; but last night some one had broken a spring and it penetrated him. Black Care came and perched upon his chest, and the Blue Devils. They were all about the studio, too, scuttling in and out beneath his easel, tumbling across the model-stand and the endless pictures of girls; all over the litter left by last night's party, in the dust of his battered belongings. What a place! Last night, when they came to dance to his fiddling, some one brought beer. The bottles lounged together dissolutely; his screen was overturned; a table was piled high with ill-mated odds and ends—the cat's empty saucer, a vase with brushes, a girl's gay, crumpled hat, that he had used for his last illustration, the one that they turned down—in such a place, that hovering golden dream that he had cherished to urge him on, grew faint and far, unless——

Then something came with a leap upon the couch, and the cat, warm and comforting, took the place of Care upon his chest and was welcome.

Bits of last night's happenings floated back to him as he stared at the ceiling, while Céleste, rhythmically purring, clawed at the clothes—Katherine Kane, dancing like a pale lovely moth, Constance Forbes, forever coquettishly posing, and Anne Olney, half elf, half crusader, talking of finding pleasant temporary homes for some striker's children, and asking *him* to help

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HIS RESPONSIBILITIES HAD COME! THEY WERE RATHER STOLID-EYED INFANTS, HE THOUGHT, AND HOW THEY STARED AT HIM.

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her—Anne who was always reforming when she wasn't one-stepping; eager to be an ennobling influence to-day and to flirt with you to-morrow.

He thought of these things and he thought of the girl one flight below, who had refused, when he ran down, to come to the party because she had work to do. Priggy of her! She was always like that, with a disappointing disposition entirely different from her music and her face. But her hair, he grinned, matched her temper, her hotly, riotously red and gloriously rebellious mop of ardent hair.

Suddenly Cranston yawned and threw out his arms, disturbing the cat, who then began to complain to him that she had had no breakfast. It was true; but, as he explained to her, he did not see what good his getting up would do. He could go the round of the art editors; there were always grins and cigarets for him in any office in town. But not an order—it stopped short of that.

The cat now became softly, plaintively insistent, and he got up.

"The restless sex, Céleste," he admonished her waving tail. "There's a lot about it in the papers and the women's magazines. You oughtn't to yield to it." The cat rubbed herself ingratiatingly against his ankles and he added: "Yes, I like you, but you trade on it. They all do; all but the red-haired girl, and I only wish she would, but she's too uppish."

As he took his indolent way into his clothes and stopped to search through flat pockets in the hope of overlooked change, the bell rang twice, which meant the postman. Who knew, as he hopefully said to Céleste, what it might mean, besides?—a fortune from a forgotten uncle, a windfall from anywhere at all. He started down to see.

The mail-box, indeed, was full: two advertisements, six bills, three dance invitations, and a harsh notice from the gas company. But there was not an order in it—he looked twice—not a check for some loan that he had opportunely forgotten; nor had any one left him a legacy.

As he passed the third floor back, coming up, he heard singing. It was the red-haired girl with the voice of golden dreams: a voice that made you want to climb high mountain peaks, lead shining hosts to victory. His heart flapped in his side, his head swam, and he stopped on the top stair.

"I wish she wouldn't do that when we haven't had our breakfast," he murmured to Céleste, who had followed him. "It isn't safe. Suppose we fainted—then she'd complain about the careless way we left things lying around."

The music stopped, and he stood a moment longer constructing anew the look of the room within, though goodness knew she didn't let him see it often. There wasn't much in it—a row of book-lined shelves, a couch, a piano, a window-box; but with these objects she had mysteriously interwoven the qualities of home.

He threw the mail down on the table as he reached his room again, and a typewritten letter that he had not read lay uppermost. He took it up and learned that his friend Mrs. Olney (what was Anne up to now?) had given his name to his very truly, Paula Merry, secretary, and he would learn from the letters enclosed just what they hoped for him.

Anne's letter, addressed to a society of many initials, said that she could speak for Mr. Cranston as everything the organization looked for. Artist, poet, musician, he had a warmth of heart that included all the world, and in particular a wonderful, rare gift with children.

The third letter was from the society, and it begged him—if he could believe his eyes—to be a good and beautiful home. It spoke vaguely of present economic conditions and of industrial warfare, then dwelt with deep, contralto feeling on the unesthetic lives of strikers' children. The society had taken a number of them and was trying educational experiments of a hopeful character. (The poor kids!) But the society also eagerly desired, for these little ones, "those illuminating contacts with beauty that you, as an artist, would know so well how to offer."

"We need you," it concluded; "we need what you personally can give. We hope that we have put this opportunity before you so that it reaches at once your judgment and your heart."

Here Cranston paused in his enjoyment to take in the amazing fact that they were sending him, as had been suggested by Mrs. Olney, two Italian boys, in the hope that he would care for them for the duration of the strike. And across this mad suggestion Anne Olney had written with laconic

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impudence: "Do you all sorts of good, Billy. It's just the thing you need."

Cranston dropped the letter. "Anne's the very imp to think of trouble for you," he said in admiring reprobation. "Me with two small kids, and not enough for the two of us to eat, Céleste. What does the woman mean?"

He jingled the scant remaining change in his pockets, and picked the letter up again. Here was a hint, if he read it aright, that his guests were to arrive at once, in order to be favored with that refining influence which was the sole reason—here came another gem—for the survival of the individualistic institution of the home. The letter concluded with the hope that their sojourn with him would remain forever an oasis of joy in the children's memories.

Cranston rolled that over happily upon his tongue. "The people who write that sort of stuff would queer the millennium. How do they ever think of it? Ennobling and refining influence: that must be you," he said to the yellow cat; "you're all I have—a glance around you will prove that." And this time she replied to him very piteously with a cry for sustenance.

Cranston forgot for the moment his projected guests, forgot the jest or the colossal impudence of Anne Olney, in the immediate need to quiet the reproaches of one who loved and depended on him.

"There aren't many I'd do this for, Céleste," he said, as he hunted about for his hat. "If you knew how I hated to ask them for work—if you knew! As a matter of fact, work should never be looked for; it should come as a bolt from the blue—like love."

His hat having been found at rest upon the coal-hod, he went down with a farewell word to the yellow cat, and a caress to hearten him. At the dairy, a few doors below, he took out again what coin he had, and his steps grew slow.

"If I get Céleste's milk now and take it up, I'll stay. Oh, I know you, Billy Cranston, you have to be pushed and managed all the time. But the illustration of the hour must be the flowing milk of the future; no orders to-day and Céleste will have no nourishment to-morrow. More than that, I've got to sidestep those kids, and put some sort of moral handcuffs on Anne Olney, the mad creature!"

At this moment, as he paused, Ruth Aspinwall, the red-haired, ran full tilt into him, coming around the corner. And perceiving who it was, he forgot instantly the nip of the eager air that was beginning to search him, and the sharp reminder from within that he had had no breakfast. Such was the glory to him of her ardent hair and of her slender person, alike the focus for the floating gold of dreams.

But to the look he bent upon her she gave no quarter. "Is it surprise at being up that makes you stand in the middle of the street so that people must trip over you?" she asked, recovering her balance sharply.

"I was considering the weight of household cares," answered Cranston reproachfully.

"I wonder," she said, bleakly indifferent to his wheedling charm, "I wonder what you have been doing now!"

It was necessary to think quickly so he wouldn't get tangled up in that bad-tempered golden mesh she wore upon her head and tell her instead that he adored her. Then he felt the Society's note crackle stimulatingly in his pocket, and drew it out.

The way in which she received it, joke as it was, gave him an immense surprise.

"They'll do anything, those mad women! How I hate their meddling and their silly theories—Anne Olney and her lot. You with two children! Who would take care of *them*?"

He was instantly alert.

"Oh, I haven't time to mend the trouble idle people make," she cut him short impatiently. "But don't *let* them send the children. No, you can't come with me; I've work to do," and she turned away abruptly.

And Cranston, secretly pleased that she should take his affairs so seriously, walked on to see the art editor who was his best chance.

"I'm going out of this illustrating business," he began there, "but I'm giving the magazines one more chance to publish a genuine Cranston, and I've decided yours shall be the magazine!"

The art editor put his feet on the desk with every appearance of delicate appreciation. But the order wasn't, it appeared through a haze of jokes, at the moment forthcoming, and reluctantly Cranston went on to seek it. His hunger had sunk now to a dreamy languor; with a box of cigarets he could have been happy on a park bench

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all the morning. But the remembrance of his impending obligations in the children, and of Céleste, relentlessly drove him on.

It was at the last office of five that he got what he had come for. The assistant art editor laughed uneasily and hesitated. "See here, Cranston, there's a story for you, but for the love of little red apples put something into it. Oh, you know what I mean! You used to give us the prettiest girls in the business; the way you draw 'em now it looks as if it bored you. We want *pep*. The last pictures you did nearly got me into trouble with the chief, and you know what those boneheads are on the editorial staff to make a row. There, take it, and give us,something with a punch—no, sorry, but I can't make an advance. We'll pay when we take 'em, as usual."

The manuscript warm in his pocket, Cranston discovered that he was in the neighborhood of friends, with lunch-time near, and with a legitimate need to see Anne Olney at once to settle this matter of the children. He ought to learn the meaning of the game with which they threatened him, lest worse things befall.

Anne was not at home, but Anne's mother believed if he went round to the Bretts he would find her. The Bretts sounded like pleasant advice, and indeed when he arrived gave him the welcome that awaits those who amuse us. Anne was not there, but the laughter that greeted his inquiry showed them not unacquainted with Anne's new plans for his soul.

"I couldn't quite get it from her over the telephone," May Brett said, "but it was something about an interesting influence for Billy."

That Billy Cranston needed a fresh inspiration was admitted in a chorus. They tossed his character, his prospects, his ideals gravely about among themselves, while Billy basked, perceiving he was indeed the pretty fellow that he liked to think, and then was asked to lunch.

This was, he felt, the atmosphere he needed, and he lingered; the discussion of what best spurred a man to his goal was, too, of the first importance. If Anne did not come in, she might at any moment—once indeed he could have sworn he heard her voice and her laughter in the hall; but May Brett, who scurried out, came back alone to scout at the idea. She did not come; and the character of Cranston's "influence" was still interestingly and absorbingly undecided when at last he started home at dusk.

The janitress called out something to him from below stairs as he passed. She seemed to be saying that she had left them for him on the couch, but he could not think what needed to be left for him unless it was the laundry. He went on whistling, to remember, half-way up, with sickening remorse, how he had left Céleste. He began to take the stairs at a run, and then was turning back for the unpurchased milk when the door on the lower landing flew open, and the red-haired girl flashed out at him with Céleste in her arms.

"When you are going out for the whole day why don't you tell me? She was half starved," she said.

He took the cat from her, tenderly remorseful. "I haven't any business to have responsibilities; I don't deserve a cat who loves me."

The girl glanced at him sharply; she was really too full of golden charm, too tenderly slender, to give a look so keen. "Perhaps you haven't enough responsibilities," she said, and shut her door.

"Now what did she mean by that?" he asked in the yellow cat's ear. "Does she think I ought to have an asylum for orphan cats instead of keeping an only one, my Céleste? Or does she mind my running around with Anne's set? Because if she minds she cares, and if she cares, cares about *us*—" He swung Céleste high; his hovering golden dream grown clear. In the middle of preliminary ecstasy he opened the door and found what the screaming janitress said she had left for him upon the couch.

His responsibilities had come! They were the two solemn, black-haired, black-eyed Italian-Americans sent by the Society to experience the benefit of his refining influence.

"Well!" he said, and they duplicated his stare, but bettered his manners by little stiff, half-frightened, half-formal bobs. Cranston closed the door, put the cat on the ground, thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and sat down on the tilting model-throne, the better to confront them.

They were rather stolid-eyed infants, he thought, and how they stared at him! When this had lasted for five minutes he put his hands out for the tactful feminine support of Céleste, and tried to draw her

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into the conversation. But the children regarded master and cat alike.

"Suppose we swap names," Cranston said encouragingly; "mine is Billy."

Theirs, it appeared, were respectively Niccolo and Giuseppe. This led to nothing, and Cranston's look roamed, searching something as a conversation opener. The children's eyes followed his around the studio's dingy disorder.

"You going to move out?" one of the stolid ones suddenly piped up.

"No," he said, hurriedly apologetic, vowing to straighten the place while they slept. Then his roving eye lit with relief upon his mandolin, and as he tuned it he imagined—for this was one of the many things he did with easy charm—what a delightful story he would make of it, and of the two spellbound, enraptured children. Music, heavenly maid! would provide the "oasis of joy" as scheduled by the society. There was indeed but one flaw in the performance that followed: the children were not enraptured. They sat looking very sad and tired; they gave him stage fright. Hastily he dropped the mandolin.

"Hang Anne Olney and her plans for our souls!" he murmured to Céleste in the privacy of the kitchenette, behind the screen, where he retreated. "She has too many vain imaginings, Anne has. What can a man do with two wooden images? They haven't a tune or a joke between 'em, poor little tykes."

"Don't you do anything social yourselves?" he hazarded helplessly, emerging. "Isn't there something you would like to play?"

For answer the elder of the two produced a ball and solemnly began to toss it to his brother. It was done, as you might say, by rote; neither appeared to put heart into the occupation. Finally the game grew slower; they gazed lingeringly at the kitchenette from which comfort, good cheer, and sustenance presumably might come; they watched Cranston with still greater concentration. Then one said:

"Where is *she?*"

"Whom do you mean?" A wild hope rose in Cranston's heart that some one, the janitress perhaps, had captured their cold fancy.

"Her, the woman," the elder boy reiterated urgently; "the woman, your wife?"

"I haven't one," he said; "there isn't any."

The children looked awestruck. "Is she dead?" they asked in unison.

"No, I—I haven't got one." He grew embarrassed; he saw himself at once culpable and desolate before them. That afternoon he had been asked many questions, but none so pertinent as this. Where, indeed, was the Woman?

The Girl was all around him, on his walls as she had been about his life: she mocked him or allured him from a dozen different sketches; she was dashingly coquettish as he did her to please himself; she was simpering, cow-eyed sweetness, as manufactured for the sickly sentiment of his patrons. He had made her the source of a thousand enchantments; he had tagged and trailed after her down many pleasant by-paths; but he had never been courageous enough to make her permanent. It was all fritter, fritter with him, a shooting of chutes and a riding of merry-go-rounds like an evening at Luna Park. She was everywhere and nowhere.

She had indeed been an influence, dozens of her; she had cheapened work and cheapened feeling—oh, his fault for taking her like a box of chocolate creams! But woman, woman the constructive and consoling force, woman the rich and true necessity, center of households, originator of comfort and dispenser of it, yes, even though at times she was prickly in her temperament and fiery in her hair—her he had not, as they said. His two young friends who needed a refining influence were worse than a conscience, and it was as inconvenient to dispose of them. Cranston seized his hat.

"Food," he said firmly. "Come," And, taking one by each hand, he went round the block to Filiberti's, where his credit was good indefinitely.

THE restaurant looked like a department-store version of a pergola. Artificial garlands were strapped round pillars that supported nothing, and garlands hung beneath the deep, impassioned blue of Filiberti's ceiling. Among these he saw one true flower as he walked in, but the true flower barely nodded her red head at him, and his thumping heart was ill-rewarded.

Fame had gone before him to disclose Anne Olney's plan. The rooms were filled with people whom he knew, and the two children, frightened at the tumult that arose upon their entrance, shrank closer to

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"I WONDER," SHE SAID, BLEAKLY INDIFFERENT TO HIS WHEEDLING CHARM. "I WONDER WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN DOING NOW!"

him. They were conducted in triumph to the end of the room, where the proprietor made a little speech in which Italy and Cranston, labor and Brotherly Love were mingled beyond disentangling, and refused to charge the three for dinner. Jests flowed up and down the long table, suggestions for extending Billy's philanthropic

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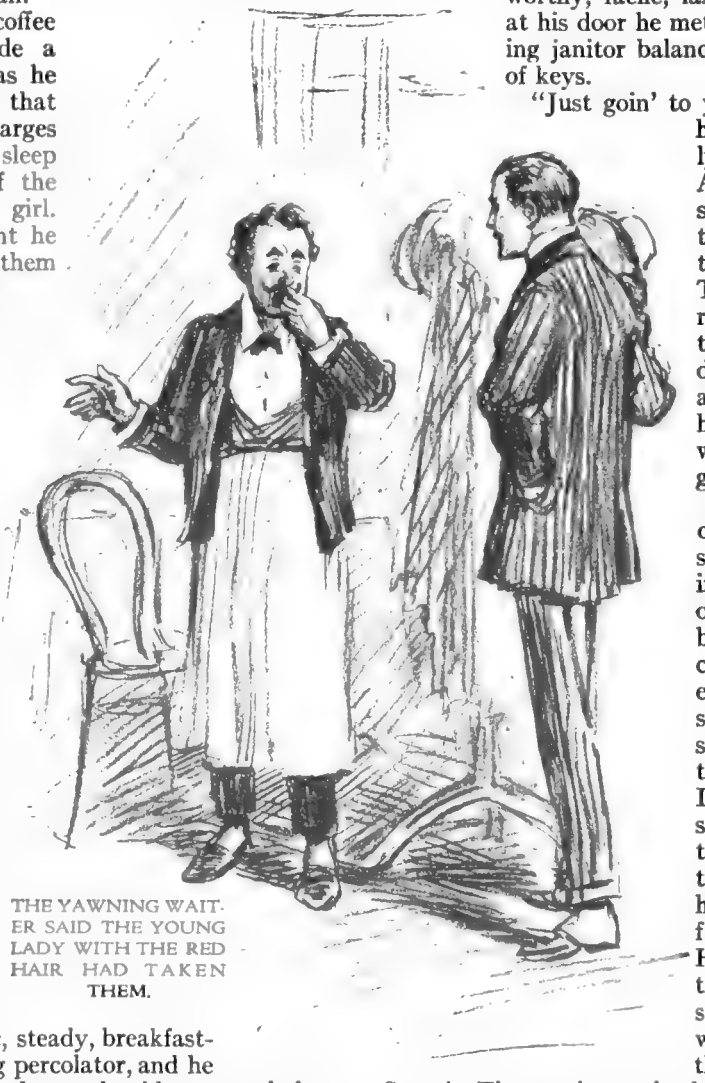
stepfatherhood, and dinner was less a meal than a series of festive interruptions—the price, no doubt, of popularity. Cranston could have been quite happy had it not been for the solemn children piercing him, like twin consciences, with the perception of his incompetence, and for the aloofness of Ruth Aspinwall.

When the coffee came he made a speech, and as he sat down saw that both his charges had gone to sleep in the lap of the red-haired girl. For a moment he could not see them—their heavy heads had bobbed beneath the table; then she had them up, one resting on her shoulder, where he drooped and drooped, until he found the easiest place and sank, relaxed and touching. How gentle she was now! Cranston looked at the girl, and looked away again. Emotion bubbled in him like a percolator, a nice, domestic, steady, breakfast-every-morning percolator, and he bent across to her and said very quietly;



THE YAWNING WAITER SAID THE YOUNG LADY WITH THE RED HAIR HAD TAKEN THEM.

"They must be tired, poor kids; we'll take 'em home."

But then across the room there came a chorus of demands for him to show the prettiest girl the last step of a new dance, and they started the victrola.

When he came back to the outer room again and sought his charges, Ruth and the children were gone, and the yawning waiter said the little boys, they were so tired, the young lady with the red hair had taken them.

He made the two blocks round their corner at a breakneck pace, hotly pursued by all his devils— Inconsequent, untrustworthy, facile, lazy, useless—at his door he met an ascending janitor balancing a bunch of keys.

"Just goin' to your place," he said mildly. "Miss Aspinwall she wanted to get in with the kids. There ain't room for 'em to sleep down-stairs, and we didn't hardly know when you'd get in!"

At the top of the stairs she was waiting, a bundle of blankets beside her, a child upon each arm. In silence Cranston opened the door. Inside of him something turned and turned, and he knew it for remorse. He could say that he was sorry, but what a paltry thing to say.

Sorry! The word gave back no slumber to weary childhood, restored no lost moments to the girl. The last shred of self-regard was torn away, and the hate he felt for himself was deadly and inconvenient.

How could he be like that? Pricked was even the iridescent bubble of his adorableness with children! As he saw her bending

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above them in tired solicitude, his heart melted.

"They were such stodgy little chaps," he began wonderingly, "with me."

"Stodgy! They were stiff with fright. So'd you have been with everything familiar taken from you, and tossed among that lot."

Cranston flung down his hat as if it were his character. Her disapproval picked at his heart like impatient fingers on a violin.

In silence Ruth made the children's bed upon the model-throne. She had brought sheets from her own slender store, and found somewhere an extra mattress. It gave Cranston a miserable pleasure to be thrust aside in his own place, to see the half-enraged but tender efficiency with which she tightened sheets and tucked the infants in. It was done without a word, but he heard her thinking as well as if she spoke.

Stormily, sternly, she went on straightening his disarrayed goods. His cutlery was swept into a drawer, his outspread ties followed in another direction, his crockery, removed from surprising but convenient places in which he kept it, was washed and put away. He saw his sketches sorted into lost portfolios, his brushes swept together, his paints meeting again after long separation, while she dealt wordlessly with his careless indolence, his slipshod work, his hand-to-mouth, ignoble living.

Now she disappeared behind his righted screen, from which she still made herself felt, sorting him out with his belongings, tossing him, his character, his prospects, into the waste-basket bit by bit, as she went along. Her disapproval swirled tempestuously about his ears while both were silent. Here was no gently flattering mockery; here, at last, was Truth.

Yes, it was Truth. He had let women puff him up with windy flattery, calling him clever, temperamental, poetic, and adorable with children, until he half believed it. He had liked it better than hard work or words. Let her fling him then into the wastepaper-basket if she liked—he would be finding his own place, and little he cared where he landed. Then suddenly, unable to stand her silent accusations longer, to his amazement he began to defend himself.

"—And as for the children," he finished, "it wasn't any doing of mine. It was——"

"Oh, it's plain enough who it was," she said, breaking her silence to wave an accusing hand about his walls. "Those women! All day you paint them without any bones, all evening you listen to them talking sugarplums. And it isn't as if you didn't know any better. You *do!*"

"Do you think I don't suffer from knowing better and never doing it? I got up with that this morning, I've been racing it all day to see who would win. Knowing it's damnable," he cried. He rose and paced the room. He had failed in his duty to his neighbor and his cat, failed in his chosen work, failed, it appeared, in love. And Heaven knew—that he wasn't worth the paper he was printed on.

Ruth Aspinwall flung back her royal head. As suddenly as she had been all flame against him, she was now all turned the other way.

"Stop! You sha'n't talk so. Perhaps you think I haven't heard how you kept Tad Grant together, how you stuck to Phyllis Oge in all her trouble, and the way you brought custom round to Filiberti's when he was nearly bankrupt. He told me that this very evening. It's—it's just for that—when you will throw yourself away—that I can't stand it."

She stopped because she had to. He saw her standing shaken with emotion; he saw a light gleam in her eyes that took his breath away. She looked like that—at *him?* She was standing very still in the middle of his room—his neat, transformed, his altogether different room, from which the morning's devils had been exorcised. Again she met his eyes, the lovely illogic of human feeling in her own, caring for him—the useless, the lazy, the inconsequent; and he flew to her.

"You heavenly red-haired torment, you cross recording angel, you incandescent blessing, you maddening, belligerent, unreasonable dove. Ruth! They said I needed an influence—why couldn't Ihave seen I needed you? Why didn't you tell me yourself, you crosspatch darling? Ruth——"

"If you mm-arry me," she stammered tearfully, "Anne and the others will say instead of an influence you're getting a bully——"

"Plague take them and their influences. Ruth, Ruth——"

"Hush!" she said, "Hush, you'll waken them!"

With a strange word in her own tongue, the yellow cat came leaping to their shoulders and was welcome.

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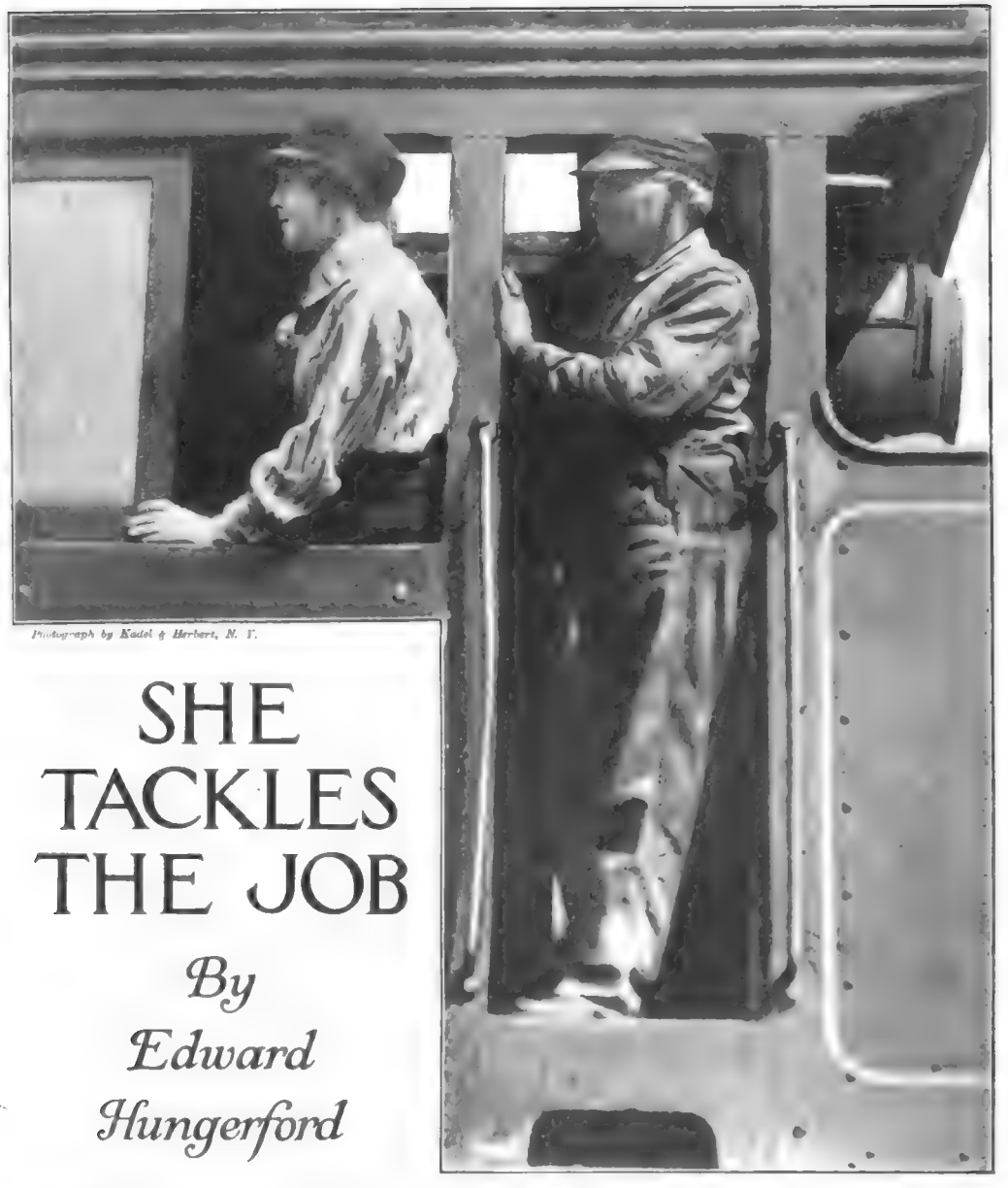

Photograph by Kadel & Herbert, N. Y.

SHE TACKLES THE JOB

By Edward Hungerford

THE Managing Editor of a New York newspaper walked into the office of the Editor of the Woman's Page, waving a cluster of photographs in his chubby fingers.

"They are from the Blink and Blink Photo Service," said he, "and great stuff. Women in men's jobs. Look at them. Here they're at the machines, and there they're loading pig-iron with a derrick. Bully stuff. I've taken every blessed one of them. I kind of thought you'd like them," he chuckled in his enthusiasm.

The Editor of the Woman's Page did not chuckle. Neither did she enthuse. She looked at the photographs, one by one, then returned them to him with but a single comment:

"Rot!"

"Eh?" said the boss.

"Run them if you want, only not in my page, *please* not."

"Why not?"

The Woman Editor looked at him over the

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top of her tortoise shells—with compassion.

"Poor man," she said, finally. "They're posed. They're faked. Look at their heels. You don't catch real working girls wearing high-heeled pumps at a derrick."

The Managing Editor took back the pictures and said nothing—even though he had once or twice observed the heels on working girls' shoes, and they were anything but flat. And even if those particular pictures were staged, there were hundreds of others that might have been snapped which would have been reality itself.

For Petticoats has in fact taken Brother's job all over the land. And it is not always the war-created or munitions job. She began much longer ago than that.

The Pioneers

ALONG in the dark ages which immediately preceded the Philadelphia Centennial, two energetic young women came out of the depths of Ohio and up into New York. Their baggage was small, but it contained one big thing—a really vital idea. "We shall show the biggest town in all America what two women can do," said Victoria, who was the great beauty of the two really remarkable sisters. "Where shall we begin?" asked Tennessee, the other. "As bankers and brokers," replied Victoria. "People will never believe that women can enter such a business."

Bankers and brokers, forsooth! It was a day when even nursing was barely open to women as a profession. There were men clerks behind the counters of all the stores, at the ledgers and the letter-files of all the offices as well. We had copied England very faithfully in such ideas. Women were barred from work—save housework and as operatives in mills. From labor which required any initiative or creative ability they were to be shut off forever. And Tennessee and Victoria Claflin, having the audacity to open a brokerage office, to say nothing of making that selfsame office highly profitable! It was ridiculous. It was impossible.

It was a day of intolerance—back there in the dark days of the Civil War. Women in offices? Out of the question! The pulpit scored the very idea, the press took many flings at it. It was all but downright immoral, this idea of men and women working in offices together. At the worst there would be constant scandal; at the best there could never be efficiency. Oh, no, it would never, never do. And then, just as the clergymen and the editors had ruled out the idea of the Claflin sisters, a hard-headed Secretary of War down at Washington found himself hard pressed by claims and pensions coming in after the long years of war, and quickly appointed many hundreds of women as clerks in his offices. They went to their tasks naturally and easily. Efficiency rules; and scandal was never even breathed.

It was not long after that that the typewriter was invented, and the old-fashioned office "clerk"—the thin-haired, cadaverous gentleman who clung to a rusty frock coat and a black string tie—either could not or would not have anything to do with the new device. He clung, rather obstinately, to his fine handwriting and his copy-press. But the young woman of the seventies could, and did, adapt herself to the new writing invention. And it was only a comparatively short time—a few years at the most—before she supplanted men in almost every department of office endeavor.

Before the War

AT THE beginning of the present war there were five or six trades or professions in which women were numerous; most of them in fact were practically monopolized by Petticoats. They were still, of course, houseworkers and mill operatives. Their profession of nursing had become a highly technical as well as a very well-paid one. They controlled the office situation. And they formed four-fifths of the great army of clerks in stores. In the great department stores they were used as clerks almost universally, save in some of the older and more conservative shops which long have withstood the pressure to supplant the men behind their dress-goods counters by women clerks. At the beginning of the war these were the women's trades—and I am taking no account at this point of the remarkable strides which certain members of that dominant sex had made in the various professions—law, music, drama, literature, medicine—even engineering and architecture.

Upon the women's trades there was increasing pressure. More and more young women seemed to prefer a career to marriage—to immediate marriage at any rate. They chose between these five great trades

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according to their education, their strength or their taste.

"My notion of leisure," said a distinguished woman of my acquaintance a little while ago, "is one's ability to choose for himself the line of endeavor which he most desires to follow."

This was a sort of leisure which few alert and ambitious young women could command previous to the embarkation of the United States as an active ally in the great war. The trades, as you have already seen, were few. And the very fact that there was increasing pressure upon them from applicants made working conditions bad and wages low.

Suddenly a change in all of this. The United States was at war. It was known on the April night that we declared war that we would have to form an army of at least a million men, and that these would have to be drafted out of the great industrial army, overworked and showing fatigue under the continued strain of preparing munitions for the fighting nations overseas. And from somewhere would have to come recruits to fill the gaps formed in the industrial army when a million of its human units were taken and sent forward to make the nation's fighting line. The industrial army could not recruit at the front; to fill the gaps it must go back for units. And if, by going back, it could not find enough male units to replace the men who had taken up arms it must supplant them by female units. Women must rise to the emergency. Women have risen to the emergency. Petticoats has come forward; and Petticoats has taken the job.

"As I see the problem," says this woman I have just quoted, "the human power of the nation is divided into three great parallel lines. The first and foremost is the fighting line, and for the first time in all my years I have wished myself a man—a man of enlistment age—in order that I might become of that line.

"The second line is your industrial line, and the third line—from which are filled the gaps in the second, caused by enlistments for the first—is the leisure line; and there it is that woman predominates. And it is because she predominates that she must be drafted for the industrial army of the nation."

Photograph by Kadel & Herbert, N. Y.
Courtesy of Bush Terminal, Brooklyn.

ONE GIRL LEARNED IN THREE DAYS TO OPERATE A TRACTOR WITH FOUR TRAILERS.

And it is because she must be so drafted that several organizations have come into being already. Some of them are official and so connected with the Federal Government at

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Washington. One of the most interesting of the various sub-organizations of the very interesting Council of National Defense, is its Committee on Women's Defense Work, which has within its power and scope the centralizing for highest efficiency of the woman-power of the nation. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw is chairman of this committee, which is composed of ten of the most prominent women workers of America. It was summoned into existence on the twenty-eighth day of last April by the Secretary of War, acting as chairman of the Council of National Defense. Not one woman of the ten, when she received the summons to Washington, had an inkling of what was to be required of her. Yet by the second day of May, all save two were present at the capital. One of these two was the member from California and the other was detained by a death in her immediate family. Yet both were present before the committee had been sitting five days. And the entire ten have been most faithful in their attendance—even through the grilling days of one of Washington's genuinely tropic summers.

The gist of the committee's endeavors up to the present time is best expressed in the words of one of its members—Miss Ida Tarbell, the writer. According to Miss Tarbell, the committee's first word to the women of the land—the word of the National Government which speaks through it—is: "Do that which lies nearest at hand. Find out just where and how much is needed and where it ought to be done. Then go on doing it, until there is greater need for something else you can do."

It is in plain and practical statements such as this that the Committee on Women's Defense Work of the Council of National Defense shows most clearly its genuine worth and efficiency.

The War Organizations

AT THE outbreak of the war many organizations of women—each attempting to solve some phase of the stupendous problem which the nation faced—came into existence. Most of these organizations were local and some of them were worse than merely local—they were trivial. Ofttimes they were fed upon vanity, either the vanity of the women who organized them, and so assumed an official title, some little pomp or adulation and a place in the public eye, or else the individual vanity of all the members who may have had natty little uniforms and a desire for some adulation from the outer world. In several cases these organizations purchased rifles or revolvers and planned to hold marksmanship contests. One of them announced "shooting afternoons over which hostesses of social prominence will preside. Special chaperons will be provided for children's afternoons."

Their Survivors

SOME of these organizations have already died. It would not be fair to say that the least of them did not accomplish genuine good; that they did not do at least their small part toward the awakening of the women of the land to a national peril, to the need for national service on their part as well as on the part of the men. Some of the best of them—like the Comforts Committee of the Navy League, which at its New York headquarters has sold from four hundred dollars' to fifteen hundred dollars' worth of wool a day, for women to knit into sweaters for the enlisted men—have survived the hard and tedious months of genuine work that were bound to follow the exciting days of novelty and organization. And the biggest of them, The National League for Woman's Service, has been organized firmly and upon a very definite basis.

This League came into existence early in the present year; some weeks before our declaration of war against Germany. Its founders had seen the changing conditions of women's employment in the United States ever since the day when the Hohenzollern host began its ruthless march across bleeding Belgium. It had thought to formulate those changes carefully, so there should be no panic, and economically, so that woman could take her new jobs with an assurance of fairness as to both pay and hours of labor. Then came our own dramatic entrance into the war. The dispatching of von Bernstorff, the great message of the President, the declaration itself—and the settling down of the nation into making itself fit for fighting. The immediate scope of the League was changed—almost instantly. It turned its first attention from the problem of the industrial line to that of the fighting line.

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Nurses was its first thought. But nursing is one of the chief functions of the long-established Red Cross, and the National League for Woman's Service had no intention of competing or interfering with that older organization. But there were many other things that the League could do. It could provide decent entertainment and sociability for the soldiers and the sailors at their land bases and in the cantonments. The entertainments which already have been organized and which are given each Saturday evening at the League's New York headquarters, to the sailors who are stationed there, are in no small way a drill for the larger affairs which it hopes to organize when the big army cantonments are finished. Ice-cream and cake for the soldiers and the sailors, cigars and cigarets too—best of all a smile, a shake of the hand, and a real friendly welcome—these are the things that count.

Then, too, there is the problem of the army cook. Why should big husky boys who can shoulder a gun and upon proper occasion make good use of it, spend their time concocting beef stew or stodgily kneading biscuits? The League is advertising for army cooks—proficient cooks, real cooks, if you please, who can give the boys at the front something that is at least reminiscent of the cooking at the home table.

The Woman at Home

THIS big new woman's organization takes cognizance, too, of the woman who can not desert her home cares and give her whole time to war work. It recognizes the proficiency of the knitter; perhaps it has seen her as I have seen her, keeping at her knitting in the quiet New England churches on a Sabbath morning, while the pastor drones his sermon. It correlates her work and it reaches out for the home cook—the woman whose preserves or whose pies have more than merely local reputation. Perhaps she can put up preserves or bake some pies for the boys at the front. If she can not afford to supply the raw materials they will be furnished her, even to the fuel for her oven.

The war program of the League is extensive. It seeks to turn the power of its rapidly growing membership into distinct national assistance. When a woman—anxious to do her bit—applies for enrolment, she is carefully examined, not only as to her desires but as to her actual capabilities. If she is willing to give a generous measure of her time to the work, she promptly is allotted to something definite. Perhaps she has been accustomed to driving a car. Good! Immediately she finds herself enrolled in the motor division. And, in case her proficiency is not apace with her enthusiasm, she is sent to one of the recognized automobile schools where, at a reduced rate, she is trained not only to drive a motor-car but to clean and to otherwise maintain it. And she is fitted with a neat khaki uniform.

Uniforms? Certainly!

OH, NO, the National League for Woman's Service does not scorn uniforms. On the contrary, it recognizes their subtle power. It knows that the trig coat and short skirt, the military boots and puttees, even the small round officers' cap are apt to bring an enthusiasm in the heart of their wearer that can be translated into actual endeavor. A woman responds to costume—at least so I am told—and——

Amateurish! you interrupt, with all the fine scorn you can command.

Amateurish? Well, your father was an amateur—perhaps it was you, yourself, who wore a dinky little cape and a still dinkier cap when you saved the country by carrying a torch and marching with your club in the Blaine campaign, back there in the early eighties. But how your heart burned! And the fervor of your very soul found echo in the rhythmic tread of many feet.

"They are amateurs perhaps," said Mrs. J. Rogers Bacon—one of the organizers of the Woman's League, as we stood in the bay-window of the headquarters building in Madison Avenue and watched three of the khaki-clad young women jump into their motor-cars to carry some army officers upon their work about the city—a duty which they have been remarkably successful in performing. "They are amateurs, but I am quite certain that they are not dilettantes. Between these two there is a vast difference. For who can recognize the strength of the spiritual force that rests in the soul of the amateur who is ready to learn and ready to serve?"

In those few words the League officer had given a great thought. For these were the women who were amateurs; who were sticking it out. In the hottest three days that New York had known in its entire history

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they were steadily at the job. Others had enlisted, had shown enthusiasm at the beginning; but with the coming of the summer season the old-time vacation habit was a thing not to be ignored. The new duties were no longer new; work had lost the flavor of novelty. And these slipped out. Forever they are to be classed as dilettantes.

But there were others to replace them—far more who forgot the warm-weather vacations, the joys of the open country, and

Courtesy of Bush Terminal, Brooklyn.

A "BRAKE-MAM" AT THE BUSH TERMINAL.

kept hard at work. It was sometimes monotonous. But even in the dullest, hottest moments it was glorified by the knowledge that it was service—the volunteer application of a principle that is being enforced upon the younger male population of the land and which should be the privilege of every American, man or woman, beyond the years of childhood. These were the amateurs. And if it has pleased a single one of them to don khaki, or put an insignia upon the sleeve, what mere man is privileged to deny such a pleasure?

To take these workers—the amateurs that are filled with the spirit and enthusiasm of youth, and the more experienced workers whose enthusiasm is hardly less because it is older and deeper seated—and correlate their endeavors, was not the least of the problems of

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MISS ANNE MORGAN, TREASURER OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE.

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the League. It recognized from the beginning that the most brilliant worker, the most indefatigable worker, working alone, can accomplish relatively but little. Team-work counts. And team-work, in the understanding of the League, is wearing a pull collar which does not chafe the other fellow. So it was to study team-work that Miss Grace Parker, the National Commandant of the League, was sent to England at the beginning of the present year to study the women's work there during the first two years of the war. England was chosen rather than France or any of the other nations at war, because it was thought that conditions there most closely approximated the conditions that would arise here.

Learning from England

MISS PARKER'S chief recommendation to the new League on her return was based upon the great handicap under which she found women working in England. The difficulties that she had expected to find there did not exist. Those sacred barriers of English tradition, that had rendered that land far slower than ours to admit women generously to many trades and professions, had been broken down. But the real handicap was in the utter lack of any registration of the women and the woman-power of England. Such a registration has now been made, but, for more than two years, England-at-war dragged along without it.

It was because of Miss Parker's study of the situation, because of her recommendations based upon her study, that the fundamental policy of the new Woman's League in America was made correlation—which, of course, is only another way of calling team-work. Not only would the new League seek to register and direct, by suggestion at least, all the women who desired or who were equipped to serve, but it would correlate its activities with the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense, and also with the Department of Labor, both down at Washington. Which last brings us considerably nearer the question of how Petticoats is getting the man's job—and is preparing to hold fast to it.

For the Department of Labor is the official representative of the working man and woman at the national capital. Already it is being forced to take cognizance of the tremendous pressing forward of women from the third or leisure line of the nation's human power to the second or industrial line. And in order that it may take a cognizance that is born of understanding, the National League for Woman's Service has stationed Miss Marie Obernauer as its representative at Washington to work in direct cooperation with the Labor Department. It is a job that calls for both tact and discernment, and apparently Miss Obernauer possesses both in good measure.

For when a contract for munitions is awarded by either the War or the Navy Department, the Department of Labor is promptly advised, in order that it may be of actual help and protection to the manufacturer as well as to the men and women in his employ. In this crisis it offers its services toward the recruiting of extra labor to meet munitions contracts. And the task that falls to the Woman's League through its Washington representative is that of finding, of selecting, and of protecting the women who to-day form so large a part of this labor. It will make inquiry as to the housing problems in the town in which the munitions plant is situated. In this it often calls into conference the aid of the local Y. W. C. A. or the Jewish Council of Women. It may find in that town many women, married and settled in their homes, who were formerly

MISS GRACE PARKER, NATIONAL COMMANDANT OF THE LEAGUE.

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operatives in the plant which has the munitions contract. These will be sought out, and, if they have very small dependent children, arrangements will be made for caring for these in the nearest day-nursery. Sometimes the League goes as far as helping the manufacturer advertise for woman labor. It found a man in the Frankford section of Philadelphia almost desperate. He had been given a huge contract and bid fair to fail in it—for lack of help. He had inserted "want ad" after "want ad"—without any real success. Miss Obernauer helped him prepare a full-page patriotic appeal for help—for women to serve their country by coming to his factory and working—good hours and fair pay—and his employment list was filled forthwith.

Courtesy of Bush Terminal, Brooklyn.

A MERE MOTOR-TRUCK IS NOTHING FOR A BUSH-TERMINAL GIRL TO MANAGE.

Here is a real opportunity for the League—to my merely masculine, mind perhaps the largest opportunity for it—to serve. A single instance will illustrate:

A certain manufacturer, upon receiving a considerable contract for munitions from the Government, found that he would need a large number of women operatives. He appealed to the League through Miss Obernauer for help in recruiting these women. It made a prompt examination of the conditions, then asked the manufacturer what wages he proposed to pay. He stammered and evaded a bit and finally said:

"Six dollars and a half a week."

The League made further examination. It found that, under war-time conditions in the town in which the munitions plant was located, it would cost a woman $9.89 a week to live.

"You will have to make your minimum wage ten dollars," it ruled, and in that ruling it was supported by the Federal Department of Labor. The manufacturer demurred, then accepted with good grace—in fact, to-day he is paying eleven dollars as his minimum weekly wage.

That is a minimum for both men and women, for the League makes as firm and as consistent a stand for equal pay as its elder sister makes for equal suffrage. In this thing it is as adamant. When first it learned that women were coming to men's jobs in the railroads, it wrote to the larger Eastern lines which were beginning to introduce them and asked them fairly and frankly if they were being substituted for men merely as a war measure or partly as a steady campaign of economy in operation begun long before the war. To this the

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Eastern roads—the Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania and the Erie—replied that they were paying the women exactly the same wage as would be given to a man beginning the same task. Which is both consistent and fair.

The Unorganized Workers

ENOUGH now for the League. Despite the many disadvantages under which all brand-new organizations work, it is doing remarkably well. So are some of its sister organizations, notably the National American Woman Suffrage Association, which has not only loaned Dr. Shaw, its honorary president, but also Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, its active president, to the Council of National Defense. We must overlook these merely for lack of space; ignore in this article the endeavors of many earnest and enthusiastic local organizations and individuals to make women of genuine service in the great national plans of economy and efficiency.

How about the woman to whom all these organizations are as yet but mere names, if, indeed, she has ever heard of them at all? How about the woman who dons her new uniform of blue blouse and overalls at six o'clock in the morning and gulps her coffee hastily so she can be at the factory gates before the seven o'clock whistle? It is this woman who is getting the man's job. She never worked in a factory before. She has refused the nerve-tiring, eye-wearing drudgery of a loom, a binder or a sewing-machine. But to work in a real shop—in a man's sort of shop if you please—cleaning and wiping machines, sorting scrap, or, joy of joys, working with a lathe or a gear-shaper or a thread-miller in light metals.

Light metals, did I say?

Upon my desk there rests this moment an advertisement clipped from the *Toronto Globe* of a few days ago. It reads:

> WANTED — Five strong women, age 30, for heavy work. Must weigh 164 lbs. Apply
> Toronto Engineering Company.

It is to Canada we must go if we are to see our way pointed clearly to us. For if conditions in England are nearer those of the United States than those in France, it is also true that they are far closer to us in Canada than in Great Britain. For at the patriotic call of the Imperial Munitions Board of the Dominion, fifteen thousand women—almost all of them without previous industrial experience—mobilized to assist in the making of ammunition. They work in shrapnel and in fuse-making and upon every sort of shell except the "9-2." In the United States many of these women would be sewing for the Red Cross or perhaps organizing little entertainments to provide funds for its maintenance. Canada, with her careful following of English fads and traditions, has sent some of the most distinguished and the most representative of her women into her munitions factories.

"The only difference is this," explained a Montreal woman just the other day. "Overseas a lady and her maid may work side by side all day as pals, filling shells in the factory; but when they are home in the evening, they are lady and maid once more. For two weeks my Mary has been working in the same room with me down at the factory. And to-night she came to me and showed me her piece-work card. She actually had the impudence to boast to me that she knew more about a loading machine than I."

"We Just Love Machinery"

THE Yankee girl has followed the example of her Canadian sister and has taken service in the machine shop. And there are many cases already where she had shown her aptitude so clearly for this work that when Brother comes home and puts down the sword for the monkey-wrench—which is a new version of the old proverb—he may have to steam up quite a bit to get his job away from Sister. Sister sometimes has a mechanical turn, too, and likes machine-shop work. Down at the big Bush Terminal in South Brooklyn they have been training Sister in a number of things—running motor trucks and big electric switching locomotives, handling steam-winches and cranes, as well as in a hundred and one less dramatic jobs in the great hives of varied manufactories which are housed in that modern industrial city.

Seriously, it is not to be expected that women will permanently replace men in many machine-shops after peace is declared and the nation returns to normal industrial conditions once again. And even before that time a logical solution of the employment question will demand that where men are used industrially, they will, as far as possible, be used in jobs which are fundamentally unsuited to women.

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Courtesy of Bush Terminal, Brooklyn.

A CANNING UNIT—TO WHICH NO MAN CAN OBJECT.
A GIRL USING A GAS MASK IN FILLING AMMONIA BOTTLES.

On the island of Manhattan, men sit all day and all night in the ticket wickets of the stations of the elevated and the subway lines. It is a dull and droning job, little suited for men save for the depleted powers of the crippled or aged. In Boston, in Brooklyn, in Philadelphia, and in Chicago the elevated and subway stations have women ticket-sellers. The trunk-line railroads have, as I have already intimated, made great headway since our entrance into the war, in substituting women for men, not only in their shops, not only in their offices and accounting department, but also as gate-tenders at highway crossings in the open country. Some of these very lines have been conservative in the past, to put it mildly, in the employment of women even for office work. But these are the very roads which have given most generously of their man-power, not only to our fighting regiments, but also to the engineer regiments chosen to go over to France and rebuild and operate her worn and wrecked railways. These things and the fact that to-day they are called upon to transport a traffic far heavier than any ever before offered them, have rendered the substitution of woman-power for man-power in their ranks almost imperative.

Yet the railroads have been loath to substitute women for men in some of their most logical opportunities. I remember coming out of Cincinnati a year or two ago on a train of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad in a small café dining-car which was "manned," and most adequately, by very able and obliging young women. The New York Central lines have also women-operated dining-cars on some of their less crowded routes across Ohio. But few of the railroads, particularly in the East, have seen the opportunity for using women in their city ticket offices—despite the fact that a large part of the patrons who crowd against their counters—particularly in vacation seasons—are women. The Union Pacific system out in Portland, Oregon, has

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been employing a woman passenger agent for some time past. Her name is Miss Avis Lobdell, and she has qualified already as a real traffic-getter for her road.

THE MOTOR SQUAD OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE. CAPTAIN HELEN BASTEDO, HEAD OF THE CORPS IS IN THE CENTER OF THE FRONT ROW.

How I wish that I might make a list of the women who have been and who are still making good in these specialized jobs! It would include not only doctors, dentists, lawyers, oculists, advertising experts, illustrators, but it would pause to tell how this young woman down in Memphis, Tennessee, is one of the world's greatest experts upon the cotton-seed market; how another buys for and manages the finest private library in the United States, if not indeed in the entire world. I should like to tell of the remarkable success that women have met in the banking business in recent years, not only in the entire management of some prosperous country banks, but in the management of whole departments of the great banks in the city of New York. I should like to tell of one woman who is president of a railroad and of another who is the owner and guiding genius of one of the very largest department stores in the city of Chicago. Petticoats does not hesitate at the big job. And when she takes it she generally manages to get away with it —very well indeed.

We have drifted away from our point as to the man-power. In New York we still see men behind the counters of the stores as well as the railroad ticket offices up and down Broadway. Out in the West a department store has announced that it will substitute women for the men floor-walkers, so long an institution of the big retail shop. As yet no New York store has dared to announce so radical a change. New York is rather conservative at heart—it probably would be shocked to hear that at least two hundred passenger elevators within its limits are now being operated by women.

Men butlers are now unobtainable in New York at any price, and so, thank

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God! are footmen. Women butlers are being engaged and these make a careful stipulation that their duties shall not be outside of the dining-room; in fact, that they shall not exceed those of the disappearing genus male in the same job. There are probably from fifty thousand to sixty thousand men chauffeurs in the New York metropolitan district alone—most of them of the age and ability to make several big fighting regiments. The most noticeable thing I saw on a recent trip to Montreal was many cars, but practically no chauffeurs. Most of the cars seemed to be driven by their owners, a great part of them by women.

But it is in the West that the earliest and apparently the largest progress has been made in the substitution of women for men's jobs. Women have been appearing behind the clerk's desks in hotels in Spokane and in Buffalo and doing very well there. They began some time since to appear as bellhops and as pages. One of the largest hotels in Milwaukee recently discharged not only its male dining-room crew, but the equally quarrelsome and dirty lot in its kitchen. It replaced its chef by a cateress —a woman of distinct local reputation. So that to-day, instead of serving a lot of poorly cooked dishes, made up on European models, it is able to give genuine American cooking —and a great deal of cleanliness and satisfaction to boot.

After the War?

ONE thing more—and a most important thing: For the woman, the problem of getting the job has been settled—for the time being, at least. The full opportunity, after many years of waiting, is at hand. But opportunity is not all. With opportunity goes responsibility. The job, once secured, must be held. Some of them obviously are to be women's work for the duration of the war only. But the others! When Johnny comes marching home he is going to demand his old job back again. And Petticoats, having had a taste of a real man's job and its earning powers, may be loath to relinquish it. The final decision, in pretty nearly every case, must come on merit. If Petticoats proves that she can handle the job more deftly, more faithfully, more accurately than her male predecessor handled it, Johnny can whistle through his fingers and get some other job.

But Petticoats can not afford to forget her responsibility. One of the largest of the new employers of women in the city of New York is the great and remarkably progressive National City Bank. That bank has lost more than a hundred of its men clerks as assistance to the army and the navy —either by volunteer or draft enrolment. It has sought women to replace them, and it has sought the right sort of women by the very simple process of offering them, a little more pay than they could get for similar work in other places of employment. Therefore it is in a position to discriminate, to pick and choose. And it does discriminate. It has physical and technical tests for applicants. And out of more than one thousand applicants for places in the bank in the six early weeks of summer, it was barely able to choose the women to fill the war vacancies. In other words but between ten and eleven per cent. of the applicants were good enough even for admittance to the banking house. And to rise above the lowest classes of employment stern competitive tests were instituted.

The strongest barrier in the employer's mind against the hiring of women, particularly to displace men, is the feeling that Petticoats may be using the job as a sort of convenient bridge between schooldays and marriage. Not that he feels or I feel that the greatest inherent and natural right of woman is marriage. There are bridge jobs of that sort—open and yearning for the girl who would practise economy and independence and accumulate toward her own little dowry.

But there are other jobs that require permanence. The training requires both time and money on the part of the employer; And these are the jobs which Petticoats has no right to accept unless she can and will stick by them. It is not alone the question of fundamental honesty which is involved. It is the reputation for business honesty on the part of her sex. And the more firmly and the more widely such a good reputation becomes spread, the more woman will come into her own, not in the present accepted trades and professions which she now opens, or in some instances controls, but in other trades and professions—trades and professions where initiative and creative ability, as well or better than drudging hard work—are repaid by good wages, the best working conditions—and still larger opportunity.

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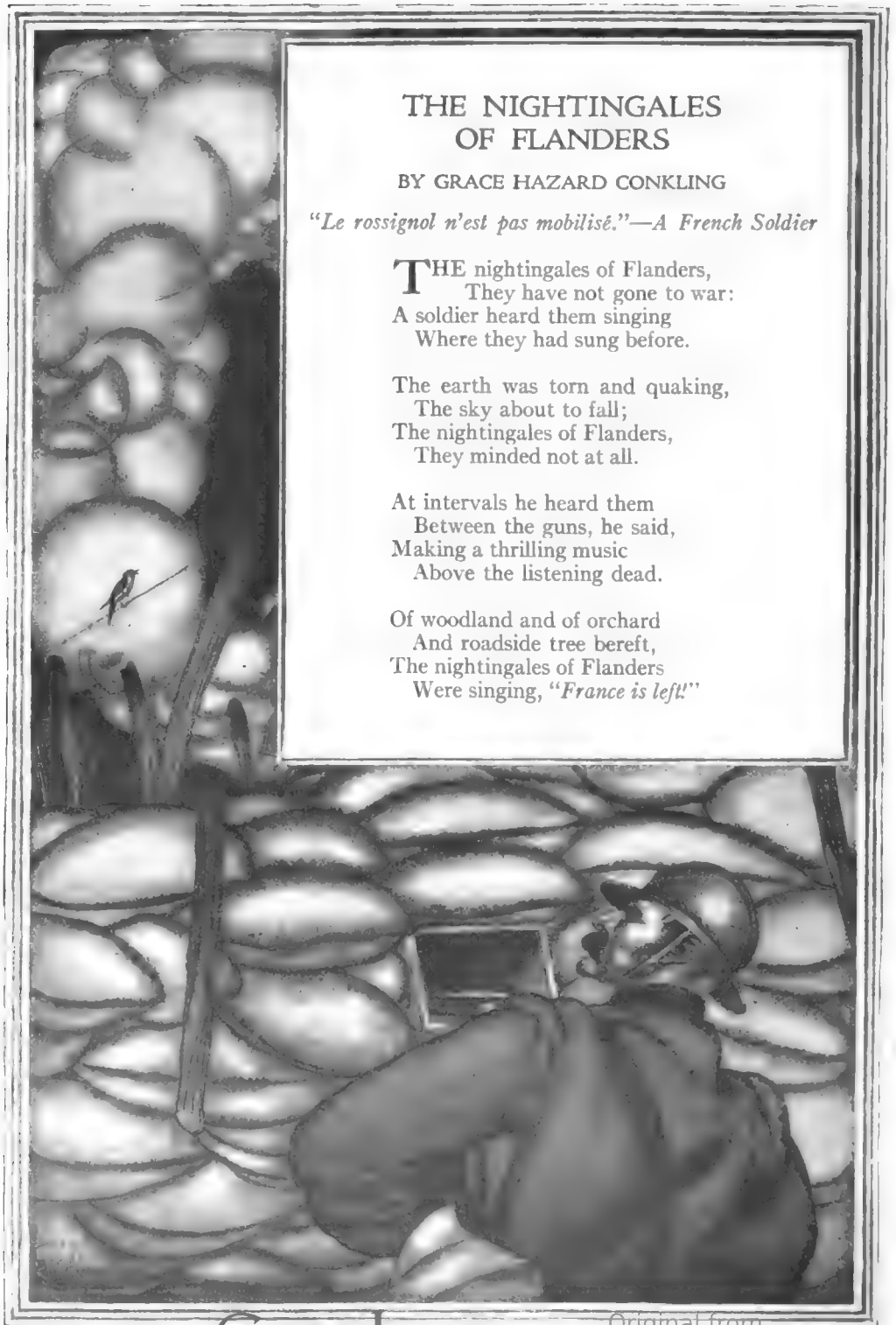

THE NIGHTINGALES OF FLANDERS

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

"Le rossignol n'est pas mobilisé."—A French Soldier

THE nightingales of Flanders,
They have not gone to war:
A soldier heard them singing
Where they had sung before.

The earth was torn and quaking,
The sky about to fall;
The nightingales of Flanders,
They minded not at all.

At intervals he heard them
Between the guns, he said,
Making a thrilling music
Above the listening dead.

Of woodland and of orchard
And roadside tree bereft,
The nightingales of Flanders
Were singing, "*France is left!*"

Drawing by Philip Barton

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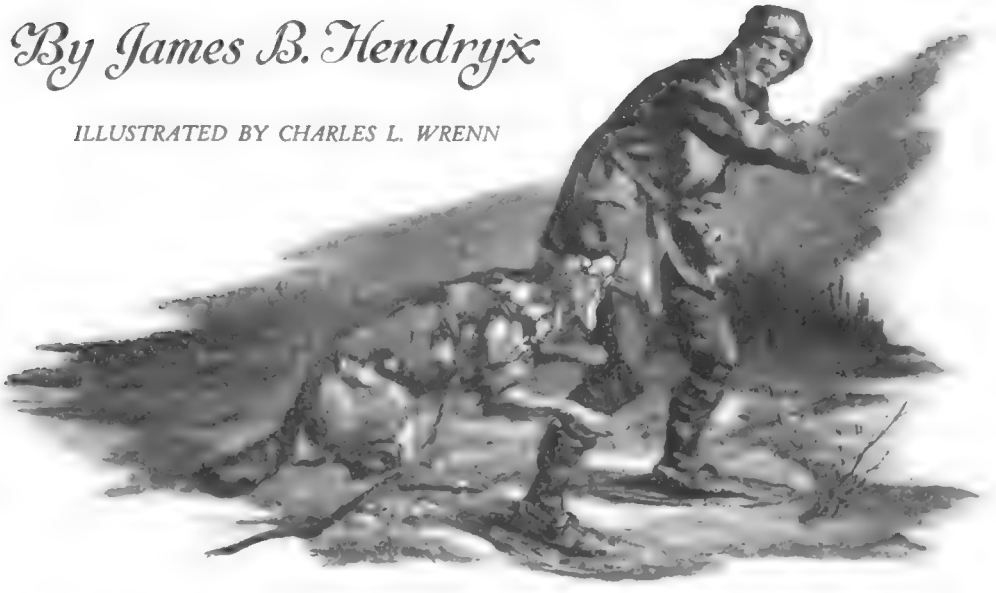
IN THE OUTLAND

By James B. Hendryx

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN



WITH his arm loaded with firewood, Duncan Muir paused to scan the irregular skyline along which ragged low-hung clouds scudded before the rising wind, to lose themselves in the ghostly gloom of the snow mountains.

Suddenly he crouched—listening, glanced swiftly up and down the narrow gorge, and with a sharp, nervous laugh, pushed open the door of a windowless hovel—half cabin, half igloo, that nestled against the wall of a deep niche in the ice-locked Heywood Range. Tossing the wood behind the stove, he closed the door, and with a splint ignited the twisted moss wick that protruded from the surface of a pan of rancid grease.

The lamp sputtered and smoked and stank and threw off a sullen sooty glare that lighted dimly the rough interior of the room. Lifting from the floor a blackened and battered pot half filled with snow water in which soggy tea-grounds steeped, he set it upon the little sheet-iron stove, and threw himself upon the rude pole bunk, that served also as a table and a chair. Reaching down he tugged at the ear of an ill-visaged malamute that growled savagely even as his tail thumped the floor.

"It's hell, isn't it, old fellow?" muttered the man, "when the long nights come? It's bad enough in the summer-time, but in winter—with the long, long dark and the wind and the snow and the lights of the crazy aurora. It's *hell!*"

He rose abruptly, as one whose brain drives by quick explosions, tossed a pinch of tea into the pot and slashed a caribou steak from a chunk that thawed beside the stove. The malamute raised himself slowly to his feet, stretched with a prodigious yawn, and eyed the meat with quivering nostrils.

"Do you realize, Frontier, that it's almost two years since I've laid eyes on a white man?"

He tossed some meat to the dog and smiled at the ferocious snarl that accompanied the click with which the white fangs met the chunk in mid-air. In silence the man ate his steak, gulped his bitter black tea, and wiped the grease from his fingers upon the coarse hair that bristled along the malamute's spine. The great dog wagged his brush-like tail and growled throatily.

"Yes, nearly two years, Frontier, and in all the world we've got only each other." A note of bitterness crept into the voice that blended with the low-rumbled growl of the dog. "We're renegades—both, from

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our kind. You're only half-wild now. You'll let me handle you and you've learned to wag your tail, and I—" The man's eyes swept the sooty interior of the hovel. "I guess I've met you half-way. But it can't go on, Frontier! I'm going back—while I can. Anything is better than this. Sometimes I can see—" He arose to his feet with nervous jerk and took a turn about the cramped quarters of the little room. "It's always like this when the sun is gone and the damned dead land stretches white into nowhere. When the peaks blaze red and blue and green, and the only sounds are the snap and hiss of the aurora and the moaning of the wind and the thin yapping of a fox in the far hills. Those are the real sounds. But between—come the whispering voices. Last winter they came—and now again. Listen!" The man threw himself against the door, pressing his ear to the wood, then, with a harsh laugh, turned to the dog. "They aren't real," he exclaimed fiercely, "the voices! It's—it's the North! Listen, Frontier: it's good for us to talk about things that are real—about fire and snow and bunks and things. If we only had something to read. Do you know the world's advanced two years and we've stayed still? It's like being in prison. But no! *No!* We're not in prison! We're *free!* But—Good God, Frontier! Do you know the price? I do. It's—it's here," he tapped his forehead with a sooty forefinger, "another year—another month—maybe another day—I don't know. But we won't pay the price. It took me a long time to figure things out, Frontier, but—*we're going back.*"

The voicing of the determination seemed to spur the man to action. By the light of his flaring grease lamp he assembled his meager outfit. "Not much of a lay-out to face a twelve-hundred-mile trail with, is it, Frontier?"

The half-closed eyes of the tawny malamute widened and he sniffed suspiciously. There was a new note in the voice he had listened to daily—ever since chance had thrown vagabond dog and vagabond man together—in the far land of snow.

As he talked, Muir loaded his squat, rudely fashioned sled with chunks of frozen caribou meat, which he held in place with a strip of ragged tarpaulin. "There!" he exclaimed, as he gave a finishing tug to the hitch that bound the load. "All we've got to do in the morning is to eat our breakfast, throw the blankets on to the load, and hit the trail!"

At noon the following day, which was not a day at all but merely a gray spot in the long northern night, Duncan Muir stood upon the last ridge of the bleak Heywood Range and stared out over the barren grounds to the southward, where the sun that lifted scarce the height of its diameter above the rim of the dead world glowed dull red and sullen through the steel-gray frozen air. For a long time man and dog stood gazing into the south.

Only those who in the gloom of the Arctic winter have faced alone the untrod wastes of the snow-barrens can know the utter silence of the solitudes. And only those can know the terrible, oppressive dread that reaches out of the inexorable cold to fix its icy fingers upon the heart, the senseless fear of the hissing aurora, and the nameless terror of the whispering voices in the night-time. And when a man has felt the icy clutch of the fingers, and the foolish fear of the aurora, and has listened to the whispering voices, he must go straightway out of the North—if he would remain a man.

"Prince Albert lies somewhere down there," Muir confided to the dog. "With the grub we've got we can't afford to make any mistakes, so we'll just bear to the westward and hit the big river. "Reaching down, he slapped the shoulder of the great dog, who growled and wagged his tail. "We understand each other thoroughly, don't we, Frontier? You bet! We're good pals and all that, but 'way down in our hearts we both of us know that when the last mouthful is divided and it comes to the big show-down you'll eat me or I'll eat you—and there'll be no hard feelings, either. Come on, now, mush!"

The dog headed down the long slope, and the man, with a turn of the tail rope about his arm, fell in behind and broke the descent of the sled. Day after day they threaded the barrens, camping now in a chance thicket of stunted scrub, and again making a fireless camp and burrowing together from the sweep of the biting wind into the lee of a snow-drift. On the fifth day, while following a river that connects two nameless lakes in the half-explored country to the northward of the Great Slave, an incident occurred that brought the moment of the "big show-down" perilously near.

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Muir was traveling ahead of the dog, breaking trail and pulling at the end of a fifteen-foot line, when with a muffled splash, the sled crashed through thin ice and disappeared in the black waters of a rapid. The line looped about his shoulders snapped taut and Muir was jerked violently to the snow. As the sled crashed through, the dog whirled, flattened himself, and braced against the pull of the traces which threatened momentarily to drag him into the water. The sled had been swept under the ice and the strain of resisting the push of the current against the load taxed to the utmost the combined strength of man and dog.

Sprawling in the snow, Muir drew his knife and, keeping the line taut, worked his way inch by inch toward the malamute. He reached the edge of the hole as the overflow was turning the snow on the surface of the ice into freezing slush. An instant later traces and leadline parted to the slash of the keen blade and

THE MAN THREW HIMSELF AGAINST THE DOOR, PRESSING HIS EAR TO THE WOOD, THEN, WITH A HARSH LAUGH, TURNED TO THE DOG.

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the dog and man leaped to their feet and stood facing each other on the snow.

"Looks like we're kind of up against it, don't it, Frontier?" grinned Muir as he gazed thoughtfully toward the black hole into which had disappeared, past all thought of reclamation, his grub, blankets, ax and gun. "We're not all in, though. I'm wearing five or six pounds of meat and suet inside my shirt to keep it thawed out for a fireless camp. We can't go back. We haven't got five days' grub. And we won't go very far ahead unless we find some Injuns. Anyhow we've got matches. Let's mush!"

For three days the two pushed southward. The five or six pounds of meat and suet had dwindled to a scant pound. The pace had slowed to a mile an hour. The man's rackets felt like weights dragging him down, down into the soft whiteness of the snow. The first night he had slept in fitful snatches beside a fire in the shelter of a cut-bank. The second night he had snatched his sleep sitting up and then only when he could no longer force himself to stay awake, for as he stooped to kindle his fire, he had detected a wolfish gleam in the green eyes of the malamute.

The third day the dog dropped behind and the man noted that the wolfish gleam had given place to a steady glare that seemed to bore into his back as he pushed laboriously onward. At noon he divided the last of the meat. As the dog devoured his portion in a single gulp, Muir noticed that he neither growled nor wagged his tail, but, seating himself in the snow, regarded him with a sullen, evil glare. The strain of the sleepless nights and the forced trail were telling heavily in the sunken eyes and drawn features of the man as he labored slowly forward.

Always he could feel the stare of the green glaring eyes, and as the day wore on found himself whirling suddenly every few steps to face those eyes. But always the dog kept his distance, and always the green eyes gleamed balefully.

There was something devilish, sinister, in the shape that padded lightly upon his trail. It seemed to the man at times that he must shriek aloud or rush upon the great brute and throttle him with his bare hands.

When early darkness fell he plodded on by the light of the stars. Vaguely he realized that his course was wavering.

After a long time he knew that he was standing upon the shore of a little lake and staring stupidly toward a bright square of light that glowed from the blackness of the scrub. But why should a light be in the scrub? With all his strength the man drove his brain to grasp the significance of that little square of light. It seemed very far away and yet very near, being just across the mouth of a narrow bay.

A slight sound caused him to turn. The dog was almost upon him and with an incoherent cry he lashed out with his knife. The malamute leaped back. Once more the man's eyes sought the square of light, and, muttering thickly, he lurched onto the narrow bay and stumbled toward it across the snow-covered ice.

DUNCAN MUIR opened his eyes and stared about him in bewilderment. In vain he strove to realize where he was. Surely he remembered being upon the trail. It seemed ages he had been on the trail—he and Frontier. And something was following them. Something with eyes that blazed green in the dark. But where had the trail ended, and where had it started, and why was he in a bunk? Why, to be sure, he was in the igloo; but—his eyes rested upon the window through which gray daylight filtered feebly. Where had the window come from? He had always wanted a window, but there was no glass. And it was strange he had no recollection of the crucifix there upon the wall at the foot of the bunk. His head felt strangely light and he raised a hand to his eyes. He was surprised to find that it required an effort and that the hand moved clumsily like something that was no part of himself.

There was a movement beyond the stove and he turned his head to stare into the face of a girl who was coming swiftly toward him across the room. She paused beside the bunk and for a long time the two looked into each other's eyes. The man tried to speak, but words would not come. Then the girl bent closer and her lips parted in a smile.

"You were very nearly—bushed."

The man scarcely heard the words as his eyes devoured greedily every detail of the face that looked down into his. The white teeth that flashed like wet pearls between the red lips, the tan of the cheeks, and the eyes of so deep a blue that in their depths flashed shadows of blackness.

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Then he found himself listening to the words of the low, rich voice: "But you have come to at last, and you are not frozen. Only weakened from hunger and the trail-strain."

"But how did I come here? And where am I?" The man frowned at the harsh sound of his own voice.

"You came one night a week ago and fell against our door, and in your hand was a knife and behind you in the snow stood a great dog." The girl paused and shuddered. "*Voilà*, such a dog! With his harness straps dragging. My father has chained him to the wood-pile."

"That's Frontier." The man smiled grimly. "You have to know him to like him. But, tell me, who are you? And why are you living in this wilderness? Surely you are not the daughter of a trapper."

The girl laughed: "No, my father is not a trapper. I am Hélène Ravailliac. My father works in his mine. But he is old and should not work so hard, for sometimes he is sick. It is in here." She placed her hand upon her heart. "And I am afraid. I want him to go back where there are doctors. For many years we have lived here, and in all that time we have seen only the Indians who bring in our supplies."

"What!" cried Muir. "You have lived *here* for years and you can still smile!" The girl regarded him with a puzzled expression. "The monotony," he explained, "and the long nights and the bitter cold and the silence and—everything that goes to make up the frozen North!"

"You, too, have been long away?" she answered simply. "But you have been alone. With us it is different. We have each other, and books and cards and checkers and chess for the long nights, and in the daytime the hunting and fishing and the exploring of places where men have not been. I love it! Only, sometimes," she paused, and the blue-black eyes regarded him wistfully, "sometimes I do get lonesome and long to see people and the things we have left behind. And lately, my father has seemed to be worse. But you must eat now—only a little at first, because to eat much when one has been starved is very bad."

Crossing to the stove, she returned with a cup of broth which the man drank greedily. "You must sleep now. My father will come in at dark, and then if you are rested we will talk further."

The man protested but the girl was firm, and drawing a chair near to the window she busied herself with some sewing. As Duncan Muir's eyes wandered from the deftly flying fingers to the profile which showed clean-cut against the heavily frosted pane a great drowsiness fell upon him. A drowsiness of utter contentment in which he vaguely strove to decide whether in reality the girl who sat beside the window was the most beautiful woman in the world or whether his long absence from the world of women had distorted his judgment. And as he conjured forgotten faces, he smiled.

Hours later he once more opened his eyes. The room was bathed in lamplight, and with the table between them the girl sat facing an old man. A chess-board was upon the table, its pieces in disarray that bespoke a game well advanced. After an interminable pause, during which Muir's glance strayed from face to face, the old man very deliberately moved his knight. The corners of the girl's mouth twitched and as the hand was removed from the piece her lips broke into a swift smile.

"There," she exclaimed in a low undertone, "you have fallen into my trap!" And with a deft movement shifted the position of her queen. "See, it is checkmate!" she cried joyously, and smiled happily into the face of the old man whose gaze was bent upon the board. It was then that the eyes of the girl met the eyes of the man in the bunk, and she arose hastily. "See, father!" she cried, "our invalid has awakened. I believe he has been watching our game."

The old man pushed back his chair and advanced to the cot with a smile. "You are welcome to our home, Monsieur," he greeted heartily. "You have had a rough trip of it—you and your dog. Ah, he is a very devil of a dog, Monsieur! I was forced to chain him up, else he would have eaten my sled dogs one by one."

"I hope he didn't injure them," answered Muir with concern.

"No, no, it is nothing. A bite here and there does them good. He is a grand fighter, Monsieur! He fought like Pierre Ladue at Sedan!" The old man's eyes brightened and his shoulders squared. "You have not heard of Pierre Ladue! *Non!* Few have heard except those of his own brigade, for Pierre Ladue was a private. But if all had fought like Pierre Ladue that day at Sedan no German pig would have set foot in

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SHE PAUSED BESIDE THE BUNK, AND FOR A LONG TIME THE TWO LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES.

Paris, and von Moltke would have been forced back to drown in his own stinking Rhine. Ah, Pierre Ladue fought that day! He fought like a very demon of a man! More than a score of Germans Pierre Ladue himself sent to hell—fighting at close grip with whatever came to hand! There was a man—that Pierre Ladue!" The old eyes glowed and a clenched fist stabbed the air.

"Ah, yes," interrupted the girl proudly, "but you fought side by side with Pierre Ladue that day. And from the Emperor himself you received——"

"Yes, yes," broke in the other impatiently, "but Pierre Ladue gave his life for France. And I, after Sedan, I could not be a prisoner. I and some others we escaped north and joined General Favre. But the spirit of France was broken with the Germans in Paris. Mézières was another Sedan. After that we fought here and there until the signing of the treaty. But it was a German treaty, Monsieur, and a German peace on German terms! And *voilà!* I could not remain in France and so I came to Canada where I obtained employment with the Hudson Bay Company, and when it became necessary that my daughter should receive an education I left the company and went to the provinces. And when my daughter finished at the convent we came here. But some day, Monsieur—I know now that I shall never live to see it, for I am old—some day France will avenge Sedan!"

Duncan Muir regained strength rapidly. The first day he was able to leave the cabin he accompanied Ravailliac to the mine whose tunnel entered the base of a cliff a short distance above the clearing.

"You know anything about mining, Monsieur?" asked the old man as he paused for breath upon the summit of a steep incline that rose from the shore of the lake.

Muir noticed that the other's hand pressed tightly against his heart; noticed also that the deep-set eyes were regarding

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him piercingly. "Why, no. Not much," he answered. "Nothing at all about drift mining. I got the fever once and tried my hand on the gravel, but I didn't learn much about mining except that it's a mighty hard way of serving the Lord."

With a smile Ravailliac led the way to the tunnel, at the mouth of which a pile of sparkling rock-fragments lay at the end of a snow-covered mound. "That is my ore dump," he explained. "It has taken me years to pile up that dump—years of hard labor for an old man." He gazed with evident pride upon the work of his hands.

Picking up one of the fragments, Muir examined it closely. The rock was thickly besprinkled with yellow crystals. His back was toward the old man as he gravely studied the crystals that sparkled brassily in the rays of the low-hung sun. Tossing the fragment upon the pile, he turned to the other with a face devoid of expression.

"What do you think of my ore?" asked Ravailliac eagerly.

Muir was at a loss for words. "You—you have a good quantity of it. You have—have put lots of work into this mine."

"Ah, yes, Monsieur, it is my life-work. It is for *her*."

Muir turned swiftly away and made a pretense of further examining the pile of rock-fragments. A lump was creeping into his throat—a lump that he strove to swallow. "I can't tell him," he muttered to himself. "His heart is bad and the shock might kill him. He can't live a great while at best. It's better that he should never know. And—and maybe I can tell her."

"But come, you have not told me what you think. You have spoken only of the quantity. Is not my ore rich?"

Muir answered without hesitation: "Indeed it is!" he began enthusiastically.

"In pyrites!" The interruption came with the force of a shock, and he turned to stare into the deep-set, twinkling eyes.

"What!" he cried. "You know? Then why in the devil have you spent years digging out pyrites? Don't you know it's worthless?"

"Worth is a relative term, Monsieur," answered the old man gravely. "As ore it is worth nothing. As an occupation it is invaluable."

"But——"

Ravailliac silenced him with a gesture. "No, I am not crazy," he continued. "I shall explain. Several years ago it became necessary, for a reason, that I should leave the provinces. My daughter knows not the reason for our departure, and the reason does not matter. It has to do with my refusal to testify in court against a fellow-countryman. A man does not segregate himself from his kind and live in the North from choice. Therefore an occupation is necessary. I cannot trap like an Indian, so I must work in a mine."

"But Hélène," objected Muir "will she not be bitterly disappointed when she learns that the mine is worthless?"

"Possibly, but listen. I am not a man of wealth and in the provinces it is hard for an old man to find employment. Nobody wants him. The money I have been able to save, if carefully hoarded, will keep my daughter from want after I am gone. We live very cheaply here, where game and fish are plentiful. And each day I work in my mine and in the evening we have our chess. We are very happy, Monsieur, for my daughter was born in the North and loves it." The old man paused as though at a loss for words, then very abruptly he resumed:

"Monsieur, it is not for nothing that I have lived my life among men. I have fought beside them, I have traded with them—and always I have studied them. I have known brave and honest men, and I have known men who were warped of soul and cowardly. All manner of men who live in the world I have known. It is now a week since you regained consciousness; and in that time I have studied you. I have watched, and have even listened as you talked with Hélène when I was supposed to be at the mine, and I know that your heart is good." The voice suddenly hardened:

"If it had not been good you would not now be here! For Louis Ravailliac—" he paused abruptly, and when he again resumed, the harsh note was gone from his voice: "And so I showed you my mine, and—monsieur, you lied nobly to save an old man pain. And now I am going to tell you of the thing that has troubled me much of late. It is here." He placed his hand upon his heart. "I have not long to live. The attacks are becoming more frequent and in one of them I shall die. I care nothing for that except as it affects *her*. I have lived long. Since 1870 I have lived to see Sedan avenged. To see the lilies of

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France carried in triumph over the bodies of dead Germans. But now I know that can never be, for I am old. Some day it will be done, but I will have passed beyond. The thing that worries me is that when I go I must leave Hélène alone here in the North. You, monsieur, know the North. You know what happens when people are too long alone, and you know what may happen when one takes the trail alone. Monsieur, as a favor to an old man I ask you to remain until spring as our guest. If I am called beyond, you will see that my daughter reaches civilization in safety?"

For only a moment did the younger man hesitate. "I will remain," he promised simply.

Ravailliac grasped his hand: "I thank you," he said, and there was that in his voice that told of a burden removed. "And now you had better return to the cabin, for you have not yet fully regained your strength."

As Muir stepped into the clearing that surrounded the little cabin, Hélène turned from watching the great chained malamute devour a frozen fish. "Oh, such a dog!" she shuddered, "and to think that you were weak almost to death; and alone in the night with *him*."

Muir laughed and stepping onto the trampled snow within radius of the chain, stooped and patted the great brute's shoulders. Whereupon the dog left off crunching the bones of the fish and growled horribly as he wagged his tail. "Frontier's all right—when you know him. If it hadn't been for Frontier I would have laid down that night, long before I reached Nez Croche."

Leaving the dog to his fish, the two entered the cabin, where the man sank into a chair, for even the short excursion had tired his weakened muscles surprisingly. The girl was the first to speak, and Muir noticed that the blue-black eyes were regarding him gravely.

"He took you to the mine?"

"Yes," he answered, wondering at the troubled note in her voice, "he showed me the mine."

"I did not think you would go so far today," she said. "I wanted to have a talk with you before you saw it." She paused, but Muir remained silent. "You did not tell him?" she asked anxiously.

"Tell him what?"

"Why, tell him," she exclaimed with a trace of impatience, "that his mine is no good; that what he thinks is gold is nothing but pyrites. Surely you know that his dump contains nothing but worthless rock?"

"Yes," answered the man, smothering a desire to smile, "I discovered that this afternoon."

"But you did not tell him?"

"No, I did not tell him."

The girl sank back into her chair with a sigh of relief.

"I might have known you would not," she said. "I might have known you would understand how it is. For years my father has worked his mine and every night he talks of it. It would kill him to find out that it is worthless. I have known all along. But he is happy here in the North. Down in the provinces men tire of his prattle of the glory of France. They will give him but the meanest employment because they say he is old. While here he lives like a feudal lord. The Indians call him friend, and I never tire of hearing him talk of the war—for I, too, love France, although I have never seen her. Yes, he is happy here," she repeated, "for in all the world there are but two things he loves, France and me.

"And now," she continued, speaking hurriedly, "I am going to ask a great favor of you. Will you remain as our guest until spring, for I fear greatly for my father? I know that his heart is in a bad way. He may be stricken any time at the mine or in the timber, and I am afraid I have not the strength to get him to the cabin. He does not realize his condition is serious. When I try to persuade him not to work so hard he only laughs and says it is nothing. But I have made him promise that in the spring he will go to the provinces and consult a doctor. You will remain until spring, will you not? Then we will all go southward together."

"Yes," answered the man gravely, "I think I shall remain until spring."

TIME passed swiftly for the occupants of the little cabin on Nez Croche. All too swiftly for Duncan Muir. Each day he found time to visit Ravailliac in the mine, and he grew very fond of the old man who was always ready to leave off chipping at the worthless fragments to expound bitterly

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and at great length the horrors of the Prussian invasion.

But it was during the long tramps in the lengthening days, through the timber with Hélène that, for the first time in his life, the man learned of the wonder of woman. Always he found in the girl some new source of delight, some unsuspected depth. Thoughts of her crowded his mind to the exclusion of all else. And his love for her grew until it became the mighty passion of his life. For hours and hours during the long nights while the others slept he lay awake staring wide-eyed into the dark. A thousand different pictures his mind drew of the future. And of each picture the central figure, the dominating theme was Hélène Ravailliac—Hélène Ravailliac, his wife. Under the spell of the pictures a mighty urge welled up within him—an urge to go forth into the world of men and, single-handed, in the fang-and-claw struggle that is life, to achieve and to wrest full measure of success; that he might read approval—pride of him—in the glow of the blue-black eyes.

Slowly, carefully, with infinite pains and minutest attention to detail; or in bold, broad splashes of high-lights, he builded his pictures. But in the end it was always the

"YOU CAME ONE NIGHT A WEEK AGO AND FELL AGAINST OUR DOOR, AND IN YOUR HAND WAS A KNIFE AND BEHIND YOU IN THE SNOW STOOD A GREAT DOG."

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same. At the completion of each the cloud that hovered always in the offing advanced, threatening, ominous, sinister, enveloped him, and blotted the picture from view—the black cloud that was the terrible thing that had driven him into the North and from which after two years he had found the North offered no escape.

Each morning Muir rose determined that that day he would tell the girl of his love, and of the thing that had sent him into the North, a renegade from his kind. And each night he retired to his bunk with the words still unspoken and with his life-thread knotted and snarled like the yarn of a tangled skein.

It was April. The snow was thawing at midday and little rivulets of water were cutting their way to the ice-locked lakes and rivers.

One evening, Muir and Hélène made their way over the stiffening crust to the top of a near-by ridge which commanded a sweeping view of the lake-studded scrub country. "In another month," said the girl, almost wistfully as she seated herself upon the trunk of a fallen Banksia, "we shall be leaving this place—probably for ever."

Muir stood gazing into the south where, beyond the slowly dimming horizon, lay the vast expanse of Great Slave Lake with its Hudson Bay posts that are the fingertips of the long arm of an outreaching civilization.

"Will you be sorry?" he asked abruptly, his gaze still fixed on the distance.

A ground squirrel hopped lightly over the crust and, catching sight of the two figures, whisked like a flash into the branches of a scrub spruce. The girl laughed at the angrily chattering squirrel—a short nervous laugh that ended with a peculiar throaty catch. "No! *No!*" she exclaimed fiercely, "I will *not* be glad! Oh, I do not know—there have been times when I have hated the North. It is so—so big. So cold and hard and unyielding. People can live or die and the North is always the same—grim, and gaunt, and silent. It is a man's land—the North. And yet—sometimes I love it!"

High above them, from out of the darkling blue floated the sound of a resonant honking. The two gazed upward where for a moment a flock of wild geese were lined in a long V against the sky. The thin, ghostly line disappeared in the direction of the Mackenzie. The sound of the honking died in the distance. "See," murmured Hélène softly, "it is spring. The little people of the wilderness know it—the geese, and the ground squirrels." She rose and stretched her arms impulsively toward the blue vault. "And, oh, the feel of the spring is in the air, and it is good to be alive! I am very happy. The spring seems calling to me—calling! And yet, there is something I do not understand—something that seems just beyond—that is reaching out to me. Oh, I can not tell you! I do not know, myself! I know only that I am very happy. Tell me," she asked turning eagerly to the man, "do you, too, feel the call of spring? And are you very happy?"

She caught her breath in a quick little gasp, for the gray eyes that stared straight ahead into the gloom held a look of unfathomable pain. The man's jaw had clamped until the muscles stood out like ridges of steel and his fingers were clenched until it seemed that the nails must be driven into his palms. The blue-black eyes widened as the girl stared at the silent figure, then stepping swiftly to his side she laid her hand upon his arm.

"Tell me," she pleaded softly, "tell me all about it. For a long time I have known there is something—something of which you have never spoken. Some great secret that you are bearing all alone. It is that which makes you at times silent and grave, and it is that which keeps you awake for hours and hours in the night-time—lying there alone thinking."

Muir stared at the girl in wonder: "You know that?" he asked through clenched teeth.

"Oh, yes, I know," she answered quickly. "And I know that men do not go into the North alone for nothing. You are not a prospector nor a trapper. Tell me," she urged softly, "why did you go into the North? Is it because of the police? Tell me what you have done. I do not care what you have done. What you have done is past and gone, and if it was wrong you have suffered. I know that now you are good; that you are strong and brave, for you are going back into the South— back to civilization—and the thing that awaits you there."

The man gazed into the blue-black eyes that seemed to search his very soul. His fingers closed fiercely about the hand that

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rested upon his arm. "You mean that?" he asked, in a voice that rasped harsh in its intensity. "That no matter what I have done you could still—I mean, that it would make no difference even if I were to tell you that—" He paused and drew his breath sharply—"that I am a convicted murderer?"

Did the face of the girl grow a shade whiter under the tan? The twilight was deepening. Muir continued relentlessly: "If I should tell you that I have stood in a prisoner's dock and listened to the words of a judge that sentenced me to the penitentiary for the term of my natural life? Do you realize the terrible significance of those words: *For the term of your natural life?* And now you have it," the man went on after a pause—"my secret. The thing that sent me into the North. For I broke their little jail! I wrenched the bars from the window and leaped to freedom! Then I lost myself in the North. But the silence of the North is too dearly bought, and when I staggered against your door that night I was on my way back to serve my sentence—for the term of my natural life."

The eyes of the girl never faltered. "Yes," she answered, "I mean that. I know that you are no murderer. To kill a man is not always murder. There are times when it is right to kill a man, and even noble, and so the judge was wrong when he said you were a murderer."

Muir stared in amazement: "You do not believe that I am guilty?" he asked eagerly.

"Believe it!" cried the girl. "No, I do not believe it, because it is not true. No one would believe it who knows you as I know you. Tell me," she urged. "There was a reason why you killed this man?"

"No," answered Muir, "there was no reason—because I did not kill him. I did not even know a man had been killed until I was arrested and charged with the crime. I was a stranger in the town, and after supper I went for a walk that carried me far into the country. It was a lonely road and I walked on and on, breathing in the fragrance of the pines, so that it was very late when I returned. That night a man was shot upon the outskirts of the town, and the next day I was arrested. They had little trouble in making out their case. It was easily shown that I had left the hotel and had not returned until midnight. And while it is the most natural thing in the world for a lonely man to take a long walk, yet when it is offered upon the witness-stand as an alibi it sounds like the flimsiest of fabrications."

"You have not killed a man at all?" cried the girl, and Muir saw that in the twilight her eyes glowed like twin stars.

"No," he smiled. "I have not killed a man at all."

"Then why," she asked, regarding him with puzzled expression, "are you going back? If they did not believe you then, surely they will not believe you now, and they will keep you there longer than ever because you got away."

The man laughed: "They will be quite welcome," he answered, dryly. "You forget that my sentence is for life."

"But you shall not go back! It is not right!"

"Yes, I am going back. I have been doing a lot of thinking the last two years. I have had nothing else to do but think. I don't know whether I can make you see it as I see it, but a man ought not to defy the law. The law is society's safeguard. It is necessary and vital to civilization that the laws of the land be observed and obeyed. Therefore when a man sets the law at defiance to further his own private ends he belittles the law in the eyes of the world. In the minds of good people it is a weak law that can not enforce its own decrees. And in the hearts of the lawless it engenders contempt. It is better that I should suffer unjustly than that society at large should suffer through my defiance of the law. I have worked it all out. It took me a long time; for at first my rage and bitterness at the injustice of it destroyed my sense of proportion, but when at last I became convinced, I started back. There is nothing else I can do."

"It is all wrong!" flashed the girl. "You could argue and argue for hours and it wouldn't make wrong right. What you have just said sounds like a page from a philosophy. I had to read books and books of philosophy in the convent and I hate it! I know what is right and what is wrong. And I know it is wrong for the law or anybody else to lock a man up in a jail for something he did not do. And if you should go back and let them do it, you would be helping them to commit the wrong. But you are not going back, so there!" The blue-black eyes blazed and Hélène stamped her foot upon the snow.

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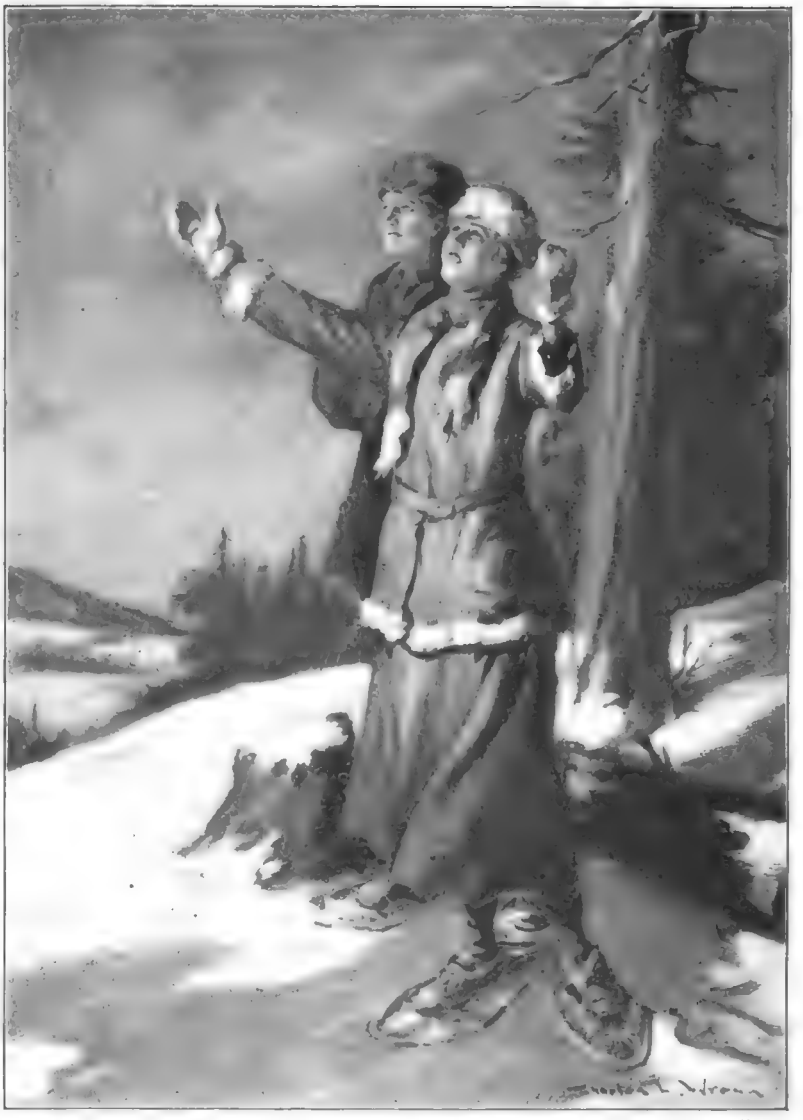
"Yes," insisted Muir, "I am going back. I have got to go back. For there is — there is a girl. She's the dearest, most beautiful, and most loyal girl in all the world. I love her more than I dreamed it was in the heart of man to love. But I can not ask her to be my wife—to share the name and fortune of a convicted murderer. I love her more than all the world, and yet I can not ask her to live like a hunted thing, in continual fear of the law. That would be the greatest wrong of all. You can not know how I love her—how I need her. But yes, I think you can know something of this when I tell you that the call of her is so strong upon me I dare not trust myself to live my life apart from hers—if she would have me. And so I am going back to protect her—for the term of my natural life." The man's voice had fallen very low, and as he finished he glanced into the face of the girl. The light had faded from the blue-black eyes, the red lips were tightly pressed, and her shoulders drooped wearily as she gazed straight ahead into the gloom. After a long moment of silence she spoke. The rich timber had gone from her voice, leaving it toneless and dull:



SHE STRETCHED HER ARMS IMPULSIVELY TOWARD THE BLUE VAULT. "THE FEELING OF SPRING IS IN THE AIR, AND IT IS GOOD TO BE ALIVE."

"This girl," she answered slowly, "you have never spoken of her before."

Muir shook his head. "No," he answered, "but always, ever since I have known her she has been in my thoughts."

The figure before him seemed to wince at the words. "Does she know you are innocent of the crime for which you were convicted?"

"Yes, she knows."

With an effort Hélène squared herself. "Then you should go to her! You have no right to let them lock you up. . . . It is time to go back to the cabin." She made a

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gesture of despair: "You are a man. You know nothing of women." Suddenly she turned upon the hard snow, and as she faced him with clenched fists, Muir saw that the blue-black eyes blazed. "Oh, I hate it all!" she cried, hysterically. "I hate the North! I hate the spring! I hate to live! But most of all I hate *men!* They are brutal and clumsy and blind and they never can understand!" The impassioned outburst ended in a sound that was half a sob, and, turning abruptly, the girl plunged into the black shadows of the scrub that stretched in a long slope toward the surface of the lake.

"*Hélène!*" Something in the voice—the appeal of the single spoken word caused the girl to turn with a look in which wonder battled with angry defiance. The next instant Muir was at her side and she was gazing half frightened into the deep-set eyes of gray that seemed to bore into her very soul. She tried to draw away, but the man's arms closed about her, she was sobbing softly against the coarse cloth of his mackinaw, and the sound of his voice was in her ears. "Can't you see, Hélène?" he was murmuring. "It is you who can not understand. *You* are the girl. It is you I love. And to save your life from being linked with the life of a condemned murderer I shall allow the law to take its course."

The girl's arms stole upward and the man felt them tighten convulsively about his neck. "But you are not going back," she sobbed. "You are mine, mine now, and they shall never lock you up! The North is big and broad and they can not find us. And never can it seem lonely or hard or grim, for it will be our home."

Muir smiled into the tear-stained face upturned to his. "It is a coward's job to run," he answered. "You could not love a coward—you, the daughter of Louis Ravailliac, who fought side by side with Pierre Ladue at Sedan."

Stooping swiftly he kissed the upturned lips, and then, hand in hand, they made their way down the long slope to the little cabin on the shore. At the edge of the clearing the girl paused and pointed out over the lake where the rim of the rising moon showed red above the black wall of a spruce-capped ridge. "I love it," she breathed, "the North! Do you not love it, too, Duncan?"

"Yes," answered the man very softly, "I shall always love—the North."

For two of the occupants of the little cabin on Nez Croche the days of waiting for the ice to go out of the lakes and the rivers were a strange admixture of exquisite happiness and deep despair. The girl tried by every means in her power to dissuade the man from his purpose of surrendering himself to the authorities, but with calm deliberation he explained the impossibility of happiness if all the years of their lives they must live in constant fear of the law. Better the realization of actual imprisonment, he told her again and again, than a lifetime of haunting dread. But her only answer and argument to any explanation was that the law had no right to make one man suffer for the wrong of another.

At length, each saw the utter futility of trying to convince the other. And while each knew that the subject was uppermost in the mind of the other, they came gradually to ignore it and to snatch what happiness they could in the short time that remained. As the day for departure drew nearer, the girl became in a measure resigned to the inevitable. Strange and inexplicable as it seemed to her, in her heart she knew that she loved the man the more for his strength, and the stubborn determination to live up to his convictions.

Louis Ravailliac's attacks grew more frequent and more severe. Several times it had required the combined efforts of the two to get him into the cabin and revive him. He had ceased to work in the mine and had even come to look forward with a certain eagerness to their departure for the southward. With the cessation from physical labor the old man's interest in the present flagged. He would sit by the hour in silent reverie or launch into long and rambling accounts of the Franco-German War and of the valor of Pierre Ladue, who had given his life for France.

Neither Hélène nor Muir ever mentioned the thing that was uppermost in their minds to the old man, who remained in ignorance even of their love. Gradually the water lanes widened along the shore of the lake, and at last came a day when the drifting ice-pan was broken up before a driving south wind, and at noon the three began to load the outfit into two bark canoes. The sled dogs romped about in anticipation of the journey as the bales were carried to the water's edge, and the great wolf-dog sat at the end of his tether and watched with

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surly interest, or, clanking his chain, walked up and down with low-voiced, throaty growls. Early the following morning Muir and Hélène stepped out into the little clearing for a last look at the spot that was to remain indelibly impressed upon the memories of both.

"See!" cried the girl. "Frontier has gone!"

It was true. There lay the chain securely fastened in its staple and at its end a broken collar. There was a trace of sadness in Muir's voice as he answered, "Yes, he has gone. And maybe it is better so. I found him, way up on the rim of the Arctic, with the hide of his back cut in strips where some savage had slashed him with a dog-whip. I took him to my igloo, and while neither of us ever trusted the other, we became fond of each other after a fashion. We had much in common—we two, up there in the white country. We suffered together, I from the injustice of civilization, and he from the injustice of savagery. And now he has returned to his savagery."

The girl nodded slowly and her voice was bitter as she answered, "As you are returning to your civilization."

The journey down the chain of little lakes, across the west arm of the Great Slave, and along its south shore was uneventful enough.

At the mouth of Slave River they fell in with a half-breed trackline outfit and for the first time heard rumors of the great war. According to the half-breeds, who had recently stopped at Fort Resolution, the war was still in progress, although it had been raging for more than a year and a half. England and France had joined forces, had divided Germany between them, and even now were marching through Russia, while the Kaiser and his men had come across the ocean in great boats that fly in the air and had taken London, Halifax and Montreal from the English. Much more there was to the preposterous tale—garbled and fanciful accounts of battles that embroiled the soldiers of every country of the known world.

The half-breeds were headed for Athabasca Landing with a scow-load of independent fur, and the three gladly joined the outfit. During the monotonous days of lining against the current of Slave River, Muir and old Ravailliac tried in vain to sift some semblance of reason from the wild accounts of the *Metis*. But all to no purpose. One would gravely affirm that Winnipeg had captured New York, and another was equally certain that the German army was even then about to demolish Edmonton, and was only prevented by the fact that an Inspector of the Mounted had threatened it with arrest if it so much as set foot within the town. The two men finally gave up in despair and listened with grave composure to the outrageous tales of the scow-men.

Hélène from the first had paid no attention to the stories, stoutly maintaining that the half-breeds were irresponsible liars who had concocted the war for the sake of imparting some news. Muir was inclined to the same belief, but Louis Ravailliac insisted that there was war in Europe, and with unending patience questioned and cross-questioned the scow-men, eliminating the obviously preposterous, until he gradually builded a war of his own in which the French legions had crossed the Rhine and were sweeping on into Germany. The joy of the old man was pathetic. Beside the camp-fire the old eyes would flash with the enthusiasm of youth, as he described in detail the advance of the French army, checking off upon his fingers the German towns and strongholds in the order of their fall. Then each night, upon his knees, he would thank the good God for allowing him to live to see Sedan avenged.

At Fort Smith the fact of the war was established beyond a doubt. There were thumbed newspapers which told of that first fierce German drive, of the entrance of England into the war, of Liége and the rape of Belgium, of the fall of the Namur forts, and of the invasion of France. And later of the horrors of gas, and of the sinking of the *Lusitania* with its toll of American lives.

All that night and all the next day Hélène, Muir and Ravailliac devoured the papers. The first shock to the old man when he realized that his brain-picture of a French invasion was in grim fact another German invasion, brought on a heart attack that nearly proved his undoing. But he revived with amazing rapidity and, beginning with the first newspaper, read step by step of the advance of the German horde.

"A trap! A trap!" he would cry excitedly. "They're letting them in so they can deal with them on French soil!" Then feverishly he would thumb ahead through the

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great pile of papers in a vain search for the account of a springing of the trap when the whole German army should be surrounded in France, and, failing to find it, would turn back and laboriously read on and on and on. Reluctantly he abandoned the trap theory and admitted that the Germans were scoring heavily against his beloved France. "But it's only temporary!" he would roar. "It's only for the moment! England is with us! And Russia! And America, too! Surely they will not sit idly by while their people are being murdered—those Americans. And surely they have not forgotten Lafayette! There can be only one conclusion. Germany is doomed!" The old fist banged the table and the old eyes glowed. "The vampire of Europe will be crushed. Even now the guns of the Allies may be pounding at the gates of Berlin!"

At Fort Chipewyan the war clouds darkened. Rumors had reached the far outland of the Germans' advance on Verdun, of British reverses in the Dardanelles, and of the Irish revolution. Report had it that Ireland had swung to Germany. Muir listened in silence as the factor read aloud from a newspaper left by an Indian runner, and Hélène, watching him through half-closed lids, knew that it was the silence of a mighty rage.

She, too, listened in silence—a silence of hopeless despair. Was it not enough that her heart was already breaking with the knowledge that her father was doomed by disease to certain death; and that the lover who had come to her out of the North, whom she had snatched from the jaws of death and nursed back to health and had learned to love with all the newly awakened passion of her soul, was doomed to worse than death? The future stretched away, drab and impenetrable, as she realized that all life held for her would be snatched away somewhere at the end of the long water-trail. Rage or grief at the crime against outraged humanity found no room in the heart of the girl. Only a nameless, numbing terror of the future came with the realization that she must face that future alone in a world turned upside down.

Of the three, Louis Ravailliac alone could see the light beyond the darkness. From the old eyes flashed the indomitable spirit of victory as he banged upon the board and proclaimed the glory of France.

Nothing new was learned at Fort MacMurray, and twenty-one days later the outfit pulled into Athabasca Landing, where for the first time the three learned of Canada's glorious part in the world war.

Wearied by the long journey, the three moved into a cabin near the bank of the river.

Everywhere flaming posters greeted their sight. On the railway station, the Hudson Bay post, the barracks of the Mounted, and even upon the walls of cabins, they read the words that seemed to leap to meet the eyes:

YOUNG MAN, YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU. ENLIST NOW. THE BRAVE MEN ARE IN THE TRENCHES. ARE YOU A SLACKER?

When Muir left the post he did not return to the little cabin with Ravailliac and Hélène but walked on past the last of the straggling buildings and, finding himself upon an old trail, walked on and on into the scrub. At a point where the trail dipped to the river the man flung himself upon a fallen tree-trunk and sat for hours staring out over the swollen Athabasca. It was dark when he returned to the cabin to find the girl alone.

"Father left on the train for Edmonton," she told him. "He said he was going to see the doctor and he wouldn't let me go with him."

Muir nodded. He ate his supper in silence and, when it was finished, rose from his chair, and crossed to the side of the girl, who stood leaning against the frame of the window staring at the straggling lights of the little town, that glowed like yellow eyes out of the blackness. "Hélène, woman," he said, with his lips very close to her ear, "I am not going to give myself up."

"No, I knew that," answered the girl in a dull voice. "You are going—to the war."

"Yes," repeated the man, "to the war. I have figured it all out. I can better serve my country in the trenches than behind the bars of a penitentiary."

"You are willing to fight?" she asked. "To give your life, perhaps, for a country that has unjustly condemned you to imprisonment for life?"

"Canada is not to blame, little girl," answered Muir gently, "for the blunder of a jury and a judge. And beside, the man that fights in this war fights for something greater than Canada or England

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or France. He fights for humanity."

The girl threw her arms about his neck. "I am glad, glad!" she cried. "Oh, this terrible war! It—it stunned me at first. But when I saw those posters, and knew what you would do, the war seemed grand! It was opportunity! I alone know how I shall suffer every day that you are gone, but we can suffer gladly—we women, for a cause that is just. And when the war is over," she pleaded, and the blue-black eyes raised imploringly to his, "then your debt—your fancied debt to society will have been paid in full?"

Muir smiled: "I do not know. I have not thought that far ahead. But, at least, now I can offer you a name of which neither of us need be ashamed. See," he said, placing his hands upon her shoulders and facing her toward the window, "that little light yonder, close beside the wall of the mission—it shines from the home of the priest."

"You mean?" cried the girl, and the man read the wondrous love that flashed from the blue-black eyes. "You mean, *now—to-night?*"

"Yes, he answered very gently, "I mean now—to-night."

Late the following afternoon Duncan Muir, accompanied by his wife, walked from the train directly to the recruiting office in Edmonton. As he opened the door, both started at the sound of a familiar voice that rose in tones of protest from beyond the three-quarter partition that enclosed the office of the medical examiner:

"But, Monsieur, I am worth a dozen raw boys—I, who fought under the Emperor. I, who fought side by side with Pierre Ladue at Sedan. And who lived to fight with Favre at Mézières. Ah, there was a man—that Pierre Ladue! He gave his life for France. Come, Monsieur, for the good God's sake, but take me! Let me, too, give my life for France. You say I am too old and my heart is bad, but surely, Monsieur, I swear to you it is not so bad but that it can stop a German bullet."

"Great old boy in there!" said the recruiting officer with a jerk of his thumb toward the partition. "Nearly seventy years old, heart leaking like a sieve—apt to bust any minute. Been away up North and just heard about the war. Yesterday he argued for two hours trying to get us to take him, and when we wouldn't, he scurried around town and before supper brought in four recruits. And last night he collected a crowd and made 'em a barrel-head speech. Maybe you think the old boy can't talk! He had 'em—men and women, too, crying and cheering till they were hoarse. And to-day we've had the best day since the first call." The officer glanced affectionately toward the door. "Great old boy!" he repeated, and cleared his throat loudly. "He's the guest of the city to-day. And, you bet, when it comes to the big reckoning he'll be chalked up with doing his bit!"

From beyond the partition the voice still rose in plaintive protest. Muir stepped to the officer's side: "I want to volunteer my services to my country." At the sound of the voice the soldier started slightly and leaning closer stared intently into Muir's face. There was a moment of silence during which neither's gaze faltered, while the girl, with nails biting into her palms, stared wide-eyed from one to the other.

"What name?" asked the officer in a voice that rang cold as steel.

"Duncan Muir."

Once more the officer started: "So you didn't even bother to change your name? Maybe you don't remember me, Duncan Muir, but I am Downey, formerly of the Mounted. I arrested you two years ago in Prince Albert."

"Yes," answered Muir steadily, "I remember you. What are you going to do about it? Enlist me? Or take me to Prince Albert?"

The soldier hesitated for only an instant, and in that instant there was a sound from the direction of the partition and Louis Ravailliac stood framed in the doorway of the surgeon's office.

"There's only one thing for me to do." The officer's words rang hard: "Duncan Muir, I arrest you on the charge of jail-breaking after conviction for the murder of Jules Milliard."

The eyes of the old man flashed from face to face as he advanced into the room: "Hélène, my daughter, what are you doing here? What does he mean—the murder of Jules Milliard? Who is accused of——"

With a low cry the girl flew to her father's side. "Oh, it is Duncan," she sobbed—"my husband! We were married last night and he came to enlist and they have arrested him. Arrested him for a crime he never committed. He has told me all. He is innocent!"

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"He came to enlist," repeated Ravailliac, passing his hand slowly across his forehead. Suddenly the aged shoulders stiffened and he turned to the officer: "Monsieur, arrest me! *I killed Jules Milliard!*" The surgeon stood in the doorway and the four occupants of the room stared at the little old man in speechless amazement. "Yes, I," he continued, and advancing a step, stood at attention. The eyes that met unfalteringly the gaze of the officer gleamed like points of steel. In the tense silence of the room the old man's voice rang clear: "Upon my honor, the honor of a soldier of France, I swear it."

THE OLD FIGURE SWAYED UNCERTAINLY AND A HAND FLEW TO HIS BREAST.

The eyes of the officer strayed to the flaring poster that adorned the opposite wall: YOUNG MAN, YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU! and returned once more to the old figure that stood before him rigidly erect. Instinctively the soldier's hand was raised in salute.

"A sacred oath, Monsieur," he said huskily. "An oath that stands."

The old man grew very white as he stretched out his arm to the east. "Ah, France!" he cried. "I am old! They will not let me fight! But at the last I—I give my life to you—my France! I, Louis Ravailliac, killed Jules Milliard! It is I who will go to prison—and my son shall go to France!" He pointed a trembling finger toward Muir, and for the first time the indomitable voice faltered: "Go—go, my boy! And may the good God go with you! Go, fight, even as Pierre Ladue fought! Go fight for France! Fight for Canada, for France, and for *her*." The old eyes rested for a moment upon the face of the girl. The old figure swayed uncertainly and a hand flew to his breast. The old lips moved and the words came with a mighty effort. "God—bless—the—lilies—of—France!"

The recruiting officer caught him as he pitched forward, and lowered him gently to the floor. The army surgeon dropped to his knees. After a moment of silence he raised his eyes to the faces of those who crowded close about the prostrate form.

"He has gone," he said, reverently.

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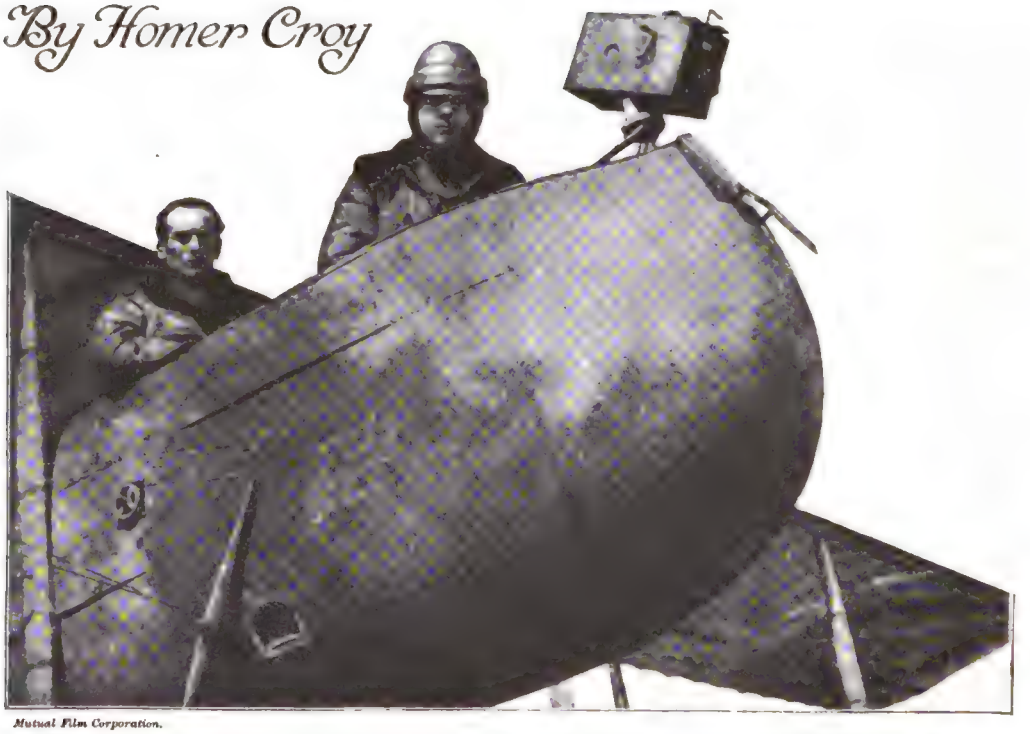
WAR, CAMERA!

By Homer Croy



Mutual Film Corporation.

THE MOVIE CAMERA, IN THE GUN-RACK OF THE AEROPLANE, IS THE ALL-SEEING EYE AND RECORDING ANGEL OF THE BATTLE-FRONT.

THE enemy was coming up the face of the ridge against the pitiless cannon fire, running from cover to cover, seeking surcease behind a stump, and dying in the open. The boys, with their faces tense set, struggled on, fitting the cartridges between their teeth, savagely tearing their casings open, to fall with the glistening black powder still dry on the red of their lips.

It was a bitter battle, Bull Run was, but it was almost worth it to hear what they said afterward about somebody taking a picture of it. That was going a little too fast. If they would confine their accounts to the number of the enemy killed, or to the number of guns shot from their hands, it wouldn't be so bad; but going around telling that a picture had been taken of a battle! Well, that was too much. Nobody could take a picture of a battle! A battle was too big. And, besides, how could you make a picture of anything without having it? A machine can't draw, and even if it could, do you think a soldier would stand still, with the enemy shooting his clothes full of holes, just to have something to send home? He would be a fool. All kinds of crazy stories get out after a battle. But a machine making a picture of a battle—that was a little too strong.

Thus Brady took his pictures of Bull Run. It was not until twenty years after the Civil War that the strategic and historic values of his pictures were appreciated. Guarded tenderly, they are now in the archives in Washington, and to-night and to-morrow and the next night and the night after that they will be studied in dozens of training camps and schools, from Missoula to Mineola.

In another fifty years who can say that they will not be studying the photographs we are now making, just as eagerly, just as diligently? How are they being made now? How is *our* war being photographically waged?

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We are "Over There." The flying-machines are ready, in a bunch, like prairie cattle with their heads up, scenting danger, their nostrils opening and closing, awaiting the word. When the smoke bomb goes —there it is—the propellers clack-clack, and the tractors skim along the ground, like ducks looking for a place to light. Then they are specks, followed by prayers and projectiles, but with their camera-eyes recording all below.

At San Juan, at Manila, to be sure, the battle was recorded quite differently. More thrillingly perhaps, but not with the same fidelity, for a camera is as easy to fool as a German *Hausmeister* is by his government.

All preparations were made for the filming of the Cuban campaign, with a motion-picture photographer sent across by a special boat from Key West. The battle was in the daytime, and the photographer was there with his motion-picture camera, and the perspective was wonderful. But the camera buckled—buckled just as the boys came out of the trenches; and when it was straightened out again they were washing up.

But in six weeks San Juan Hill—that splendid charge up San Juan Hill—was thrilling multitudes in and around Fourteenth Street, New York. You could see the boys coming out of the trenches, with the white, angry puffs of the guns, the bitten branches, the recoil of the machine guns, and heroes dying inside the camera lines. Dying—only the way people well paid die—by throwing out their hands and falling backward, spine stiff. Not the way acrobats fall, but the way soldiers fall who want to work the next week.

Pretty good pay they were getting, too. Three dollars a day, with transportation both ways and lunch furnished by the general staff. It was a good picture, except that Summit, New Jersey, was awfully hard to get to and back from.

Battles to Order

AND then the battle of Manila. A pleasant time was had by all; by all except the camera man, who couldn't get in a hundred miles of the scene and who would have to explain it to the boss when he got back home. Worse than being a deserter is being at a country club when a battle is going on. But six weeks later the public saw the battle in all its smoky detail, with the ships belching the broadsides, mentioned so descriptively by the newspapers, and gurgling to the bottom without a soul saved. Wonderful effects may be accomplished in a camera pond in the studio back yard, with the sky painted on a back-drop, and miniature models of the ships coming and going on an inland sea twenty feet between the posts—providing the photographer knows his business and uses a short-focus lens. Then the model, three feet from stern to bow, from the Army and Navy stores, looks as big as the *Oregon* in dry dock.

Villa Obliges

NOR did the Mexican disturbances cost the photographers any great preparation or loss of sleep. Especially after Villa signed the contract guaranteeing exclusive cinematographic rights, with Article A in the agreement stating and setting forth that all important battles should be held in the daytime, and, unless otherwise specified and initialed, between the hours of nine and five. That simplified matters greatly and insured some fine close-ups of *banderilleros* in sombreros, and *conquistadors* savagely peering from behind cactus bushes. Any one of them was glad to peer for a peso.

It was all very lovely, but it had its drawbacks in Villa's constantly increasing demand to have himself shown on horseback; in conference with his advisory staff grouped unostentatiously in the background; at breakfast; signing orders; off for an inspection of the lines; questioning a captured prisoner; romping with the commandant's child, with striking scenes from his home life and early conquests. The remainder of the film, in the space devoted to fighting scenes, was all that the business management could ask, especially when the photographer gave the word and had them stop promptly at five. But if it was found that he didn't observe his watch closely, the army would run over into the cool of the evening, carrying on their most spirited fighting when the negative would be so thin as to make the time and ammunition practically wasted.

That is all right along the border; but the Marne is a long way from Mexico. They don't have any regular fighting hours over there. Lots of times they don't begin their battles until after five, and if anybody can hold up his hand and tell them to stop, that person, up to the present time, has successfully concealed his identity.

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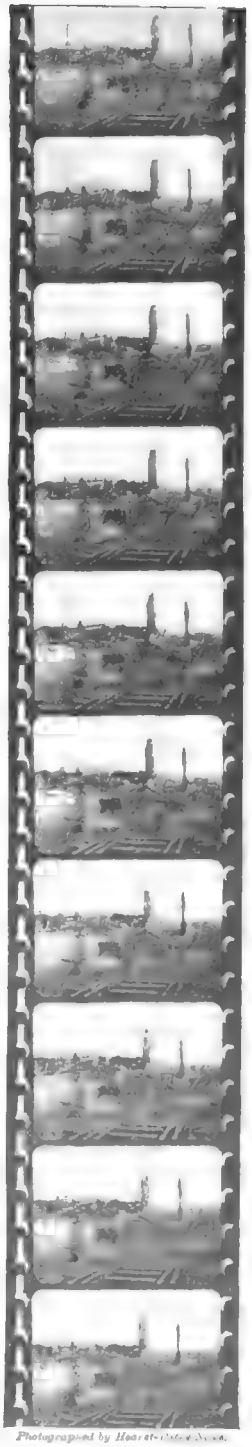
Taking motion pictures over there makes photographic work below the Rio seem like a pillow-fight. But, just the same, motion pictures are being taken every day. Some are shown; mostly they are not.

In the early days of the war, motion-picture cameras were given about as much respect as the Germans give the Red Cross. A photographer applying for a front-line permit had as much chance of securing it as a person had of getting an interview with the Kaiser on "Brotherly Love, a Crying Need." As the war went along, it was seen that it was not to be the fall affair that it was at first thought, and the need of having some pictured productions of it began to be appreciated. A few experimental cameras were let in to see what they could get, but their negatives were confined to hospital work and patriotic preparations. Nothing nearer the front than the second hospital line was permitted the photographer. He was perfectly free to take pictures of prominent men making speeches, children drilling for charity and the king dedicating a hospital, but that was as much of the conflict as he was permitted to transfer to celluloid.



Photographed by Hearst-Pathé News.

When the ban was lifted and photographers were permitted to go down where the ground was plowed up, there was a great hastening to the lines; but after one or two cinematographers set up their cameras and had to be taken back on a sheet, the demand for photographic coigns of vantage showed a marked falling off. Equipped with a regulation studio camera, which, on its tripod, stood four feet above the ground, the photographer twisting at the handle was meat to alien marksmen.

It was then seen that an entirely different system would have to be devised if they wished to take motion pictures in the danger zone. A camera that stood up like a Dutch windmill was not equal to the exigencies of the occasion. It made too much work for the Red Cross. Then it was that a photographer from Kansas, seeking adventure in the first line of trenches, hit on a method. He had a steel jacket built for his camera, with an aperture for the protection of the lens, so that an ordinary bullet would be deflected from its course. Without a blow of considerable earnestness, the camera was safe. His machine being operated by a storage battery, the photographer had but to crawl back where the chance of casualty was not so pronounced, and wait until he saw something worthy of reproduction. This he was able to do by the trench periscope; and by touching the button that led the connecting wires to his camera, he was

Photographed by Hearst-Pathé News.

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able to stop and start his machine at will. Equipped with a telephoto lens—a "Long Tom"—he was able to bring the Germans

pher's side. The picture shows, with faithful detail, the bleak, barren stretch of No Man's Land, the spiteful spatter of shells.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

A FRENCH MOVIE OPERATOR AND HIS ASSISTANTS, WHO ARE COVERING THE SERBIAN WAR FIELD.

—optically, at least—up to sixty yards.

Though he solved the problem of his own protection this way, and found a way of operating his camera without twisting an exposed crank, he was not in a photographic heaven. Carefully he would crawl out at night, erect his camera and crawl back again, impatient for the morning, only to have a bomb, detonating a few yards away, hurl his camera to the ground. When opportunity offered the following night, he would set up his machine again. To have shell lay it flat merely made the film jump. That is why in war pictures the film suddenly wavers, much after the fashion of the early days, when the train, with the camera lashed on the cow-catcher, suddenly rounded Dead Man's Curve. The film then fluttered and rocked as if the operators had gone off, finally to come back and go on with the picture. But though the film does jump, it is better than having all the agitation on the photographer's side. The picture shows, with faithful detail, the bleak, barren stretch of No Man's Land, the spiteful spatter of shells. Along comes a Busy Bertha, and the camera looks as if somebody had taken a spade and tried to secrete it. The next night, or at the first opportunity, the camera is dug out, the lens wiped, the wires joined and it is returned to its post of observation.

Day by day, bit by bit, the camera is made to tell its story. More vivid are the films made by photographic manipulation, for there are triumphs in all trades. The camera would show men at work in the trenches; at meals. There would be a blinding flash; then the men would be gone. The supposition is that a bomb had come along. But not always. If the photographer was near enough to show that particular scene, something likewise happened to him. Something that made him a changed man. So another method was used to give the audience its money's worth; a method that did not put such a strain on the hospitals. It was found that the same effect could be secured by taking a picture of a

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squad of men at their coffee, then cutting the film and inserting a bomb explosion. The bomb explosion may have taken place a week later and half a mile down the line, but, following immediately upon the picture of the men in the trenches, it looked as if only the fractional part of a second separated the two scenes. The audience, furthered in its belief, did not suspect that a week and a mile intervened. Such things did happen, are happening; so the photographer felt free to do a little skilful film-joining and keep off the casualty list.

Hardly is a camera rigged up without finding scenes too gruesome to be shown to an unselected audience. Not so much for fear of giving information to the enemy as of giving hysteria to friends. The film is censored as carefully as correspondents' reports, with a further demand on the part of the French or English Government for a print. These prints are not only for the archives of the Government, as a pictorial record of the war, but also for the instruction of officers and men far removed from the point of exposure. The French command, seeing a film from the English front, have as fair an idea of conditions as if back from a tour of inspection.

But films direct from the firing-line, uncensored, do not reach this country, that is, the general public. One never knows who his next-seat neighbor is in a picture theatre. But in Washington it is different, as may be judged by the fact that two projectors have been installed in the Capitol. One is in a room off the Senate Chamber, and the other for the benefit of the committeemen from the House of Representatives. There the films are seen unedited. Not only films from the front, but films of the drilling of our own soldiers and of our own preparations. Before they are permitted to go to the theatres, they are gone over by the censors from the Division of Pictures under the control of the Committee on Public Information. For we now have our own moving-picture war censors.

Taking it on the Run

HIDING behind a trench and doing your photographing with a wire would be perfectly lovely if it were not for the attacks. When the boys are outward bound there isn't anything left to photograph but their coat tails. If you have ambitions to show them putting bombs where they will do the most good, you will have to be along—and you can't be along if your camera is staked down. If you wish to show the *boches* coming out of their trenches with their hands up, you will have to depend on other means and methods of taking your bombing pictures. It can't be done with a tripod camera. Not if you wish to come back under your own power.

The First-Line Camera

IT IS down where excitement is thickest that the compressed air comes in. It is the first-line camera. You open up your kit, take out a piece of gas-pipe, stand on two little treads and pump up your camera as if it were a bicycle tire. Fill it tight before you leave and it will run off four hundred feet without a hitch. When the machine gun rattles the signals—four rapid shots, three, two, four—then come up out of the trench with the boys, and with your gas-helmet hanging in front of you like a bib, keep right along with them—not so far ahead as to get all the glory, and not so far back as merely to show a striking picture of "the trenches as they appear in modern warfare." You work your air with your left and have your right free for your mask and to get your automatic, when some one you thought done for props himself up on his elbow and comes down on you. You always have to watch them. You think they have done their bit and then one of them turns over on his side, and the reports that night will say, "The day was marked by a few unimportant engagements, with a slight number of casualties on our side."

You have only to keep your eye out for small shell craters and open places between the ranks. But be careful of the shell holes, for if you step in one of them and the box comes down on top of you, the picture will never be the same, even if you can get it back intact. With four hundred feet in the magazine, you can take four hundred sections of pictures—almost seven minutes. When you start across, you press the button, and when you get over there you think you have exposed enough film for a six-reeler. But you look at your dial and it says forty-eight. Forty-eight feet is a great deal of time when you are crossing a disputed plot of ground on No Man's Land, with a box like an organ-grinder's dangling in front of you. It is a long time and the chances are that you will not get back. But if you do,

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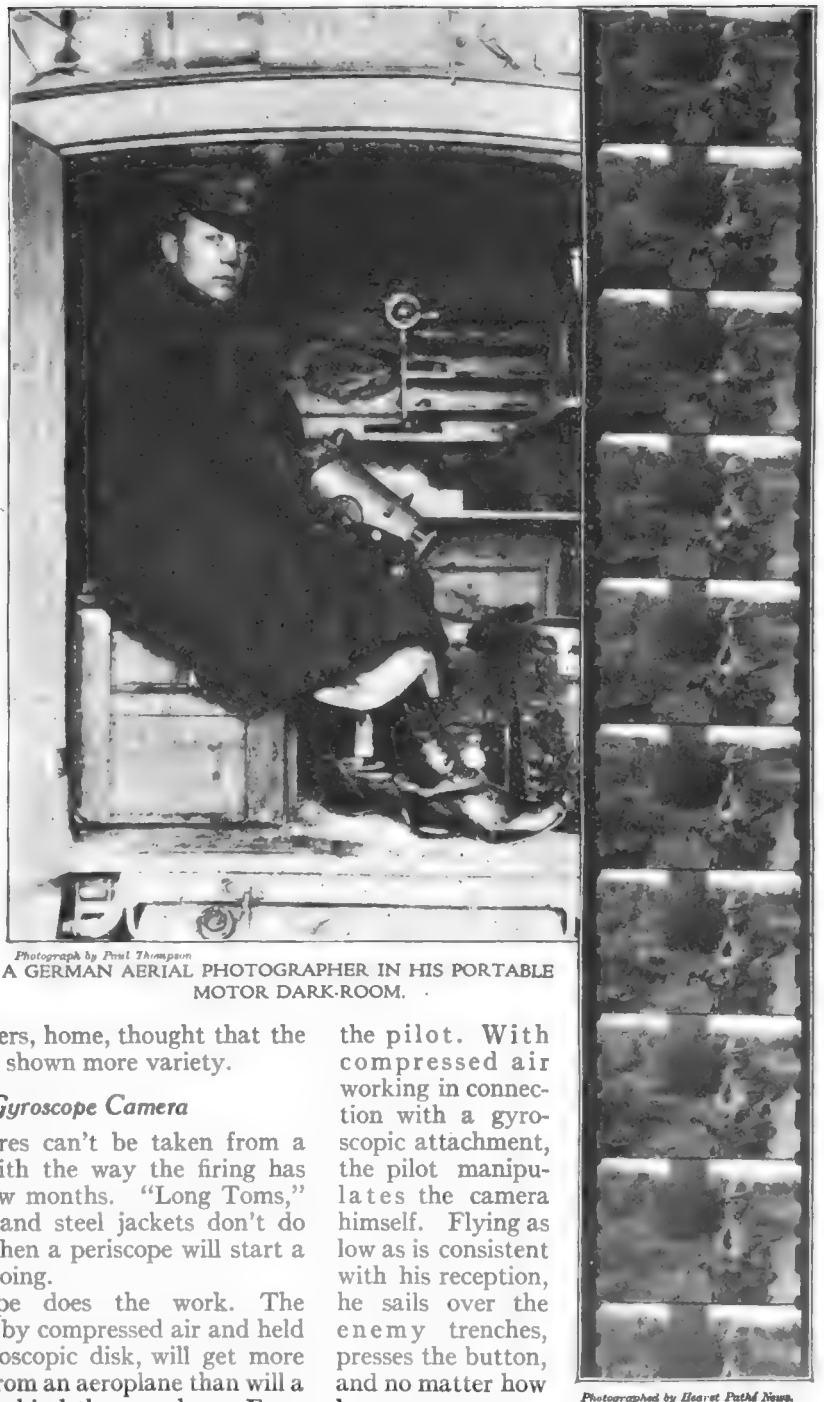
people in the theatres will yawn and say, "These pictures are pretty fair, but in some places they are awfully jumpy."

J. A. Dupré didn't get back. With his compressed-air camera he came up out of the French trenches with the boys at Verdun and started across. He was squatting to offer as small a temptation as possible, when the bullet came along. He slouched forward, but the camera went right on taking the picture—went right on taking the picture until four hundred feet of film was used up; but the vampire lovers, home, thought that the film might have shown more variety.



Photograph by Paul Thompson
A GERMAN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHER IN HIS PORTABLE MOTOR DARK-ROOM.

The Gyroscope Camera

But all pictures can't be taken from a trench. Not with the way the firing has been the last few months. "Long Toms," compressed air and steel jackets don't do you any good when a periscope will start a whole battery going.

The gyroscope does the work. The camera, worked by compressed air and held stable by a gyroscopic disk, will get more in five minutes from an aeroplane than will a dozen cameras behind the trenches. Even a hand-operated camera set in the machine-gun rack of the aeroplane is better than a half-dozen trench cameras; but that means taking a photographer along in addition to the pilot. With compressed air working in connection with a gyroscopic attachment, the pilot manipulates the camera himself. Flying as low as is consistent with his reception, he sails over the enemy trenches, presses the button, and no matter how he swerves or capers, the camera will remain steady without fear or flicker. Swooping by, he gets all he can, turns off the air, swings around, gives it pressure and takes again from

Photographed by Hearst Patha News.

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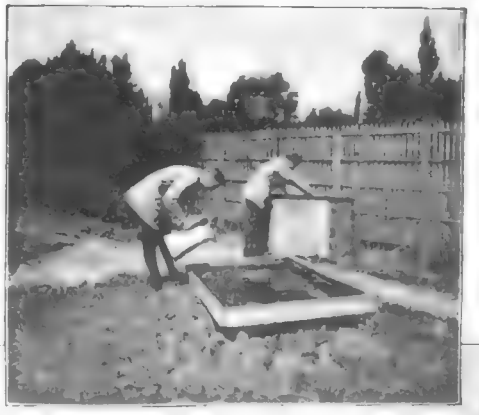
another angle, until things get so unpleasant that he deems a return the better part of valor.

Developed in the photographic room back of the lines and projected for the benefit of those most concerned, the latest changes in communication lines and trenches may be seen. Then the negative is turned over to the map-making department, which enlarges direct from the negative and uses the motion-picture exposures along with its "stills," piecing out a complete photographic map, until the enemy has few geographical secrets left.

But all motion picture activity in wartime is not confined to taking pictures. Not by a good deal, for all fighting and no play makes Jack a dull boy. He must have his movies. Human nature runs just about the same, whether it be behind the counter or the cultivator or back of the first-line trenches. Jack doesn't mind getting out and hurling bombs eighteen hours a day, if he knows that at the end of a reasonable number of days Mary Pickford and a hot cup of coffee will be there, in the order named. Just to lam bombs day after day, with nothing to look forward to but the mail—that is what makes war unpopular. But if he can be assured, when he comes out of the trenches, of meeting Charlie Chaplin and Marguerite Clark and Max Linder and Pauline Frederick and all of them—then he doesn't mind taking off his shoes with a bootjack. So, back of the lines, in the recreation camps, you find them—big, splendid motion-picture machines, grinding them off without a flicker, and the best orchestra in France fiddling away as if Hindenburg's downfall depended on



Photographs by Paul Thompson.

A GROUP OF BALLOON OBSERVERS, WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC-EQUIPMENT WAGONS, AND OPEN-AIR DEVELOPING-TANKS.

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what they were putting on the strings.

Big concrete theatres they are, with lots of room to yell; and you ought to hear us when the villain finally gets his. You'd think we had a mess of German officers in a dugout. When we come to crawl back into the trenches the boys don't say, "How are the reinforcements? What have the U-boats done this week?" They say, "What's it to be—a six-reeler?" You know, fighting out there under the bombs and stars without much to think about—except when somebody starts something and you toss back two to his one—then these screen people seem mighty close to you. They don't seem away off in Los Angeles. They seem just back of the third line, holding out their hands and waiting for you. I guess you don't understand, but you would if you went to sleep a few times and the last thing you saw looking at you was a rat's eye.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

A FRENCH MOVIE OPERATOR, ONLY ABOUT FIFTY FEET FROM THE GERMAN LINES, FILMING THE GREATEST DRAMA IN THE WORLD.

What are they doing? The latest thing? Why, teaching us to drill with movies. Not a picture of real soldiers, but drawings. Just drawings. Animated drawings. You see a row of footprints walking; nobody there—just footprints. Nothing but a line of footprints, and that is the way we ought to step. Then a lot of legs walking. Then something else, so that you can't help seeing how it ought to be done—right shoulder arms. Company front. How to put up a shelter tent. How to fold a pack. A company knows how to drill, and a lot about the manual of arms before they have even got their uniforms. It's mass instruction. Instead of a drill sergeant getting off and swearing over one man, he runs off a motion picture and shows the whole company. It's a wonderful saving in time and cussing. If Billy Sunday would go among the drill sergeants now he would think they were trail-hitters. It's getting so that a drill sergeant doesn't have any vocabulary. He just shows the pictures and tells the boys not to forget to write home regularly.

And a lot of ammunition the movies save in rifle practise, too. It's all right to set up a rifle-range, shoot at a bull's-eye painted on iron and have your chest hung with medals; but when you get over on the other side you find that they have run out of bull's-eyes. Alongside what you have to shoot at over there, a saucer looks as big as a barrel of flour. Then your objective's on the move, too. You whang away at it and you don't know whether you have landed or plowed up a potato patch. That's where the new military animated targets come in. They bring the pictures back from the front—pictures of the Germans coming up out of the trenches—and throw them on the screen, and they're your target. Instead of having a silver screen, like a regular motion-picture theatre, the screen is made of paper and it keeps moving. And instead of having an audience sitting around sighing every time the world mistreats the beautiful lady, there are recruits with rifles in their hands.

Under the shooting counter is a picture projector, and there on the screen are the Germans just coming up for a charge. You let go and the bullet hits the paper, closing an electrical contact, stopping the projector, and a light shows, so that you can see where you have placed your shot. At the end of two and a half seconds the picture automatically begins to move again and the Germans come head on until you let drive. Although you are firing only

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sixty feet, the object you are shooting at is the same size as if you were somewhere in France blazing away at the real thing.

So is periscope firing taught. Pictures are taken of it at three hundred, at six hundred, at three thousand yards from the

A MOVIE CAMERA, HELD STEADY BY A GYROSCOPIC DISK, GETS MORE IN FIVE MINUTES FROM AN AEROPLANE THAN A DOZEN CAMERAS BEHIND THE TRENCHES.

Nor is the movie for infantry practise alone. Nor alone for the revolver. When you shoot off a six-pounder it takes a lot of powder. It takes a lot even when you've got somebody at the other end you don't like. But when you just want to get a little practise, then put up the animated.

It is Long Island where the most exclusive preparations are being made ready to receive the Germans. The waves are breaking high on the bungalow-bound coast when —the Germans! They come! They come! Their destroyers are sailing in. They have attacked America. A half-dozen six-pounders begin to speak. Quickly, accurately the bullets are placed—by means of a subcaliber shell. A twenty-two short, mounted on the barrel of the six-pounder, is used, and the big charge of powder is saved!

hurricane deck of a destroyer. They are thrown on the screen. With their subcalibers the gunners try to close the case. With the submarine stopping for a while, the marksmen have plenty of time to study their shots and receive the comments of their instructors. Then the submarine comes to life and tries for its element, and another shot cuts short its ambitions.

Photographically, Bull Run is raging again. Pictures—the new kind—are just coming into use. But not alone for journalistic and historic reasons. Not to make the school-books interesting. Now they are a means of defense and offense; to take lines and to keep lines. And all their new uses have been developed with this end in view—from signing up "Sammy" and training "Sammy," to keeping "Sammy" cheerful Over There.

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JOHN MITCHEL

By William Hard

MAYOR MITCHEL'S campaign for a reelection in New York is a national event, not because New York is big, but because Mitchel is unique. Mitchel is an extraordinary combination of the power to be a political leader and the power to be an efficient, an almost horribly efficient, administrator. Mitchel is a "public man" and a "business man" both. Seldom does such a combination occur in the politics of any democracy.

Mr. Asquith, in England, is a marvelous "public man." He is a sound patriot and he surpasses everybody else in the world, with the possible exception of Mr. Wilson, as a manager of political issues and as a manipulator of parliamentary majorities. But he was no startling success as an administrator; he had an impediment in his action; and his "wait-and-see" policy finally drove him from office to make way for the Welsh whirlwind, Mr. Lloyd George, who in many repects is greatly his intellectual inferior.

On the other hand, General Goethals was a superb administrator at Panama, where you had to do just exactly what he told you to do or else run a strong chance of getting jailed or exiled; but when he came to Washington into a job where he had to get along with people whose eyes were at the same level with his own and where he had to burrow his way through barbed-

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wire entanglements of personal intrigue, he was about as adept at it as von Hindenburg would have been. He is a "business man," but no "public man." Mitchel is both, to an amazing degree.

Mitchel can and does, for instance, give the trade-unionists and the socialists and the philosophical anarchists and the other "radicals" of New York their full legal rights of free assembly and of free speech in the streets and in the parks, and he lets them talk at a rate and in a manner that would frighten most public officials of the "business man" type out of their wits; and then he can and does turn right around and go back to the City Hall and get intensely and joyously interested in making a system of things under which the biggest and most intricate problems of finance get famously solved, while at the same time no smallest detail of administration is overlooked, and an exact record gets kept, for instance, of the costs of repairs on each typewriting machine in the city service, in order to determine the precise scientific dismal moment at which a true economy will dictate the abandonment of further repairs and the purchase of a new machine—an inquiry which would bore most "public men" to the point of complete mental collapse.

It is really a most curious circumstance that Mitchel should have been the first mayor of New York in our day to open the streets and the parks of New York to an absolutely complete demonstration of "free speech," peaceable and successful, while at the same time he was also the first mayor of New York in our day to check the mounting costs of government and to accomplish an actual *reduction* in the annual expense of operating the city's administrative departments.

Either achievement would have been a record. The one is a human achievement, an achievement in living. The other is a financial achievement, an achievement in dollars and cents.

A man who can be both a human person and a dollars-and-cents person in the official life of a democracy is too rare to be allowed to escape, and he is worthy the watching of the whole country.

It happens that his humanness often makes people forget that really the ruling passion of his life is simply to work hard at a good, big, hard job. He happens to be a fighting figure. He is tall, lean, straight, the angles of his body very definite, his nose and chin and lips very clean-cut. When he sits, he sits as if he were just about to spring up. When he walks across a room, he marches. He is nerve. He is wire. He dresses in a manner rather New Yorky, rather dapper. Or perhaps one might say that it is the dapperness of a rather precise man, a rather precise military man. He does full justice in his appearance to his training at Plattsburg. He is and looks, the soldier.

He has a delightfully boyish smile and a few hundred scattered gray hairs that lend a touch of distinguished care and anxiety to the thousands of youthful jet-black ones that still prove his right (which he exercises) to be at home on the dancing floor. He likes dancing. He likes fencing. He likes boxing. He fenced a good deal when he was an

MRS. JOHN PURROY MITCHEL.

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undergraduate at Columbia University, and he boxed even while he was conducting his 1913 campaign for the mayoralty. In his reflective moments, when he is trying to find out why he does what he does, he will say that fencing and boxing are good games because they teach a man to act, to act quickly, to be decisive.

Certainly a man's games do seem to go with the rest of his character. Men who play golf, for instance, are usually, though not always, somewhat golfy in their mode of action. Golf is a game in which you can look at the ball and then look at the ball and then look at the ball some more, and swing your club for practise and swing it again, and rest, and think it over, and drive. Mitchel's games are instant games, and his mode of political action is associated with the natural impossibility of pur- suing meditation as an art when another man is trying to poke a fist or a rapier into your eye.

Photograph from Brown Brothers.

Photograph from Brown Brothers.

ADMINISTRATIVE MITCHEL AT FOUR, AND AT EIGHTEEN.

Mitchel also likes to shoot. Here, though, we go beyond games into something deeper. He likes to shoot and to tramp and camp in the big woods of New York, in the Adirondacks, on a long trail, with a few friends and with spruce and pine, poplar and birch, slush, rain. On the trail in the rain, people learn about people. Mitchel is adored most by those who camp with him. The pack and the fire show the man who does his bit and more than his bit, and they show the man who sags, who slacks. No narrowest streak of yellow escapes the scrutiny of the companionship of the trail. When fellow-campers with one voice call a man a "prince," you may be sure of one thing about him: he may be wrong about the tariff; he may be wrong about the Constitution of Abyssinia; but he is right in his manhood.

We have to start there with Mitchel. It is not everything. But it is a mighty sound beginning toward everything. The man is a sound man, man to man.

Now it is this manifest manhood of his, it is his humanness and fightingness, that people see and that people love. It is his soul. And it is glamour. But in with it there is something that is very different. It is something that has no glamour in it at all. It is the administrative faculty of his mind, an utterly pedestrian faculty, an utterly prosaic faculty, highly unromantic, highly unemotional, full of the most abominable and *beneficent* facts and figures and charts and tables and curves and graphs and statistics and expert investigations—especially expert investigations—which he uses for the corner-store, the invariable and indispensable corner-store, of his popularly scintilating contributions to the city's welfare.

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One of the things that first made him nationally famous was his so-called "fight with the Catholic Church." But he was utterly innocent of any desire to have a fight with the Catholic Church. He was investigating. With the help of experts on mid-wives, he was investigating midwives. With the help of experts on diseases of furriers, he was investigating diseases of furriers. With the help of experts on street shade-trees, he was investigating street shade-trees. He took a census of all the street shade-trees on Manhattan. That is, he employed as his subordinates the kind of men that would just naturally insist on taking a census of them. They had to count them. How know what to do about them until you got them counted?

So, while counting everything and investigating everything committed to his charge, he counted and investigated the institutions that receive poor

Photographs by Paul Thompson

MAYOR MITCHEL WELCOMING TO NEW YORK MEMBERS OF FOREIGN COMMISSIONS; ABOVE, LORD ABERDEEN, MAJOR-GENERAL WHITE; BELOW, PRINCE UDINE

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children and care for them. Some of these institutions were Catholic, some were Protestant, some were Jewish. The Protestant ones came off worse than the Catholic ones, in number of condemnations. Twenty-six institutions in all were found unworthy to have children committed to them. Twelve of these were Catholic, fourteen were Protestant.

Mitchel was not interested in their religion at all. He was not trying to make an "issue" of any sort whatsoever. Certain Catholics, misunderstanding him, forced an "issue" upon him by attacking his administration for "attacking" the Church, his own Church. He then found himself fighting back and laying down the generalization that "the Church must keep its hands off the altar of Government, just as Government must keep its hands off the altar of the Church." But he loathes generalizations. He almost never makes them. His "fight with the Catholic Church," or, accurately, his fight with certain dignitaries, clerical and lay, in the Catholic Church, was a tremendous fight; but it was purely a by-product. He did not set out to establish any principle in the relations between church and state. He set out simply to make all child-caring institutions live up to certain expert standards.

He succeeded. The condemned institutions have ceased from their condemned ways. They live up to New York City expert standards and they get New York City children and New York City money. The "fight" continues to storm on, glamorously, but the actual reform was long ago routinely and expertly accomplished.

His Favorite Investigator

MITCHEL was doubtless born with this uncontrollable passion for investigations and for experts already somehow in his system, but one may suspect that he contracted just a bit more of it by exposure to that most confirmed and grandest of all expert-investigators, Henry Bruère, who was associated with him in his very first adventure in politics, who subsequently became his City-Chamberlain and chief administrative adviser, and who is now on his way to being a magnate in Mexico, where he helps to operate a big mining corporation and still gratifies his taste for scientific reform by acting as financial adviser to the Carranza Government.

Bruère is a man with a French name, an ancestry German and Polish, a birthplace soundly American in a small town in Missouri, and an accent resembling a British earl's, only much more distinguished than any ordinary average earl's. It would take a quite exceptional earl to be as patrician as Bruère. And no scientifically abler, no scientifically honester, analyzer of governmental affairs has come along in our time in America. He conducts investigations not for the purpose of confirming his views, but actually for the purpose of getting some views. A strange man!

The Mitchel Ancestry

HE WAS first noted in Chicago, living in a little tenement-house on the West Side, taking an interest in the welfare of the workmen in a harvester-machinery plant, appalling everybody with that accent, and hypnotizing everybody with that analytical mind. He came to New York, entered the service of the reform organization called the Bureau of City Betterment, and was soon engaged in forwarding the bureau's investigation of Ahearn, president of the Borough of Manhattan.

Into the orbit of that investigation came young Mitchel. He was practising law. He was very young—twenty-seven. He is only thirty-eight now. His ancestry did not conflict with Bruère's, being partly Spanish and mostly Irish.

Mitchel's father's father was an Irishman indeed. He wrote and talked in Ireland against the English, was imprisoned, escaped, landed in New York, was received with flags and with speeches by public officials and by private prominent citizens, and, as he walked through that welcome, superbly remarked that he took it all "expressly as an insult to England." He returned to Ireland, resumed writing and talking against the English there, and died there.

Mitchel's father, James Mitchel, was a fire marshal in New York, appointed by Mitchel's uncle, Henry D. Purroy who was Fire Commissioner, and who put his relatives into office with a fluent and sweeping fidelity highly esteemed in those really human and prescientific days when the home fires were kept really burning, irrespective of the antics of the torch of knowledge.

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With such antecedents it might reasonably have been predicted that John Purroy Mitchel would grow up to be a professional politician. He did nothing of the sort. He went to St. John's College, Fordham, a Catholic institution; he went to Columbia University; he went to the New York Law School; and he settled down to practise law; and he practised it for six years with no discernible stir toward public office; and he might really be practising it yet if no thrilling, grubbing, dollars-and-cents, prove-him-wrong-in-the-third-decimal-place investigation of a crook had come along to inspire him.

The fact is that Mitchel is no professional politician at all. To be a professional politician, one ought to be good at certainly one of two things—speech-making or machine-building. Mitchel is no good at either.

He can get up and totter forward and make one word come after the other—yes. And he looks so young, and so inquiring, and so hard-working, and so determined to see the right and to get to it and to do it! He is humanly appealing. But, when all gibes at oratory have been concluded, there still does remain such a thing as oratory, a great thing, a thing as great and as useful, almost, as poetry itself. Lloyd George, Raymond Robins, Viviani, are useful in a supreme sense when they lift the heart of an audience to ideas, eternal ideas, to which that audience unaided would never have risen.

His Oratory

IN THE speaking of such men there is the flow of a released personality from the things of now to the things of always. Mitchel is not a released personality. He is not a poetic person, a divining person. He is solidly and hopelessly sanely an investigating and determining person.

At the end of his first two years as mayor he made a long speech in the nature of a report of his stewardship to his fellow-citizens. If Lloyd George or Raymond Robins or Viviani had made that speech it would have ended up with the City of God or something, and everybody would have gone home feeling that to live and labor for New York was a sort of crusade.

Mitchel ended it up with the following impassioned words:

"If the pay-as-you-go policy be carried out faithfully for the next ten years, for the first time in the city's history we shall get the city's debt charges under control; for, while we halt the extensions of the city's borrowings for non-productive improvements, we shall catch up by paying off each year a portion of such previous borrowings."

Climax! Peroration! What a peroration! Instead of a lump in one's throat, it gives one a pain in one's head.

His Politics

AND Mitchel is just as uninspired at political machine-building as he is at political oratory. Here, truly, in his complete failure to make a real political machine for himself, he deserves admiration unqualified.

His principal appointees to high political office in the city of New York (Bruère is a specimen) have been distinctly administrators and distinctly not electioneers.

Some of the most prominent of them would be just about as useful in an ordinary political primary as in a Central American revolution. They were "highbrows;" and they were not political "highbrows," they were scientific "highbrows;" got up early in the morning and counted one hundred and sixty-six superfluous jobs in the Department of Bridges, and abolished them and made one hundred and sixty-six enemies, and put it into a report quite unintelligible to nine out of ten citizens, and went home and called it a grand day's political work.

Moreover, Mitchel kept people in high political office who were not his people at all. He found them there, and, if he thought they were doing well, he simply and routinely kept them there. He kept Haag, a Tammany Democrat, as Secretary to the Board of Estimate. He kept Murphy as head of the Tenement-House Department. He took Adamson, who was his predecessor's secretary, and made him head of the Fire Department.

No, Mitchel is far from being temperamentally a professional politician. Therefore he practised law. But the investigation of Ahearn by the Bureau of City Betterment went so far that Ahearn demanded an investigation by the city government itself. McClellan, then mayor, granted it; and he employed Mitchel to conduct it;

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Underwood & Underwood.

hand somewhat from investigations for four years.

When those four years had gone by, however, and when he was safely elected mayor in 1913, the city of New York got just exactly what its several boroughs had got from the investigators who labored in the Ahearn-Haffen-Bermel-Coler affair. It got a perfectly pitiless portrait of itself, done by the Bruère

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and Mitchel conducted it in precisely the same spirit in which the Bureau of City Betterment had begun it. It became irresistible.

Its facts, its tabulations of facts, its cross-indexes to its tabulations of facts, were not the pursuit of a criminal. They were the pursuit of standards of good government. It differed from ordinary muck-raking as a British "tank" differs from an Assyrian war-chariot. It just simply leaned up against Ahearn and rolled over him; and it then rolled over Haffen, president of the Borough of the Bronx; and it then rolled over Bermel, president of the Borough of Queens; and all three disappeared either by removal or by resignation; and it then began to lean up against Coler, president of the Borough of Brooklyn. But Mitchel was nominated for president of the Board of Aldermen, in 1909, and elected, and he had to stay his

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THE MAYOR IS A THOROUGH SPORTSMAN.

method, the Mitchel method. To understand Mitchel at all, we have to understand that method, and we have to watch him applying it and we have to see how it outrages all individual popular feelings and prejudices and how it thereby arrives at an enormous increase in the general popular welfare. We can then see just what sort of fighter Mitchel really is.

He was no fighter when he famously attacked State Senator Wagner in language implying that Wagner was a pro-German and a traitor. All he did then was to lose his temper. He loses it a bit oftener than perhaps he should. It is one of his faults. In this instance he really acted unreflectingly, in haste; and there was nothing heroic about it; and it is not for such displays of verbal violence that Mitchel

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FIRE COMMISSIONER ADAMSON DEMONSTRATING A NEW FIRE-NOZZLE.

Photographs by Paul Thompson.

should be reelected. It is for the genuine unromantic courage, the drab trench-courage, with which he perseveres through all drudgery and against all political and personal influence to the making of a better city.

There was the matter of street-lamps. It will do as well as any other matter for an illustration. Into it, as into everything else, Mitchel at once let loose a horde of his delvers and dissectors and desicators of data. They delved, and they were shocked. In the Park Slope district of Brooklyn, for instance, where the blocks are all of an equal length, they found that some blocks had as many as seven lamps, while other blocks had as few as three. They were deeply shocked. Evidently there had been no "plan." That is the way they express themselves—the human, as distinct from the statistical, fact being that some contractors and some householders had more drag than others and so got more illumination in front of their properties.

The delvers disregarded the drag. It pained them that uninfluential people should not have just as much illumination as

THE MAYOR AND HIS EFFICIENT COWORKER, POLICE COMMISSIONER WOODS, REVIEWING A POLICE PARADE.

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people who had the personal energy to go and get it. It pained them, too, that there seemed to be no plan and no standard in determining the distance between the intersection of two streets and the first lamp beyond the intersection. In some cases this distance was two hundred feet. In others it was only seventy-five. Very bad. Wicked. But what pained them most of all, what really scandalized them, was what they found about lamps in front of churches.

Churches are influential things. They had accumulated extra lamps, in hundreds of cases, in front of their front doors. Some of them had as many as seven—fine for the churches, but very expensive for the city. The delvers counted the churches with extra lamps and they counted the number of hours that those churches were open after dark. They found that each church, on the average, was open 400 hours a year after dark. But each lamp was burning 4,000 hours a year. How could a church deny 4,000 minus 400 is 3,600? It couldn't. But it wanted to keep its lamps just the same. But, just the same, the delvers took them away unless they were genuinely needed in the same unecclesiastical sense in which they might be needed in front of any other building.

It takes no courage to attack the Standard Oil Company or to attack the Industrial Workers of the World. It takes a perfectly politically shut-eyed courage to swipe lamps from churches. Mitchel did it. And he got nitrogen-filled lamps to replace arc-lamps. He got lamps that were better and he rearranged their distribution in a manner that was better. And he gave the city all the useful illumination it ever had—and more. And yet the city's bill for lamps on its streets and in its parks in 1916 was $800,000 less, *less*, than it had been in 1914.

His Economies

MITCHEL'S savings have not been starvings. In the matter of recreation, for instance, he doubled the number of play-grounds, he doubled the number of places flooded for skating, he increased the number of athletic fields by twenty per cent., he increased the number of tennis courts by fifty per cent.; and, under this policy of expansion, the number of permits issued to citizens for golf and tennis and baseball and other sports on public premises went up from 23,000 to 64,000 in two years.

In the Mitchel method there are three stages: First, there is a study and a plan. Then, second, there is the education of the city's own employees for carrying out the plan. Policemen must go to classes, to schools, to learn how to carry out the policing plan. Street-cleaners must improve their minds, too. Mitchel's delvers have provided them with some twelve handbooks on "Standard Procedure" in the various planned steps to be taken in cleaning a street. Street-cleaners belong to a learned profession. So do the persons who look after the city's horses. When a horse gets sick, or, rather, before a horse gets sick, they must read the city's scientific work on "Sick Horses."

The Mitchel Method

FINALLY, for the third stage, there is, wherever possible, a cooperation with and by private citizens in committees. The perfect instance is the "Expert Citizen Music Committee." Think of it! What more could the efficient municipal heart desire? "Expert." A perfect start. "Citizen." Certainly. We must have democratic cooperation. "Music." By all means. The municipality must take an interest in the esthetic efficiency of its citizens. "Committee." Best of all. We can not have too many committees.

Of course, some day everybody will have a committee-card, just like a bread-card, and when he has six punches in it, showing that he has joined six committees, he will not be allowed, by national law, to join any other committee on any pretense or provocation whatsoever. That day, though, is not yet. We must do the best we can.

The "Expert Citizen Music Committee" did. It laid down a "standard instrumentation" for the bands giving public open-air concerts. It laid down standard wages. It got portable bandstands. And, what with those moving stands and those fixed standards and a few other bright ideas, it kept within the old appropriation and yet gave the public forty new additional concerts. Success. Success worth while.

In these ways, by studying and planning, by educating the city's employees, by

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using the cooperation of the city's private citizens, the round of the city's interest and activities has been continuously and enormously enlarged, and yet there has been no enlargement of total cost.

On the contrary: *In* 1916 *the total cost of the mayor's departments was* $3,000,000 *less than in* 1914. *In* 1917, *in spite of numerous wage-increases, justly made, it still remains* $1,500,000 *below the* 1914 *level.*

How can this record be attacked? It can not be. It will not be. Here and there a few small faults will be found. But in the large way, on the whole, it is a record unattackable; it is a record of efficiency unprecedented; it is a record of the application to the people's affairs of the spirit of the best university laboratories; of the spirit of the planning departments of the best-organized private corporations; of the spirit of that genuine "scientific management" which is the distinguishing administrative mark of this age. Mitchel has simply and wonderfully made the government of New York a modern government, a 1917-model government.

The attack on him will not be an attack, really, on his administrative record. It will be an attack on his political record, on his political opinions, on his philosophy. Tammany Hall and Hearst propose to ruin him by the following sort of argument:

"Mitchel is efficient, perhaps. But his efficiency is a bad efficiency; it is a business efficiency; it is a Big Business efficiency; it is an efficiency friendly to Big Business.

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MITCHEL IS THE KIND OF IRISHMAN WHO DOES NOT BELIEVE IN FAIRIES. "I AM NOT TRYING TO BRING ON THE MILLENNIUM," HE SAYS. "I AM TRYING TO MAKE NEW YORK A PACE-MAKER FOR THE CITIES OF THE WORLD IN COMFORT, HEALTH, BEAUTY AND PROSPERITY."

Mitchel is a 'Little Brother to the Rich.' He is himself poor, but he is corrupted by association with the rich. He is honest, but he is a toady. He is false to municipal ownership. He compromises with the corporations. He is not a democrat. Give us a *people's* mayor."

This sort of argument must be frankly examined and weighed. If Mitchel is re-elected mayor he will give his time to being mayor, but his friends will undoubtedly put him forward for the next Democratic nomination for President. His public

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political character, therefore, in his relations to the rich and in his relations to the poor, is a matter of national importance.

The chief specific charge against him, to prove that he compromises with the corporations, is his "West Side Improvement," the details of which are violently interesting to New Yorkers and violently boring to others. The point at issue in it is that the New York Central Railroad Company had certain legal rights and certain physical strategic advantages, and the city of New York had also certain legal rights and certain physical strategic advantages, and Mitchel made certain concessions to the company, and the company made certain concessions to the city, and the result was a bargain for an immediate "improvement" in track-locations and park-extensions and, generally, in the city's "terminal facilities."

Mitchel and Public Utilities

TO CALL it a compromise is perfectly correct. What Mitchel's enemies want him to do is to make the city everything and the company nothing in the matter of "terminal facilities." What Mitchel wants to do is to get an "improvement," needed now, *now*. Therefore he made a compromise, a bargain, a treaty.

It was characteristic. It is not in Mitchel to say to himself: "Here are 'terminal facilities.' 'Terminal facilities' should be public. These are private. Private ownership of public utilities is philosophically indefensible. It is a monstrous moral wrong. I will spend the next decade making these 'terminal facilities' cease to be private and I will then spend another decade replacing them with a philosophically and morally perfect new set of 'terminal facilities' owned and operated throughout by The People."

Mitchel can not think, he can not act, in that way. People who believe, as the writer of this article believes, in Public Ownership of Public Utilities as a principle, as a theory, in a philosophy of things, do not find in Mitchel a fellow-fanatic. What Mitchel is after, in the matter of "terminal facilities," in the matter of subways, in the matter of electricity, in the matter of all public utilities, is *the physical service*. If he can get it from existing institutions, he will get it. If he can not get it from existing institutions, he will then think of creating other institutions.

He sued certain underground-conduit companies to compel them to surrender concealed profits and to compel them to forfeit their franchises back to the city in penalty for concealment of profits. He would rather, as he says, have public ownership and operation than private abuse. But his very strength as an administrator makes him feel that he can prevent private abuse. He made the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company pay the city $300,000 more every year for using the city's bridges. He took the New York Edison Company before the Public Service Commission and made it reduce its rates from eight cents a kilowatt hour to seven and one-half cents, and then from seven and one-half cents to seven. The money thus saved to consumers of electricity, the money thus prevented from finding its way into the treasury of the New York Edison Company, will be, this year, $1,750,000. And positively scores of other cases could be mentioned in which Mitchel has compelled public-utility companies and other companies, large and small, to make less money and to give more service, swelling their usefulness, flattening their pocketbooks. He is one of the most expensive friends that the rich have ever had.

"The Friend of the Rich"

THE fact is that Mitchel does not belong to the rich, and he does not belong to the poor. He is not a "radical" and he is not "reactionary." When Mr. W. S. Gilbert wrote his well-known conviction that

> Every little boy or *gal*
> That's born into this world *alive*
> Is either a little Lib*eral*
> Or else a little Conserva*tive*,

he overlooked people like Mitchel.

Mitchel has been begging the Legislature of the state of New York to empower the government of the city of New York to go into the business of buying and selling potatoes and spinach and bacon and lamb-chops and other food-stuffs. This is immensely more radical than the "public ownership of public utilities."

In the last great strike in the garment-making industry of New York Mitchel took a position that compelled the capitalists to surrender to the trade-unionists and to accept arbitration and "collective bargaining" and "the protocol" and various other

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UNDER MITCHEL AND HIS COMMISSIONERS THE POLICE FORCE AND FIRE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK HAVE BECOME AMONG THE MOST EFFICIENT IN THE WORLD, AND THE MAYOR ENJOYS NOTHING MORE THAN TO REWARD THEIR MEMBERS FOR FAITHFUL SERVICE OR ACTS OF HEROISM.

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interferences by the proletariat with what the capitalists call "their" businesses.

Why did Mitchel do these things? Well, the fact was that in order to get *service*, in order to get food effectively delivered to the people of New York, in order to get a garment-making industry effectively operating among the people of New York, it was, and is, necessary, administratively necessary, to have municipal buying-and-selling and to have "collective bargaining." Mitchel saw that fact and embraced it. To him it is a matter of indifference whether a fact is "radical" or "reactionary." If it is administrative, he takes it to his bosom.

Mitchel Neutrality

UNTIL it becomes administrative, however, he is quite unimpressed by it. In most strikes he is utterly neutral. That does not mean that he is neutral in the ordinary capitalistic sense. It does not mean that he chases the strikers off the streets. He does not chase them off the street at all. He is utterly, genuinely neutral. He is administratively neutral.

And even in "free speech," which is Mitchel's most "radical" contribution to the life of New York, one soon sees that his policy is a policy of nothing but neutrality. People have a right to get together and talk in public places provided they do not advocate actual physical violence or sedition. Perhaps they will in other ways propogate incorrect ideas, ideas that may seem incorrect to some people. But what has that to do with an administrator? From the standpoint of an administrator the only trouble with "free speech" is that it impedes traffic and creates disturbances. Does it? Yes, if the administrator is cowardly and feeble. No, if the administrator is Mitchel. No, if the administrator is Police Commissioner Woods.

If you go to a "free speech" meeting in New York, on a street, say, just off Broadway, in the midst of thick crowds, you will at once notice that there is absolutely no impeding of traffic and absolutely no creating of disturbances.

With more acts of free speech, there are fewer acts of violence in the city of New York to-day in proportion to population than under any other administration in recent times. Nothing "radical." Just governmental. Just neutrally and scientifically governmental.

We can now see where the administrative part and the political part of Mitchel's character come together. They come together in the old conception, remade to fit new times, of Strong Government, Government strong enough to permit *freedom*, Government strong enough to compel *service*. Mitchel is Strong Government, modernized to the minute.

Mitchel was for Preparedness. Of course he was for Preparedness. He would have been for Preparedness if he had been an anemic, bedridden cripple. The Strong-Government mind must always be for Preparedness. It is sensible, it is scientific. And Mitchel can get up before an audience intensely hostile to Preparedness and say: "I tell you there are only two sorts of Americans: Americans and traitors."

Now there were many people in that audience whose Pacifism was not really traitorous at all. It was not anti-American. But it was immediately impracticable. It was fanatical. And the Strong-Government mind has little time for the possible ultimate value in a fanaticism. Mitchel simply loathes and detests and abominates all fanaticisms whatsoever. He is the kind of Irishman who would rather look cynical than soft.

"I am not trying to make New York a paradise," he will say impatiently. "I am not trying to bring on the millennium. What I am trying to do, so far as we can, is to make New York a pace-maker for the cities of the world in comfort, health, beauty, and prosperity."

The Mitchel Mind

MITCHEL is the kind of Irishman who is utterly tied to reality. He is the kind of Irishman who does not believe in fairies. The Irishman who does believe in fairies, the romantic Irishman, the oratorical Irishman, the anti-scientific and anti-statistical and altogether personal Irishman, is so delightful that he is forever obscuring the existence of the administrative Irishman, the Irishman who makes the Englishman look sloppy. To that implacable administrative type of Irishman belonged the Duke of Wellington. To that type belonged Lord Kitchener. To that type belongs Lord Northcliffe, who is constantly urging the English to run the empire as efficiently as he runs his publishing business. And to that type belongs Mitchel. Immense

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personality, immense virility, immense drive —no fairies, no fanaticisms.

It is with such a mind that Mitchel looks at the great local problem of public ownership and operation. He had always been in favor of public ownership and operation. He had always been in favor of public ownership of certain things, such as subways. He has never shown himself excited about public ownership of certain other things, such as gas. He inclines toward public *operation* of certain things, such as underground-conduits, in which the number of employees added to the city government would not be great. He has usually recoiled from public *operation* in cases in which the number of employees added would be enormous. He is in favor of both ownership and operation by the public when the public fails to get service from the private companies.

His view is not the simple view of the philosophical man. It is the highly complicated view of the practical man. And yet the irony of it all is that he has paved the way for the philosophical man and has done more for ultimate public ownership and operation than anybody else that has ever lived in New York. He has done this, first, by training the body of the employees of the city of New York to be infinitely more efficient, infinitely more capable of operating public utilities, than they ever were before; and he has done it, second, by building up the city's power to borrow the money with which to become the owner of public utilities.

His Great Achievement

THE city of New York had been borrowing money in a manner bound to be ultimately utterly ruinous to its whole borrowing power. It had been borrowing money lavishly, recklessly, for enterprises such as school-buildings and the like, from which it could not possibly get any financial dollars-and-cents return. Under McClellan, for such enterprises, it borrowed annually an average of $39,000,000. Under Gaynor, with a "Fusion" Reform Board of Estimate to check extravagance, it still borrowed annually an average of $31,000,000. Under Mitchel it has borrowed annually an average of less than $15,000,000, and it is on its way to borrowing nothing.

Mitchel has installed a system under which the city will soon cease to borrow even as much as one penny annually, except for enterprises such as subways or river-front commercial wharves, from which it will get a rent, or a greater or less revenue, to compensate it for its investment. All other enterprises, such as school-buildings, will be handled boldly, and with utter disregard for yelping taxpayers, directly out of taxation.

Building a Sound City

UNDER this plan, the "Pay-As-You-Go" plan, the city's debt will presently be enormously reduced, through the annual payments on the existing principal, and the city's borrowing power will presently be enormously increased, so that it will be able to go into the market and borrow huge sums of money if it wants to, and invest them in any "public utilities" it pleases and still remain solidly and effectively solvent.

Mitchel is brave. Mitchel is charming. Mitchel is honest. Mitchel is likeable. Mitchel is a fighter. His personality, appealing and pugnacious, has made strong government a genuinely human instead of a merely bureaucratic issue in New York.

But what is the greatest proof of his human value? He was perfectly right, after all, in using his "Pay-As-You-Go" plan as the clinching point in his speech on the achievements of the first two years of his administration. And to-day, when three and a half years have passed, what is still the thing to his credit that has done more than any other one thing could possibly do to make New York in the end a more competent, a more livable, a more expandingly humanly livable city?

He has adopted the scientific "Pay-As-You-Go" plan, and has already reduced the city's non-revenue-producing borrowings over a period of three and a half years to $51,118,293.03.

Climax! Peroration! Really.

IT IS allowable to like Mitchel because he is nice. It is necessary to like him because he is a sound and remorseless public servant, a solid builder of a solid commonwealth.

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·H·S·V·U·S·

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

CAPTAIN STEEVER AND TWELVE CULVER CADETS WHO REPLACED ARMY INSTRUCTORS IN LAST YEAR'S HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEER WORK IN THE CHICAGO HIGH SCHOOLS.

FORWARD, march, High School Volunteers of the United States—into the school year which has just begun.

The summer vacation has been filled with ceaseless activity among school authorities—getting data, making plans, arranging for equipment and instructors. Physical instructors have been going off to training camps; substitutes for army instructors have been sought. Everywhere there has been an uninterrupted growth of feeling that a community's corps of High-School Volunteers may represent the center of the community response to the patriotic call of the hour, preparing the boys for whatever war duties they may be asked to perform, and building at the same time for the inevitable peace to come.

There has consequently been no vacation for Headquarters. Since the close of school our mail has swelled enormously. It has been up to us, scores of school boards have said, to give them the "dope"—to tell them exactly what to do to plant the H. S. V. U. S. Idea in their communities in this crucial year. We've done what could be done.

First, the normal course for instructors in the H. S. V. U. S. system, under Captain Steever, was given in Chicago. It will provide a staff of men who have had direct contact with Captain Steever. A foundation on which to build while the army instructors are called elsewhere.

Secondly, other instructors are obtainable. We are prepared, if necessary, to act as a clearing-house to bring men of suitable character and experience into touch with high schools needing them for military training. Such men should file applications with us, and such schools tell us their needs.

Thirdly, we are making every effort to assure the publication this fall of a manual of the H. S. V. U. S. Idea, for instructor and student, which shall be more than a mere text-book of cadet drill—a complete exposition of the community and national plan of training worked out by Captain Steever.

Finally, the war situation has compelled changes in the matter of Government assistance to schools, in respect of equipment as well as instructors. We are glad to suggest ways of overcoming these difficulties, and we welcome the opportunity of discussing all these problems with any school.

The important thing is to have as many schools as possible ready—now—to swing on the long stretch of the year's work, leading to a larger and more significant national review at the end. Get in touch with Headquarters now; write us if you need instructors, literature, or suggestion; and be ready to—Forward, march!

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EVERYBODY'S recently asked Mr. Ira B. Fee, Superintendent of Schools of Cheyenne, Wyoming, for any data he might have bearing on the effects of the Wyoming system on the physical condition of his high-school boys. He addressed a circular letter on this question to the parents of the cadets who had taken a year or more of the work. We print below, with the writers' permission, a few extracts from the great number of prompt and enthusiastic responses.

These letters are unusually timely. The examination during the past month, of candidates for the new National Army, has revealed a shocking condition of physical decline in the young men of the country. It has revealed, too, the immediate need of a national system of training for citizenship, based upon the fostering of health and strength in the youth of the nation. The High School Volunteers is working steadily toward this goal.

"I CAN scarcely find words to express my great admiration for the Cadets. The drills, wall-scaling, hikes, and so on, will make a man out of the worst weakling, not only physically, but mentally, and I might add spiritually. It teaches a boy to be clean personally, to have regard for the rights of others, to take orders from superiors in office, to take defeat gracefully, to do his part of the disagreeable, to be courteous and respect the feelings of others, to win and not get puffed up over it.

"I would not take a farm for those medals Willis has for wall-scaling and for marksmanship. I rank them next to his diploma from the Cheyenne High School."

—Mrs. John Rees.

"ON LOOKING back over the time since my son joined the Cadets, I remember he was inclined to be hollow-chested and stoop-shouldered and has now acquired a good carriage. He is hard, sound, and has a great deal of endurance—all of which I am sure is the direct result of the Cadet System. For boys not in the regular athletics this system gives them good exercise, both interesting and enjoyable. I think that the physical results are not the only ones to be considered. For instance, the elimination drill tends to make a boy much more alert, requiring quick thinking and prompt action."

—M. H. Hartung.

"I AM POSITIVE the cadet work has helped Donald to a very marked degree. The time spent in drills, gymnastic exercises, outings, etc., has had a tendency toward improved deportment, better physical development, along with a general increase of interest in his school work."

—C. McGonagle.

"WE WISH to express our entire approval of the 'Steever idea,' and believe that its requirements have strengthened our son, Wilmer E., both mentally and physically. He entered the Cadets three years ago at the age of twelve, being then, physically, an average boy of that age. He now weighs one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, his height is five feet, ten inches, and he has a grip like a man. Previous to entering the Cadets he had no athletic training, and has had none since, other than that given in cadet drill and wall-scaling work. He believes in and follows Captain Steever's advice regarding cigarets.

"His physical improvement is self-evident, and we believe the cadet drill has strengthened him mentally by teaching concentration of attention to drill-master's commands and rapid compliance therewith. The wall-scaling practise taught him to judge speed and efficiency of movement so as to gain most with the least effort.

"We thank you for giving us this opportunity to express our appreciation of Captain Steever's work for our boy, and our sincere belief in the benefits to be gained by the boys of our country by entering the cadet organization, when organized and operated according to the ideas promulgated by him."

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Stevens.

"I FEEL that the work benefited my son in several ways. It changed him from a boy with an inclination to be careless in his posture and a tendency to become round-shouldered, to one with an erect carriage. It resulted in his realization that the best physical development depends very largely upon right living. It changed him from a condition tending toward babyishness to one of rugged manliness, ready to take manfully any knocks that might occur. It did not detract from his ideals of individual endeavor, but it aroused in him an appreciation of the effectiveness of concerted action, or teamwork."

—A. L. Putnam,
Assistant State Examiner.

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MINNE'S LITTLE LAMB

By Charles Truitt

WITH DRAWINGS BY ROBERT LAWSON

THEY entered art school on the same day. She heard him say to some one, "When I left St. Paul," and she cocked her ears like a pretty terrier. A moment later a girl asked if she was a New Yorker. "I am from Minneapolis," she answered. Then he not only cocked his ears but brazenly turned and looked at her. She liked his eyes, and she smiled. The next morning he moved his chair next to hers. The other members of the class, quick to scent romance, dubbed them "Paul and Minne," and loved them both.

They each received eight dollars weekly from their families in the Twin Cities. Eight dollars in New York ordinarily means just food and shelter, and they wanted more than that. They were music mad, and there were famous pianists, violinists and singers who simply had to be heard. Between well-filled stomachs and well-filled souls there could be no choice for artists; so Paul and Minne had a minimum of food and a maximum of music, but had them together, which made the minimum a feast and the maximum a delirious joy.

In their quest of the most food for the least money they found a white-tiled place that specialized in a thirty-cent combination of lamb, potatoes, cheerful pink carrots, and grassy green peas. The owner of the place, grown rich, delighted in his title of "Pratt, the Lamb-Stew King," and managed the restaurant from a mansion on Riverside Drive.

In the cheap, good stew were all the elements to keep them alive, so they continued to go to Pratt's seven nights a week—lamb stew; thirty nights a month—lamb stew. This for several months, until one night Minne stared at the pink carrots, the green peas and the chunks of lamb, and then looked away. And Paul, who many times had wanted to look away, shuddered and ordered toast and tea. Then they spent a dollar to hear Ysaye play, and both went hungry to their beds.

The person who lost a five-dollar bill on the snowy evening of February 16, 1915, somewhere near Seventh Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, may be interested to read that as a young man was walking toward the lodgings of his lady-love that evening, a gust of wind whirled the snow into his face and with it a crackling strip of green paper that flattened itself across his cheek; that the young man gave a whoop of joy which could have been heard in Jersey, and that he dashed into Carnegie Hall across the way, and spent two dollars without a thought for the owner of the money the gods had sent.

Two tickets for the Boston Symphony

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and three dollars for food at a real restaurant! Where? Minne finally chose a famous hotel where the lights were rose, and the walls were gold.

It was early, and the only other person in their corner of the room was a Kris-Kringle sort of man who smiled in appreciation, as their hands touched over the menu.

"Salad and coffee for two—that's a dollar," said Minne. "A quarter for the waiter; that leaves $1.75." She ran her finger down the price side of the menu: "*Casserole printanier*, $1.75! What's a *printanier?*" she giggled.

"I don't know—let's surprise ourselves," said Paul, nodding to the waiter, to whom he indicated the dish with his finger, not daring to pronounce it.

The Kris-Kringle person beamed upon them from across the way and wished he might ask them to bring their youthful happiness to his table.

The waiter placed a casserole before them, savory steam escaping from beneath its cover. "No! let *me* do it, please!" exclaimed Minne, as he reached for the cover. "It's a surprise," she smiled. The waiter grinned and went away.

"One—two—*three!*" Minne whisked off the cover, and she nearly let it fall. In a sea of white sauce floated LAMB, cheerful pink carrots, and peas that were grassy green! "*Casserole printanier*, $1.75!" She replaced the cover slowly, her lips began to tremble, and two big tears started down her cheeks.

It was too much for the Kris-Kringle man. He lumbered over to the table and laid a fat, kindly hand on Minne's shoulder. Minne looked up into his fatherly old face and before she knew it, had sobbed out the story of the five-dollar bill and the seven nights a week, thirty nights a month, in the white-tiled halls of the Lamb-Stew King.

Kris-Kringle threw back his head and laughed in deep bass tones. Then, without asking permission, he sat down and called the waiter.

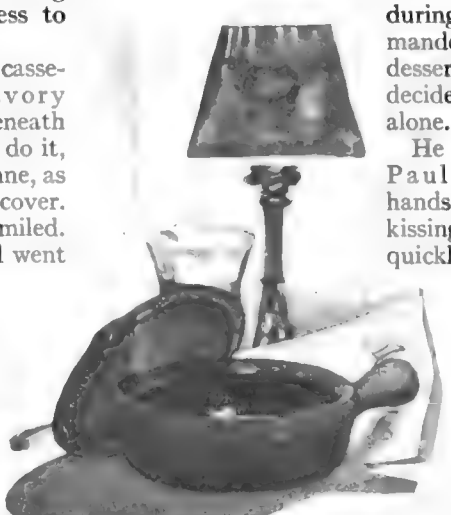
Minne tried to protest, but he laughed his bass notes again and ordered a gourmand's dream of fish and fowl and salad—but no lamb. Paul said not a word.

Their host made them talk of themselves, and his heart sang joyously during a merry hour. He commanded coffee and wondrous dessert, and with kindly tact decided to let them have it alone.

He put his big arm around Paul's shoulder and shook hands with Minne, who felt like kissing him, and then he went quickly from the room.

Suddenly Minne set down her cup with a bang. "Why, we don't even know his *name!*" she gasped.

"I do," said Paul. "That's why I let him blow us to dinner. He is Henry Pratt, the Lamb-Stew King!"



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AN OUNCE OF LOYALTY

By R. N. Wall

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

BURK, RAISING A CORNER OF HIS MOUTH AS HE HAD SEEN CROOKS DO IN THE "MOVIES," RASPED: "PUT YOU WISE TO SOMETHING!"

THE placid calm of a late September afternoon pervaded the dim old walnut-furnished office of the Mears Plow Works. Spider-webs fell in festoons over the tattered backs of fat ledgers and spare journals stacked upon the shelves. Dust lay heavy upon yellow packages of letters and contracts stuffed into rows of pigeonholes below the books.

Burk, the narrow bookkeeper, was noiselessly matching nickels with his assistant. The invoice-and-order clerk had his head bent over a sheet of figures so placed that it permitted his eyes to fall upon the open pages of "Treasure Island." The sleepy stenographer was nodding over a bit of fancy-work, and Tommy, the solemn office-boy, was doing nothing whatever.

Within the private office, the same drowsy atmosphere prevailed. The young president, John Mears, was at his desk, the sleeves of his custom-made shirt rolled up like any workingman's; but he was not working much. Opposite him, Elizabeth Carter, the trim young woman who acted as office manager, now and then raised a hand to her pretty mouth to stifle a yawn.

Into this backwater of business plunged a brisk young man, as suddenly as a gasoline launch bursts into a peaceful millpond. He was a slender person, with big horn-rimmed eye-glasses astride a prominent nose, and low shoes with extension rubber soles. He entered with such purposeful swiftness that the somnolent office force scarcely perceived him until he had thrust his card at the president.

Mears rose with outstretched hand. "I'm mighty glad to see you," he genially greeted the visitor. "Miss Carter, this is Mr. Epperson, the efficiency expert, with whom we have been corresponding, and who is going to show us how to make two plow points spring where one sprang before. Miss Carter is a stockholder," Mears explained to Epperson, "and has charge of our office; she used to be my father's assistant. Now she's mine, or I'm hers—I hardly know which. I've been in charge only the few months since my father's death, and Miss Carter really knows more about the business than I do."

Miss Carter gave the expert a firm, cool hand and an appraising glance from her wide, clear eyes. She was not a beautiful woman, but she was so clean and fragrant and wholesome that she was charming.

"Mr. Mears thinks that our ways are old-fashioned and that we need outside assistance," she said. "I believe you installed a system at the North Bend Chilled Plow Works. Do you think a little business such as ours needs a system like the great plow works there?"

"More," declared Mr. Epperson bluntly, with a suggestive look toward the open door, "if your whole works are run like your office."

Miss Carter looked at the young man in cold surprise. For an instant she forgot that he was engaged to criticize.

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A SLENDER PERSON, WITH BIG HORN-RIMMED EYE-GLASSES ASTRIDE A PROMINENT NOSE.

Mears broke in quickly: "That's just the trouble! I can run a football team, but I can't get this place on its toes!"

He was a very splendid young president, tall, wide-shouldered, narrow-hipped, with clothes that seemed a part of him. The third of a line of famous plow-makers, his own business experience had just begun. His father had died while John was still at college, and he had been shot into the business with a suddenness from which his head was still swimming. With the ardor of youth, he burned to put the conservative old plow company in the front rank of modern trade.

He placed a perfectly kept hand on one of the pearl push-buttons lately installed upon his father's old desk.

"Tommy," Mears instructed the solemn office-boy, "ask Mr. Moran to come in. Moran is our superintendent," he informed Epperson. "He's a fine fellow, but getting pretty well along in years, and I can't hurry him out of his usual routine. Perhaps you can."

"That is my business," asserted the expert. His prominent light blue eyes roved about, absorbing every detail.

A heavy step made the worn floorboards of the outer office creak, and Dan Moran rolled in. He was a bull-necked old giant of a man, with a great, ruddy, good-natured face. His iron-gray hair had been hastily wet and plastered on his skull, and as he advanced he wriggled his wrinkled red neck in a blue linen collar buttoned upon a blue flannel shirt. His big jaws were busy with a mouthful of fine-cut.

"You wanted to see me, Johnny?" he inquired, and ducked his head in comprehensive greeting. He had carried the president pick-a-back about the foundry when John was four.

"I want you to meet Mr. Epperson, an efficiency engineer, whom I have engaged to make a survey of the shops."

"How-de-do?" grunted the old man, giving the expert a sharp look from under his shaggy, grizzled brows.

"You know, Dan," Mears went on, fingering the black opal pin that studded his rich scarf, "that things here aren't run the way I think they ought to be. We've got too much capital tied up in dead stock and past due accounts; our output is small in proportion to our force; much of our machinery is scrap; we've got some old fogies for foremen——"

"Hold on, Johnny; lemme see if I git you right," interposed Moran good-naturedly. He pulled a chair in range of the cuspidor, sat down, and spat. "You mean you don't like the way I'm runnin' the works?"

"Not exactly that, Dan," said Mears, with a little frown at Moran's bluntness. "My criticism is of the whole business—office and factory."

"I dunno a darn thing about the office, but I kin tell you this, Johnny: the shops is all right. I helped your granddaddy start this business. Him and me, we laid out this plant and hired the men; a lot of 'em are here yet——"

"I presume that's one trouble," interjected Epperson. "Old concerns have a tendency to accumulate dead wood."

"There ain't no dead wood around here, young man," snorted Moran. "Maybe some of the boys ain't as spry in the legs as they was once, but their heads are working!"

"The point is that we aren't paying

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dividends," exclaimed Mears impatiently. "You can talk a week and you can't get around that."

"We're goin' to pay 'em," Moran insisted mildly. "I'm just as anxious for dividends as you are. Ain't I got forty shares of stock?"

"We can't declare any until we have a surplus, and you know how cramped we are for ready money."

"Wait until the new line of chilled plows we're building gets started. You know it's cost us a heap of money for patterns and material, Johnny."

"That may help, but I want to know how we stand," Mears insisted. "Mr. Epperson is here to examine impartially and report to me; then I'll know what to do. I realize that I lack the necessary experience to assemble the data myself."

"That would come, Mr. Mears," Miss Carter ventured.

"Pardon me," cut in Epperson, turning his horn-rimmed gaze upon her. "You are wrong. A man is too close to his own business to get the proper perspective."

"In any case," John spoke firmly, as he rose and turned down the sleeves of his crisp and costly shirt, "Mr. Epperson is here. I want the survey made, and I expect both you and Miss Carter, Dan, to give him every assistance."

"Sure we will," agreed Moran heartily. Miss Carter said nothing whatever.

She had her say, however, when the young president had left with Epperson to see that he found comfortable quarters.

"I don't approve of this thing a bit!" she declared, her attractive face flushed. "Mr. Mears is so—impulsive!"

"Johnny's all right," said the old superintendent. "He's like all boys—he wants to move the world in a minute. Let this here expert experiment."

HE WAS STANDING OVER THE STENOGRAPHER, A WATCH IN ONE HAND. PINK AND MOIST, THE GIRL WAS HAMMERING MADLY UPON HER MACHINE.

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"We've always been like a big family," objected Miss Carter. "Most of our men have been here a long time; they're well paid and considerately treated, and they feel that they belong. I hate to see that sentiment spoiled."

"I reckon we'll have to shut our eyes and gulp our medicine," opined Moran in his easy-going way.

"You can if you like," retorted the fiery young woman, "but Mr. Epperson will have to do his experting without any help from me. I've been here five years and John Mears hasn't been here five months!"

"And I've been here forty," grinned Moran, "and learned not to fly off the handle. Go slow, young lady!" he warned, as he shambled off toward the factory.

Miss Carter entered the office next morning, cool and trim in summer white. She was a little earlier than usual, for she had planned to finish her routine work before Epperson arrived.

Instead, she found that efficient gentleman already on the job. He was standing over the stenographer, a watch in one hand, a perfectly pointed pencil in the other, his note-book open on the desk before him. Pink and moist, the girl was hammering madly upon her machine, frequently stopping to make frenzied corrections. Burk was sulkily posting; the other clerks were desperately busy, and, in the president's office, Tommy was raising a perfect whirlwind of dust.

"Good morning, Miss Carter," said the efficiency expert curtly. "I expected that you or Mr. Mears would be here to introduce me to your staff. As you were not, I have taken the liberty of becoming my own sponsor."

"That is all right," answered Miss Carter, annoyed, but determined not to show it. "I meant to get here early. Mr. Mears seldom comes in before ten."

Mr. Epperson raised his thin brows.

For two hours Mr. Epperson delved into the office methods and expounded his theories. He overlooked nothing, and very little met his approval. Miss Carter kept her composure, but it was a strain. As for Burk, he found opportunity to whisper:

"Say, can't we get this guy out in the factory and shove him against a band saw?"

About ten o'clock Mears strolled gracefully in. "Well, old man," he greeted the expert genially, "what do you find wrong with our little old office?"

"Pretty much everything." Epperson looked his disgust. "I'll give you the details in my report. I'll take the factory now."

"What do you think of him?" Mears asked Miss Carter, as the expert's ramrod figure vanished.

"He seems very energetic," the girl responded.

"Energy is what we need," John blithely assured her. "The place is full of dry rot. We need some one to wake us up. Got to speed to hold our own these days, you know!"

A little later Moran lumbered in. "Say, John," he rumbled, shifting his quid, "is this here expert to be stoppin' my machines and badgerin' my boys about their motions?"

"Whatever he thinks proper is to be done," said Mears curtly. "Did I not make myself clear?"

"Oh, all right," said Moran, mildly quizzical. "I just wanted to know."

So out in the factory Mr. Epperson, his horn-rimmed glasses riding high on his projecting nose, his light-blue eyes peering owlishly, penetrated into every corner of the works. He followed the iron pigs from cars to foundry, he watched the assembly of castings into plow bases, he neglected neither wood-shop, paint-shop, nor warehouse.

Stop-watch in hand, note-book ready, pencil poised, he asked countless questions and made interminable notes, which, at night, he elaborated on a portable typewriter in his room.

A week went by, and one morning he appeared at the office, a sheaf of typewritten manuscript under his arm. "Where is Mr. Mears?" he demanded.

"He left last night on a long-distance call to help one of our salesmen who is trying to close a big deal in North Carolina," Miss Carter informed him.

"That is annoying," complained Mr. Epperson, removing his glasses. "I am obliged to go to New York to-day. I have completed my investigation, the result of which is in this report."

"You have suggested many changes?" asked Miss Carter in acid accents. "I gather you disapproved of everything."

"I was not engaged to be complimentary," said Mr. Epperson stiffly. "I am like a dentist: the more necessary my services, the more painful they are. I have recommended a number of changes."

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"May I ask what the most important are?"

"My report was made for Mr. Mears," Epperson informed her, beginning to polish his glasses with a bit of pink paper, "but as you are a stockholder and in a position of some importance, I will summarize them.

"I have suggested some new machinery; a different lay-out for the factory; an entirely new office system; and certain resignations."

"Resignations?" faltered Miss Carter.

The precise young man replaced his glasses and surveyed the girl with some disdain. "Yes. The most important would be Moran's. Several of the foremen should go also. These men would not fit into any system I could outline."

"Mr. Epperson, do you realize that Mr. Moran helped to found this business? That he, a small stockholder, works for it as loyally as if it were all his own? It would kill him to be asked to resign!"

"I am not here to protect the Morans," said Epperson calmly. "They block the wheels of progress. Get results or get out! Properly run, this can be made a paying business. As now conducted, it will soon be bankrupt."

"Better bankruptcy than to discard like worn-out plowshares the men who made the works," flamed the distressed girl.

"Sentiment pays no dividends," sneered Epperson. "Which brings me to a proposition I have decided to make Mr. Mears."

"What is it?"

"This is a good field for a properly run plow business. I have some idle money that I should be willing to put, with my services, into the concern. I have suggested that I take over Moran's stock and become general manager."

Miss Carter gazed at him dumbly.

"I"—Epperson expanded his chest a trifle—"will guarantee to pay dividends at the end of a year!"

Almost beside herself with anger, Miss Carter strove to speak, but Epperson, with a superior gesture, waved her aside. "Please ask Mr. Mears," he went on in his brusk way, "to read this report carefully and to consider my appended offer. I shall return in a few days. Good morning!"

For a moment Miss Carter stood dazed. Then, as her anger mounted, she felt that she must talk to some one or explode. Burk stood at his ledger, a furtive ear cocked in her direction. She wondered if he had heard. In any case, he was not the confidant she wished, and she sped out to find Moran.

She came upon him in the foundry, up above a cupola, watching a gang of men charge it with broken pig-iron, scrap, and coke. The old superintendent's blue shirt was open over his hairy chest and he was

IF THE WORDS BROUGHT DISMAY TO THE OLD GIANT'S STURDY HEART, HIS RUDDY FACE GAVE NO SIGN. HIS EYES FOLLOWED HIS MEN.

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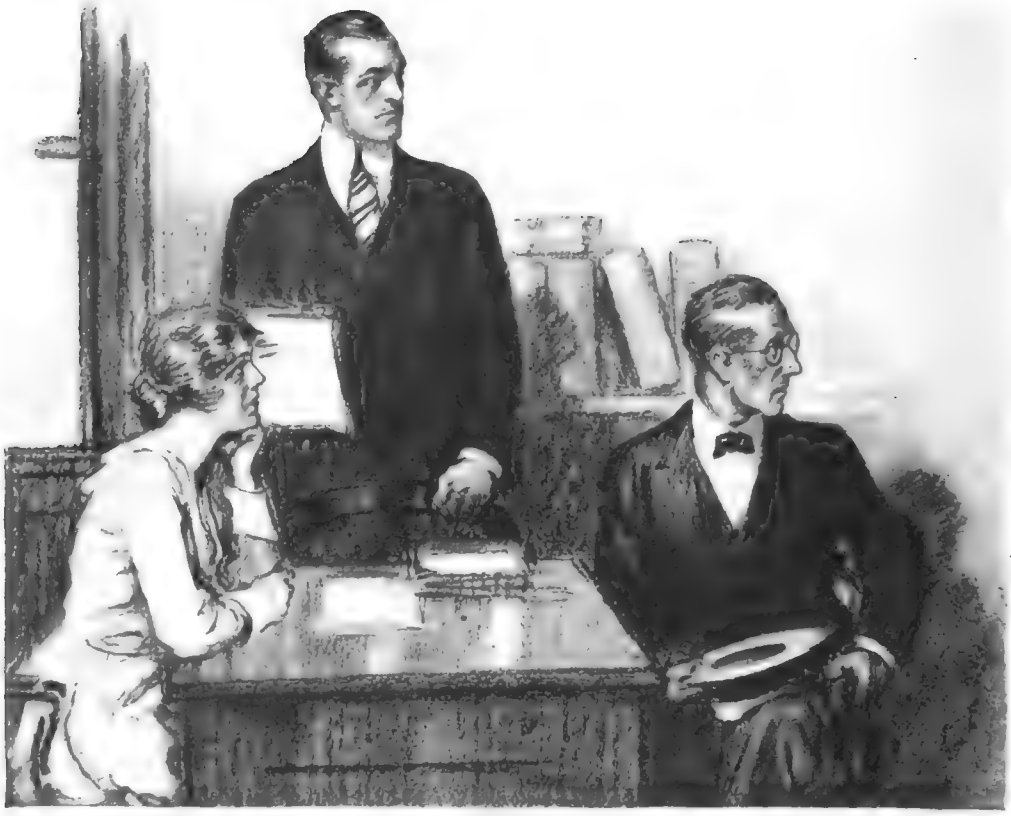

A HEAVY STEP MADE THE WORN FLOORBOARDS OF THE OUTER OFFICE CREAK, AND DAN MORAN ROLLED IN.

spurting tobacco-juice into the stack at such regular intervals that an onlooker might have thought it a necessary ingredient.

"Mr. Moran!" the girl cried. "Mr. Epperson has finished his report, and what do you suppose he recommends?"

"I dunno," boomed the old giant in his big voice, trained to carry above the rattle of machinery, "but I'm glad he's done. I'm sick of seein' the four-eyed little owl nosin' around."

The girl stopped for a moment to get her breath, her hand pressed to her side, her face scarlet under its crown of bright hair, for she was panting with exertion and excitement. Her white clothing contrasted sharply with the grimy garb of the busy men. With an imperious gesture, she drew Moran aside.

"Epperson wants ever so many changes," she told him.

"The hell he does!" roared Moran. "Excuse me, miss."

She went on slowly. What she felt he must know was not so easy to tell him. "He wants to buy your stock—and take charge. He says that—that you—and some of the foremen—are too old—that you won't speed up—that you must resign!"

If the words brought dismay to the old giant's sturdy heart, his ruddy face gave no sign. His jaws continued to function with the same regularity. His eyes followed his men.

At last, seeing that the girl expected him to say something, he spat, and mumbled: "Well?"

"Is that all you can say?" she flashed, stamping her foot.

"What is there to say?" asked the veteran. "John's away. If he comes back and says this here expert is right, I reckon I'll have to step out. I'm gittin' old, anyway; reckon maybe it's time I quit."

The girl doubled up her firm little fists. "I wouldn't give Epperson the satisfaction! I'd fight!"

Moran merely shook his head.

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"YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, JOHNNY?" HE INQUIRED.

If the superintendent refused to betray any feeling, others did not take the matter so calmly. Before the day was over, Miss Carter saw that the news had spread; she guessed that Burk had heard and had talked. Little knots of dark-browed men formed about the yard at noon; sullen glances were directed at the office windows as the hands streamed through the gate at night.

The next morning Mr. Mears came back, as creased and speckless as though he had not spent the night upon the train. He was pleasant, as usual, and just a trifle proud of himself.

"We put it over," he announced in his jubilant way. "We signed them up with twelve counties as territory, and they placed an order for five cars of goods. In two years we'll be selling them a car for every county. That's the beauty of the plow business—the increasing repair trade!"

The young president was too pleased to note the absence of Miss Carter's congratulations.

"These orders are for immediate shipment," he explained importantly, "and the season is late. Any stuff that isn't ready must be rushed. By the way, this will give Epperson a chance to get a line on our handling of a rush order. Where is he?"

"He had to go to New York. He has finished his survey and made a report, which is on your desk."

"All right," said John. "I'll read it later. Have Moran come in, will you?"

"Dan," he instructed the superintendent, "here's an order for five cars from the Wilmington Supply Company. To fill it promptly and properly means a lot to us. We must get it right out. How soon can you do it?"

"I dunno," answered Moran, feeding himself a great wad of fine-cut. "Lemme see the specifications."

"Well, what about it?" John hurried the old man, as he went ponderously over the order."

"I dunno," Moran repeated. "We'll have to make some of it. We'll do the best we kin, Johnny."

"You must side-track everything else and hustle," Mears ordered impatiently.

"Have the order written up and send it out," mumbled Moran through his quid. "We'll do the best we kin; you know you can't hurry iron much, Johnny."

"You see! No system!" complained Mears to Miss Carter, when Moran had gone. "We ought to be able to tell exactly how long a certain piece of work will take, and all I can get out of Dan is that he'll do the best he can! It's exasperating! If that order is cancelled on account of delay, his best won't be good enough!"

"You gave the Wilmington people long time," Miss Carter hastily changed the subject. "Why did you do it when we need cash so? That steel note falls due next Monday, and it must be paid, not renewed, for they won't let us have any more material until the last is paid for."

"I know; I had to do it," he told her. "We can't hold up a big concern for a sight-draft, bill-of-lading-attached shipment. I couldn't let them know our fix. Don't let that note worry you. We'll find the money somehow—I reckon."

The girl looked sharply at him. She saw that anxiety showed beneath his accustomed jauntiness, and she realized that

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the situation did worry him, whether he would admit it or not.

Mears went to his office. An hour later Miss Carter entered and found him leaning back in his chair, his long legs thrust over a corner of his desk, the famous report in his lap, and an unusually thoughtful look upon his face. He brought his feet to the floor as she entered, but he did not quite come out of his brown study.

"Have you read the gospel according to Mr. Epperson?" she asked sarcastically.

"Yes," said John in an absent tone.

"Do you intend to follow his suggestions?"

"Most of them."

"Then there will be radical changes?" The girl could not keep the concern from her voice.

"Why, yes," he answered, with a shade of impatience. "What's the use of paying for advice unless one takes it?"

"And Mr. Moran?" Her voice quivered.

IN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE TOMMY WAS RAISING A WHIRLWIND OF DUST.

"I can't tell you my plans yet," said John. He picked in a worried way at the scarab in his tie. "I haven't fully formulated them. As for Dan—I've been undecided about him for some time."

Miss Carter had no heart to say more. Of course, the president would accept Epperson's offer; the girl had never doubted that, but she had hoped that Mears would find a way to keep Moran. She realized that it would be folly for him to reject the expert's proposition. His advent would lighten Mears's responsibilities by giving him an efficient manager who knew the business to the last bolt. More than all, it would give them what they must have at once—ready money. They were heavily in debt, they needed more material, and five thousand dollars must be paid to the steel company the following Monday.

There was every reason for Mears to accept Epperson's offer, and nothing save sentimental scruples to cause him to decline. And yet, Miss Carter's heart ached to think that even at John's greatest need he would drop the man who had for years been a major part of the business, just because he had grown old and slow. She had hoped that Mears was bigger than that; but still, when she came to question herself, what else could he do?

She determined that she would try to talk to Mr. Mears in the morning. She was too disturbed to do it at once; she would say more than she meant.

But in the morning she found on her desk a brief note from the president, saying that he would be out of town a few days, and asking her to look after the Wilmington order. Miss Carter knew no reason why Mears should absent himself; it seemed to her that he was not acting fairly in leaving at a critical time. Then it flashed upon her that he wished to avoid any discussion of the changes to be made until Epperson came back. In the meantime—he had underlined it—they were to rush the Wilmington order! Her lip curled.

Her thoughts were interrupted by Burk, who sidled over, and, raising a corner of his mouth as he had seen crooks do in the "movies," rasped: "Put you wise to something: this scheme of Epperson's has leaked out!"

"How? Through you?"

Burk's eyes shifted under the girl's clear gaze. "Don't matter who told it," he

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muttered evasively. "The men are on, and ripe for trouble. They're awful sore about Moran being let out. He's been here most forty years. He's hired half the men; he knows 'em, and their wives, and their kids. Mears don't know the boys from Adam on the street."

"He's hardly had time," Miss Carter reminded.

"Aw, he don't want to know 'em," scoffed Burk. "All he cares about is the coin. The men see Dan about to be thrown out, after all these years, and that smart stiff, Epperson, coming in to drive worse'n Mears. They say what's the use of rushing the Wilmington order and getting chucked afterward?"

"I don't know that I blame them," sighed the girl.

"They're going to have a meeting tonight," the bookkeeper pursued—"the foremen and some of the other old hands; kind of secret, you know."

"Is Mr. Moran in it?"

"Naw, not yet. They've tried to sound him, but he just spits and cusses and tells 'em to mind their own business. He's promised, though, to meet the boys tonight."

"What do they want to do?"

"Quit cold and tie the factory up. They can do it, too. By the time things are straightened out, the Wilmington order will be a goner. They know it's got to be shipped quick, the season's so late."

"Why don't they appoint a committee to see Mr. Mears?"

"What's the use? He wouldn't listen to 'em, and he ain't here, anyhow. Like as not, he figured they'd kick, and skipped on purpose. He didn't figure far enough to see they was ready to walk out for old Dan!"

Burk's diagnosis of the president's absence confirmed Miss Carter's own judgment. Everything pointed that way. And, Miss Carter thought, an appeal probably would have been useless. Mears had harped on efficiency since he had taken charge. He had insisted on engaging Epperson, and he had declared, again and again, that mossback methods must give way to modern practise.

Miss Carter worked wearily through the day, too depressed to discuss the matter further with any one. All through the night she kept waking at intervals to wonder over the outcome of the meeting, and the next morning she hurried to the office, half sick with worry.

Burk was not at his desk, and the girl was in no mood to wait, so she scurried out to find Moran. He was in the foundry, grimly watching the molders prepare the flasks. His figure loomed large as ever among the squatting workmen, but Miss Carter fancied that the old man's heavy shoulders were more stooping than usual.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Moran?" she asked.

"Do about what?" rumbled the giant.

"The meeting last night—Burk told me——"

"Oh, that," growled Moran in disgust. "There wa'n't nuthin' to that. Some of the boys shot off their mouths, but I shut 'em up. I told 'em that what Epperson reported, or what John plans to do, ain't got nuthin' to do with what they got to do now—which is to git out that Wilmington order. I told 'em the first man that skulked would git his time."

"Then there won't be any strike?"

"Hell, no! Excuse me, miss. Think I'd stand for a play like that? Lay down on John in a pinch? His granddaddy and me built this business. I been in it all me life. Maybe it's time for me to git out. I dunno. We change as we git older, I reckon, though I don't feel no different."

"Have you said anything to Mr. Mears?"

"No!" roared Moran, red hot. "What would I say? I ain't goin' to holler, and I ain't goin' to resign. If John wants to git rid of me, let him come out and say so. Till he does, my job is to run this factory and git the goods out, and, by the great horn spoon, I'm goin' to do it!"

The girl went back to the office, her own bitterness stilled in part by the old man's steadfast loyalty. Yet she could not but contrast the whimsical lightness of the young president with the sturdy devotion of the old superintendent.

John returned on Monday morning. In a new pin-check suit and scarlet scarf, from his low tan shoes to his smoothly parted hair, he looked the elegant idler, and if he had any worries, his complacent face did not show them.

He stopped to hand a few papers to Burk, and after a word with him came to Miss Carter's desk.

"Mr. Epperson has returned," she

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hastened to advise him. "He is waiting for you in your office."

"Fine!" exclaimed John. "See him in a moment. How about the Wilmington order?"

"All gone but the last car—I'll find out about that," Miss Carter answered.

"Bully!" said Mears.

"By the way," Miss Carter called, as the president turned, "what about that steel note? It falls due to-day and we haven't the money to meet it."

"Oh, that'll be all right," returned John casually. "Wait until I see Epperson and I'll tell you about it."

He entered his own room before the girl could question him. Undoubtedly he had made up his mind to accept Epperson's offer. It was unlikely that anything she could say would influence the president, yet she resolved to try. She sprang up to follow him into his office.

As she opened the door, Moran rolled in, the bills for the last car in his hand. "John come back?" he asked. "Thought he'd like to know we got the stuff all out."

"Tell him," the girl snapped bitterly, and pushed the old man ahead of her into the private office.

Epperson was saying: "When will you be ready to discuss my report?"

"Right now," smiled John. "I've made up my mind."

Moran advanced, holding out the bills-of-lading. "The Wilmington order has went," he rumbled in his heavy voice, too big for the little office.

"That's good," observed John, looking up absently. Then, as Moran turned to leave, he called after him: "Wait a moment, Dan: you had better hear this."

The old superintendent came to a stop, edged back, and waited stolidly.

Miss Carter felt herself trembling. Was Mears going to sentence the old man so baldly before them all? It was cruel. Even the unemotional Epperson seemed surprised, and stammered:

"You—you say you have made your decision? Er—what are you going to do?"

"Adopt your ideas, of course," declared John. "The report's a model; finest thing I ever saw. Your plans are bully in the main, although I can't quite see my way to do everything you recommend."

"Some of the minor changes may not need to be made at once," chimed Epperson, highly pleased and disposed to be easy in his victory. "And as to my proposition to put in some money and take hold?"

"Ah, that is another thing, Epperson," John drawled, "and the one I couldn't see my way clear to do. I have no doubt that you could produce dividends, but I don't believe you would fit into our little family. I know I can make Dan see the wisdom of your system, but we couldn't get along without Dan."

John beamed pleasantly upon the little company, and, squinting across his desk into the mirror which he had hung in the old office, straightened his scarf the least degree.

"Then you don't think Mr. Moran is too old to run the shops?" Miss Carter gasped.

"The way the Wilmington order has been handled proves that nothing fundamental is wrong," laughed Mears. "On the contrary, Dan is getting so spry I think we had better boost his salary a bit. That is what I had in mind the other day," he continued, turning to Miss Carter, "but I wanted to see how that big rush order came through."

Mr. Epperson had risen to his feet. His light blue eyes glared through his horn-rimmed glasses. "There is no reason, then, why I should detain you longer," he said stiffly.

"Only to let us thank you for your very able services," said John.

Miss Carter followed the expert out. The narrow bookkeeper was slipping into his coat.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To deposit this check," he explained, showing her a slip of thin paper. "Mr. Mears went down to Norfolk and squeezed that big past-due account out of old Robinson. Say, the boss is a hustler, ain't he?"

Miss Carter's eyes were blurred with moisture. As she dabbed them clear, she saw Mears and Moran come out of the private office, the young president's pin-checked arm laid affectionately upon the old superintendent's blue flannel shoulder.

"The White Arc"—by Henry Kitchell Webster. A big, fine new serial—a gripping story of American life to-day—begins in the November number.

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ALL DRESSED UP AND A REAL PLACE TO GO

IT'S a new suit, that's all. We have ordered it for November.

We are going to wear it for the first time on October twenty-third.

We've taken a lot of pains to have it just right both in material and workmanship. We are sure that our old friends are going to say "How well you look!" And we are planning to visit around a lot, renewing acquaintances and making new ones.

Naturally, we have been very busy. But we can honestly say that while we have been going through the period of fittings and all that sort of thing, we haven't for a moment let down on our job.

And we know what our job is.

When the November EVERYBODY'S *comes out on the stands, it isn't going to be a case of a magazine "all dressed up and no place to go."*

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE not only knows what its job is; it is on a job of its own choosing. Look over the magazine field. Where, in the ranks of the magazines of general circulation, is there one with a record of achievement equal to that of EVERYBODY'S? There isn't one.

The reason is simple.

EVERYBODY'S has always been a magazine with a mission. That mission has been service. The ambition really to serve, to contribute a share as large as possible to the happiness, progress, and power of the American people has been a driving force that has won for EVERYBODY'S a place apart in the minds of those who read.

If that sounds like self-praise it sounds wrong. It is merely stating a fact—a fact of which EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is exceedingly proud.

Down in Washington not very long ago, the editor of EVERYBODY'S was talking to a very able and very powerful newspaper proprietor. The conversation had turned to the opportunities of a periodical to render service to the Government in a national crisis, such as this country has faced since the beginning of the war. The editor of EVERYBODY'S had expressed his feeling that a monthly publication, with but twelve opportunities a year for its voice to be heard, could do so little in comparison with the almost overwhelming amount of work that must be done.

"Why, man," said the newspaper publisher, "don't you know it was you who pulled the trigger in the movement for preparedness that is carrying us toward universal military training?"

That's what we mean.

EVERYBODY'S did "pull the trigger," and the preparedness campaign begun by EVERYBODY'S, 'way back in 1914, was not the first of the occasions when the trigger of a great national movement has been pulled by EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

The constant effort of every member of the staff of EVERYBODY'S *is directed to producing a monthly magazine that will be at once important, instructive, and entertaining.*

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE isn't a personal organ. It isn't a publication whose ambition is to satisfy a passing taste. It lives in the future, in the present, and in the past.

EVERYBODY'S has become an institution. The end toward which it is striving is to plan so securely and so symmetrically that side currents, however strong, may never divert it from its purpose to be a serviceable part of the very life of the nation.

In changing the size and appearance of EVERYBODY'S, we are merely acceding to what we believe now to be the popular demand. We are confident that these changes can be made without in any way affecting the friendships that exist between EVERYBODY'S and the American public, and without in the slightest degree impairing the power for achievement that has come to EVERYBODY'S through years of conscientious endeavor to serve.

We are all going to like the bigger EVERYBODY'S.

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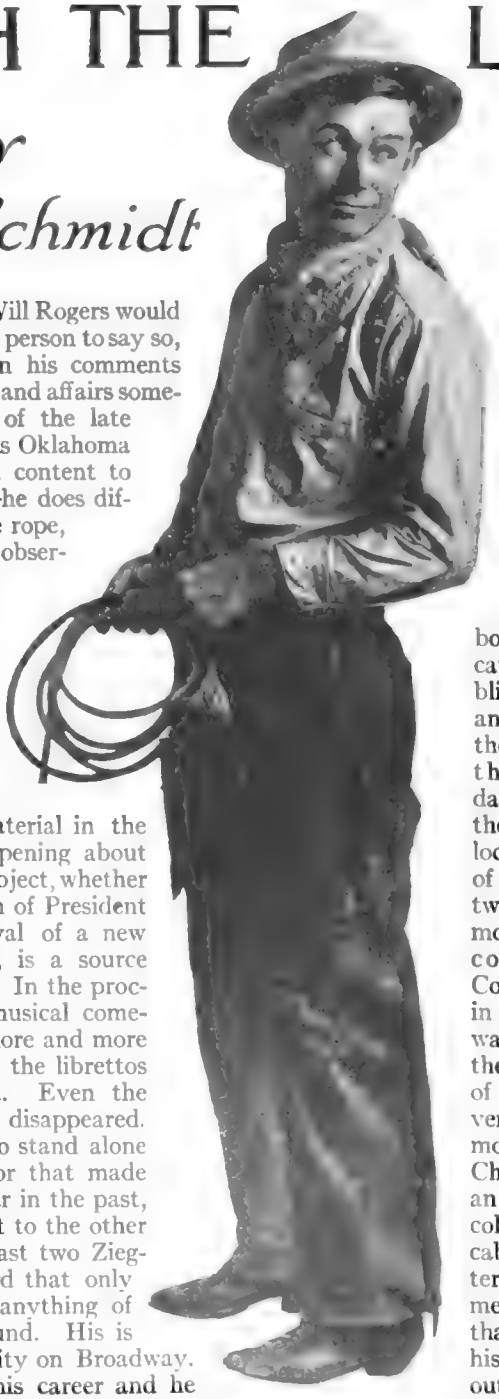
THE PHILOSOPHER WITH THE LARIAT

by

Karl Schmidt



Photograph by White

THOUGH Will Rogers would be the last person to say so, there is in his comments upon men and affairs something of the flavor of the late W. S. Gilbert. This Oklahoma cowboy who is not content to do one thing well—he does difficult tricks with the rope, and makes shrewd observations on the news of the day—has a sixth sense of satire.

So far as our musical-comedy stage is concerned, he seems to be the one person who really finds his material in the things that are happening about him. Almost any subject, whether it be the last speech of President Wilson or the arrival of a new foreign commission, is a source of material to him. In the process by which our musical comedies have become more and more pleasing to the eye, the librettos have suffered most. Even the topical song has disappeared. Will Rogers seems to stand alone for the sort of humor that made light operas popular in the past, and it is no discredit to the other performers in the last two Ziegfeld Follies to record that only in his work is there anything of the Revue to be found. His is the unique personality on Broadway.

Ask him about his career and he will tell you: "Well, I was born, of course: you've got to be born; that's about the only thing you have to do to get on the stage."

But really the journey from Oklahoma to Broadway was not so easily accomplished.

"I don't know just what year the stupendous event took place," he confides, "but I am supposed to be about thirty-eight years on the trail. I was born the year after all the cattle had died from the blizzard in our country, and any old longhorn out there can tell you when that was. The history-dating event was staged on the very ranch I have now located in Cherokee nation of the old Indian territory, twelve miles north of Claremore, which is now the county seat of Rogers County, Oklahoma, named in honor of my father. He was the oldest settler in the county and a member of the Constitution Convention of the state. My mother was a quarter-breed Cherokee and my father an eighth. Like Abe Lincoln I was born in a log cabin. I grew up in the old territory and my father sent me to about all the schools that there were. He tried his best to make something out of me, but I never stayed very long at school.

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I got as far as the fourth reader and every year, going to a new school, I would tell them I had finished the third, and they would start me in the fourth. I got to know the work by heart just from hearing the lessons said, and I got the reputation of being a bright boy. I guess I bogged down in that fourth grade for at least six years. I had education pretty well figured out—I could have a good time and still not learn anything."

When schooldays were over, Will Rogers went first to the ranches in the West—West from the viewpoint of Oklahoma—then to the cattle country in South America, and then by way of London to South Africa. Here the Boer War upset ranching, and Rogers turned to breaking horses for the British Government. When he began to think about going home he had no money. On the various ranches where he had been employed he had done rope throwing in exhibition. This suggested to him a chance to get back to the States. Thus after three years he was able to get back third-class.

Once on the stage he stayed on. With prosperity in vaudeville he branched out into a miniature Wild West Show, and traveled everywhere with an act that included a horse. As yet no monologue. One day a manager of a theatre told him that one of his most difficult tricks did not get the applause it merited because Eastern audiences knew nothing of rope-throwing. There would be greater appreciation if the difficulties of the trick were explained.

"I fell for it. I went out and talked. The people out front laughed and I got sore. I didn't see why they should laugh at me. I knew my grammar was not big league stuff; but I'd always figured out that just as long as I didn't try to spell the words I used, I'd get by. For three or four days I stuck to the rope in grim silence, but the start had been made, and from then on the monologue has been part of my act."

Not only are all of Will Rogers's lines his own work, but often, when he appears with a musical comedy, he does not rehearse with the company. He is authority for the statement that on the opening night of the current Follies, Mr. Ziegfeld was his best audience.

The act changes—in the two years and a half that he has appeared in the Follies and the Midnight Frolic it has changed frequently because of the numerous repeaters in the audience. No need to look to see if the orchestra laughs—the old test for the extemporaneous line—the monologue is always different. To-night, eight minutes, to-morrow, twelve, about the shortest turn for which there is any record.

Nor does the proportion of talk to rope-throwing remain constant. At a recent performance Will Rogers confessed that Mr. Ziegfeld had told him that he was getting to be too much of a socialist—"all talk and no work." That night there was more of the rope.

NOTHING in the spring and early summer gave him so much chance as the foreign commissions. Speaking of these commissioners coming over here: "Weren't we lucky to find that we had a man that knew all the different flags so we knew what ones to put out next? South American countries are coming into the war. Let them come in. This is no private war. Since the loan, they tell me Venezuela wants to cancel three revolutions to get in. When the Portuguese come here I am going to take and show them the theatre where Gaby played."

Then he flits to the price of paper: "If the newspapers would only quit printing the speeches of these visiting commissioners, and Mrs. Vernon Castle's picture, the price of paper would be normal."

"Yes, I like the stage," he will tell you, "and as long as I can hang and rattle with it, some farmer is losing about a twenty-eight-per-cent. efficient farmhand. If I can keep on my friendly relations with the audience and not have them suffer, I will stick to my job on what is in the newspapers, and not try to put over any outside propaganda as von Bernstorff did; and when I do get my papers—in the nature of the audience not liking my little act—I will not pull one of those strategic victories, by saying the people don't know a good act when they see one. I will bundle up my wife and three little Cherokees and burn the breezes for the tall grass of Oklahoma, get me one of those long-distance shooting guns, that some of our boys will have captured and brought home from Berlin, and point it down the main road. If ever I see a man coming down the road with a newspaper I will cut the gun loose and just keep on living in ignorance."

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LONG LIVE THE KING!

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

KING OTTO LOOKED CAREFULLY AT THE PENNY, AND THEN CLOSED THE LID.

AFFAIRS at the Court of Livonia are not happy. The King, old and frail, has not more than a year to live. The heir apparent, Prince Ferdinand William Otto, is a boy of ten. There are stirrings of revolution all through the kingdom. A secret Terrorist society, which had assassinated Otto's father, has reorganized and grown powerful. One afternoon Otto runs away from the Opera and meets an American boy, Bobby Thorpe, whose father is manager of a scenic railway in the park, and, to Otto's wild delight, Bobby takes him for a ride. The Crown Prince returns to the Palace very dirty and disheveled.

That night the King and his Chancellor, Mettlich, confer over the boy's danger, and end by appointing Lieutenant Nicholas Larisch to have constant charge of him. This arrangement appeals to Otto, who adores "Nikky," and also to Otto's cousin Hedwig, next in line after Otto, who is inclined to adore Nikky herself. But other plans are being made for Hedwig. Mettlich has convinced the King that the safety of the country demands an alliance between Livonia and her neighbor Karnia: Hedwig must marry Karl, King of Karnia, whom she loathes. The Chancellor unfolds this plan to Hedwig's mother, the Archduchess Annunciata, and wins her grudging consent. The same afternoon Nikky is told of the marriage plan and pledged to loyalty—before Hedwig herself hears the news.

But the Countess Loschek, lady in waiting to Annunciata, and spy in King Karl's service, knows; and, loving Karl herself, she resolves to prevent the marriage.

Meantime she prepares a code letter giving King Karl full data about Livonia's army and equipment, and slips it out to a messenger. But she is seen by a member of the Terrorists, and that night her messenger is attacked, and while he is unconscious a blank letter is substituted. Nikky happens to get in on the fight, and helps the wounded messenger home. Later, from the cathedral steps, he sees this same man pass his letter to a confederate in a car. Nikky hides in the car, and after it has crossed into Karnia, overpowers the driver, gets the letter, and forces the man to reveal its destination. He then changes clothes with the messenger from Karnia and leaves him, bound, concealed near the roadside; puts cigaret papers in place of the supposed letter, which he tucks into his cap lining—without looking at it—and proceeds to King Karl's hunting-lodge. Here his skill is unequal to the situation: he is forced into King Karl's presence and the letter he has believed so precious, the blank substitute, is taken from him.

In Livonia, meantime, Hedwig's marriage has been pushed forward, and Mettlich starts

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for Karnia to complete negotiations. It is he who, coming upon the bound messenger of Karnia, discovers Nikky's whereabouts, and secures his release, as a step in the arrangements by which Hedwig is signed over to King Karl. Back in Livonia, Nikky confesses to Hedwig that he loves her, but firmly refuses to break his pledge of loyalty. The Terrorists, knowing the Countess Olga's secret, summon her before the dread Committee of Ten, and demand that she prevent the alliance of Hedwig and Karl and help them abduct the Crown Prince Otto.

Shadowed by members of the Committee, Olga visits her ancestral castle at Etzel, and later goes to Karl in Karnia to acquaint him with the critical conditions in Livonia, in the blind hope that she may thus prevent his marriage with Hedwig.

Her attempt is a failure. Karl has ceased to love her and, realizing her great jealousy, he discredits the information she brings him—of the King's desperate illness, of the Terrorists' plans, of the secret passage from the Palace that has been reopened, ready for instant flight. The outer opening of this passage, in the city wall, has in the meantime—though Olga does not know it—been found by Bobby, the American boy, and old Adelbert, once a loyal soldier, who is now embittered through Terrorist influence and ready to turn traitor. He knows the fate of the kingdom lies in his hands.

Meanwhile, the Crown Prince goes on a pilgrimage to Etzel, to pray for his grandfather's life. Old Adelbert appears by appointment before the Committee of Ten, to give his traitorous information. King Karl has a plain talk with Hedwig, and tries, with very poor success, to win her love, and the Countess Olga causes further trouble. To revenge herself on Karl she persuades Hedwig to try to induce Nikky to elope. This, Hedwig attempts, but she is unsuccessful, though Nikky breaks his trust of the Crown Prince to meet her on the Palace roof. The Countess, while Nikky is gone, stays with Otto, around whom plots thicken. The Committee is already on its way to capture him. Becoming panic-stricken and unable to see this happen, Olga leaves.

Otto, freed from restraint and lonely, goes up to the now deserted roof to find a lost ball. There he meets Bobby and his dog, in carnival attire, dressed as pirates, and joins them. Then follows a day of wild delight, with uninterrupted play amid the carnival crowds, ending with a birthday dinner at Bobby's home.

All through the day the Crown Prince is unrecognized, till the close of the dinner, when the placing on his head of a paper crown discloses his identity to Bobby's Fräulein, who is a Terrorist spy. Unnoticed, she slips from the room.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

The King is Dead

NOW at last the old King's hour had come. Mostly he slept, as though his body, eager for its long rest, had already given up the struggle. Stimulants, given by his devoted physician, had no effect. Other physicians there were, a group of them, but it was Doctor Weinberger who stood by the bed and waited.

Father Gregory, his friend of many years, had come again from Etzel, and it was he who had administered the sacrament. The King had roused for it, and had smiled at the father.

"So!" he said, almost in a whisper, "You would send me clean! It is hard to scour an old kettle."

Doctor Weinberger bent over the bed. "Majesty," he implored, "if there is anything we can do to make you comfortable——"

"Give me Hubert's picture," said the King. When his fingers refused to hold it, Annunciata came forward swiftly and held it before him. But his heavy eyes closed. With more intuition than might have been expected of her, the Archduchess laid it on the white coverlet, and placed her father's hand on it.

The physicians consulted in an alcove. Annunciata went back to her restless, noiseless pacing of the room. Father Gregory went to a window, and stared out. He saw not the silent crowd in the Place, but many other things; the King, as a boy, chafing under the restraint of court ceremonial; the King, as a young man, taking a wife who did not love him. He saw the King madly in love with his wife, and turning to excesses to forget her. Then, and for this the old priest thanked the God who was so real to him, he saw the Queen bear children, and turning to her husband because he was their father. They had lived to love deeply and truly.

Then had come the inevitable griefs. The Queen had died, and had been spared a tragedy, for Hubert had been violently done to death. And now again a tragedy had come, but one the King would never have.

The two sisters of mercy stood beside the bed, and looked down at the quiet figure.

"I should wish to die so," whispered the

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elder. "A long life, filled with many deeds, and then to sleep away!"

"A long life, full of many sorrows!" observed the younger one, her eyes full of tears. "He has outlived all that he loved."

"Except the little Otto."

Their glances met, for even here there was a question.

As if their thought had penetrated the haze which is, perhaps, the mist that hides from us the gates of heaven, the old King opened his eyes.

"Otto!" he said. "I—wish——"

Annunciata bent over him. "He is coming, father," she told him, with white lips.

She slipped to her knees beside the bed, and looked up to Doctor Weinberger with appealing eyes.

"I am afraid," she whispered. "Can you not——?"

He shook his head. She had asked a question in her glance, and he had answered. The Crown Prince was gone. Perhaps the search would be successful. Could he not be held, then, until the boy was found? And Doctor Weinberger had answered, "no."

In the ante-chamber the Council waited, standing and without speech. But in an armchair beside the door to the King's room the Chancellor sat, his face buried in his hands. In spite of precautions, in spite of everything, the blow had fallen. The Crown Prince, to him at once son and sovereign, the little Crown Prince was gone. And his old friend, his comrade of many years, lay at his last hour.

Another regiment left the Palace, to break ranks beyond the crowd, and add to the searchers. They marched to a muffled drum. As the sound reached him, the old warrior stirred. He had come to this, he who had planned, not for himself but for his country. And because he was thinking clearly, in spite of his grief, he saw that his very ambition for the boy had been his undoing. In the alliance with Karnia, he had given the Terrorists a scourge to flay the people to revolt.

Now he waited for the King's death. Waited numbly. For, with the tolling of Saint Stefan's bell, would rise the cry for the new King.

And there was no King.

In the little room where the sisters kept their medicines, so useless now, Hedwig knelt at the *prie-dieu* and prayed.

She tried to pray for her grandfather's soul, but she could not. Her one cry was for Otto, that he be saved and brought back. In the study she had found the burnt-wood frame, and she held it hugged close to her with its broken-backed F, its tottering W and wavering O, with its fat cupids in sashes, and the places where an over-earnest small hand had slipped.

Hilda stood by the stand, and fingered the bottles. Her nose was swollen with crying, but she was stealthily removing corks and sniffing at the contents of the bottles with the automatic curiosity of the young.

The King roused again. "Mettlich?" he asked.

The elder sister tiptoed to the door and opened it. The Council turned, dread on their faces. She placed a hand on the Chancellor's shoulder.

"His Majesty has asked for you."

When he looked up, dazed, she bent down and took his hand.

"Courage!" she said quietly.

The Chancellor stood a second inside the door. Then he went to the side of the bed, and knelt, his lips to the cold white hand on the counterpane.

"Sire!" he choked. "It is I—Mettlich."

The King looked at him, and placed his hand on the bowed gray friend. Then his eyes turned to Annunciata and rested there. It was as if he saw her, not the embittered woman of late years, but the child of the woman he had loved.

"A good friend, and a good daughter," he said, clearly. "Few men die so fortunate, and fewer sovereigns." His hand moved from Mettlich's head, and rested on the photograph.

The elder sister leaned forward and touched his wrist. "Doctor!" she said sharply.

Doctor Weinberger came first, the others following. They grouped around the bed. Then the oldest of them, who had brought Annunciata into the world, touched her on the shoulder.

"*Madame!*" he said. "*Madame.* I—His Majesty has passed away."

Mettlich staggered to his feet, and took a long look at the face of his old sovereign and king.

In the meantime, things had been happening in the room where the Council waited. The Council, free of the restraint of the Chancellor's presence, had fallen into low-voiced consultation. What was to be

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done? They knew already the rumors of the streets, and were helpless before them. They had done what they could. But the boy was gone, and the city rising. Already the garrison of the fortress had been ordered to the Palace, but it could not arrive before midnight.

Friese had questioned the wisdom of it, at that, and was for flight as soon as the King died. Bayerl, on the other hand, urged a stand, in the hope that the Crown Prince would be found.

Their voices, lowered at first, rose acrimoniously, almost they penetrated to the silent room beyond.

Into the discussion came Nikky Larisch, covered with dust and spotted with froth from his horse. He entered without ceremony, his boyish face drawn and white, his cap gone, his eyes staring.

"The Chancellor?" he said.

Some one pointed to the room beyond.

Nikky hesitated. Then, being young and dramatic, even in tragedy, he unbuckled his sword-belt and took it off, placing it on a table.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have come to surrender myself."

The Council stared.

"For what reason?" demanded Marschall coldly.

"I believe it is called high treason." He closed his eyes for a moment. "It is because of my negligence that this thing has happened. He was in my charge, and I left him."

No one said anything. The Council looked at a loss, rather like a flock of sheep confronting some strange animal.

"I would have shot myself," said Nikky Larisch, "but it was too easy."

Then, rather at a loss as to the exact etiquette of arresting one's self, he bowed slightly and waited.

The door into the King's bedchamber opened. The Chancellor came through, his face working. The door closed behind him.

"Gentlemen of the Council," he said. "It is my duty—my duty—to announce—" his voice broke; his grizzled chin quivered; tears rolled down his cheeks. "Friends," he said, pitifully, "our good King—my old comrade—is dead!"

The birthday supper was over. It had ended with an American ice-cream, brought in carefully by Pepy, because of its expensiveness. They had cut the cake with "Boby" on the top, and the Crown Prince had eaten far more than was good for him.

He sat, fingering the Lincoln penny and feeling extremely full and very contented.

Then, suddenly, from a far-off church a deep-toned bell began to toll slowly.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto caught it. Saint Stefan's bell! He sat up and listened. The sound was faint; one felt it rather than heard it, but the slow booming was unmistakable. He got up and pushed his chair back.

Other bells had taken it up, and now the whole city seemed alive with bells—bells that swung sadly from side to side, as if they said over and over: "Alas, alas!"

Something like panic seized Ferdinand William Otto. Some calamity had happened. Some one was—perhaps his grandfather.

He turned an appealing face to Mrs. Thorpe. "I must go," he said. "I do not wish to appear rude, but something is wrong. The bells——"

Pepy had been listening, too. Her broad face worked. "They mean but one thing," she said slowly. "I have heard it said many times. When Saint Stefan's tolls like that, the King is dead!"

"No! *No!*" cried Ferdinand William Otto, and ran madly out of the door.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Long Live the King!

WHILE the birthday supper was at its height, in the bureau of the concierge sat old Adelbert, heavy and despairing. That very day had he learned to what use the Committee would put the information he had given them, and his old heart was dead within him. One may not be loyal for seventy years, and then easily become a traitor.

He had surveyed stonily the costume in which the little Prince was to be taken away. He had watched while the boxes of ammunition were uncovered in their barrels, he had seen the cobbler's shop become a seething hive of activity, where all day men had come and gone. He had heard the press beneath his feet fall silent because its work was done, and at dusk he had with his own eyes beheld men who carried forth, under their arms, blazing placards for the walls of the town.

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Then, at seven o'clock, something had happened.

The concierge's niece had gone, leaving the supper ready cooked on the back of the stove. Old Adelbert sat alone, and watched the red bars of the stove fade to black. By that time it was done, and he was of the damned. The Crown Prince, who was almost of an age with the American lad upstairs, the Crown Prince was in the hands of his enemies. He, old Adelbert, had done it.

And now it was forever too late. Terrible thoughts filled his mind. He could not live thus, yet he could not die. The daughter must have the pension. He must live, a traitor, he on whose breast the King himself had pinned a decoration.

He wore his new uniform, in honor of the day. Suddenly he felt that he could not wear it any longer. He had no right to any uniform. He who had sold his country was of no country.

He went slowly out and up the staircase, dragging his wooden leg painfully from step to step. He heard the concierge come in below, his heavy footsteps reechoed through the building. Inside the door he called furiously to his niece. Old Adelbert heard him strike a match to light the gas.

On the staircase he met the Fräulein hurrying down. Her face was strained and her eyes glittering. She hesitated, as though she would speak, then she went on past him. He could hear her running. It reminded the old man of that day in the Opera, when a child ran down the staircase, and, as is the way of the old, he repeated himself: "One would think new legs grew in place of old ones, like the claws of sea-creatures," he said, fretfully. And went on up the staircase.

In his room he sat down on a straight chair inside the door, and stared ahead. Then, slowly and mechanically, he took off his new uniform and donned the old one. He would have put on civilian clothes, had he possessed any. For by the deeds of that day he had forfeited the right to the King's garb.

It was there that Black Humbert, hurrying up, found him. The concierge was livid, his massive frame shook with excitement.

"Quick!" he said, and swore a great oath. "To the shop of the cobbler, Heinz, and tell him this word: Here in the building is the boy."

"What boy?"

The concierge closed a great hand on the veteran's shoulder. "Who but the Crown Prince himself!" he said.

"But I thought—how can he be here?"

"He is here, in our very hands. It is no time to ask questions."

"If he is here——"

"He is with the Americans," hissed the concierge, the veins on his forehead swollen with excitement. "Now go, and quickly. I shall watch. Say that when I have secured the lad, I shall take him there. Let all be ready. An hour ago," he said, raising his great fists on high, "and everything lost. Now—hurry, old wooden leg. It is a great night."

"But—I can not. Already I have done too much. I am damned. I have lost my soul. I who am soon to die——"

"*You will go.*"

And, at last, he went, hobbling down the staircase recklessly, because the looming figure at the stair-head was listening. He reached the street. There, only a block away, was the cobbler's shop, lighted but with the dirty curtains drawn across the window.

Old Adelbert gazed at it. Then he commended his soul to God, and turned toward the Palace.

He passed the Opera. On carnival night it should have been open and in gala array, with lines of carriages and machines before it. It was closed, and dreary. But old Adelbert saw it not at all. He stumped along, panting with haste and exhaustion, to do the thing he had set himself to do.

Here was the Palace. Before it were packed dense throngs of silent people. Now and then a man put down a box, and rising on it, addressed the crowd, attempting to rouse them. Each time angry hands pulled him down, and hisses greeted him as he slunk away.

Had old Adelbert been alive to anything but his mission, he would have seen that this was no mob of revolutionists, but a throng of grieving people, awaiting the great bell of Saint Stefan's with its dire news.

Then, above their heads, it rang out, slow, ominous, terrible. A sob ran through the crowd. In groups, and at last as a whole, the throng knelt. Men uncovered and women wept.

Nikky, riding frantically up one street

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and down another, heard the bell. With his horse's bridle over his arm, he knelt on the cobblestones in the street and prayed at the passing of his king's soul. Also he added a word or two as to forgiveness for himself, for the thing he had unwittingly done. And if he shed a tear or two, why, there were many wet eyes in the city just then.

Then, having crossed himself and risen, Nikky rode again on his fruitless search.

The bell rang on. At its first notes old Adelbert stopped, staggered, almost fell. Then he uncovered his head.

"Gone!" he said. "The old King! My old King!"

His face twitched. But the horror behind him drove him on through the kneeling crowd. Where it refused to yield, he drove the iron point of his wooden leg into yielding flesh, and so made his way.

Here, in the throng, Olga of the *garderobe* met him, and laid a trembling hand on his arm. He shook her off, but she clung to him.

"Know you what they are saying?" she whispered. "That the Crown Prince is stolen. And it is true. Soldiers scour the city everywhere."

"Let me go," said old Adelbert, fiercely.

"They say," she persisted, "that the Chancellor has made away with him, to sell us to Karnia."

"Fools!" cried old Adelbert, and pushed her off. When she refused to release him, he planted his iron toe on her shabby one and worked his way forward. The crowd had risen, and now stood expectantly facing the Palace. Some one raised a cry and others took it up.

"The King!" they cried. "Show us the little King!"

But the balcony outside the dead King's apartments remained empty. The curtains at the long windows were drawn, save at one, opened for air. The breeze shook its curtains to and fro, but no small childish figure emerged. The cries kept up, but there was a snarl in the note now.

"The King! Long Live the King! *Where is he?*"

A man in a red costume, near old Adelbert, leaped on a box and lighted a flaming torch. "Aye!" he yelled. "Call for the little King. Where is he? What have they done with him?"

Old Adelbert pushed on. The voice of the revolutionist died behind him, in a chorus of fury. From nowhere, apparently, came lighted box-banners, proclaiming the Chancellor's treason, and demanding a Republic. Some of them instructed the people to gather around the Parliament, where, it was stated, leading citizens were already forming a Republic. Some, more violent, suggested an advance on the Palace.

The crowd at first ignored them, but as time went on, it grew ugly. By all precedent, the new King should be now before them. What, then, if this rumor was true? *Where was the little King?*

Revolution now, in the making. A flame ready to blaze. Hastily, on the outskirts of the throng, a delegation formed to visit the Palace, and learn the truth. Orderly citizens these, braving the terror of that forbidding and guarded pile in the interests of the land they loved.

Drums were now beating steadily, filling the air with their throbbing, almost drowning out the solemn tolling of the bell. Around them were rallying angry groups. As the groups grew large, each drum led its followers toward the Government House, where, on the steps, the Revolutionary party harangued the crowd. Bonfires sprang up, built of no one knew what, in the public squares. Red fire burned. The drums throbbed.

The city had not yet risen. It was large and slow to move. Slow, too, to believe in treason, or that it had no king. But it was a matter of moments now, not of hours.

The noise penetrated into the very wards of the hospital. Red fires bathed pale faces on their pillows in a feverish glow. Nurses gathered at the windows, their uniforms and faces alike scarlet in the glare, and whispered together.

One such group gathered near the bedside of the student Haeckel, still in his lethargy. His body had gained strength, so that he was clothed at times, to wander aimlessly about the ward. But he had remained dazed. Now and then the curtain of the past lifted, but for a moment only. He had forgotten his name. He spent long hours struggling to pierce the mist.

But mostly, he lay, or sat, as now, beside his bed, a bandage still on his head, clad in shirt and trousers, bare feet thrust into worn hospital slippers. The red glare had not roused him, nor yet the beat of the drums. But a word or two that one of the nurses

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"THE CROWN PRINCE," HE SAID THICKLY, "IS AT THE HOME OF THE AMERICANS." HE STARED AROUND. "BUT THERE BE THOSE—WHO WAIT—THERE TO CAPTURE HIM."

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spoke caught his ear and held him. He looked up, and slowly rose to his feet. Unsteadily he made his way to a window, holding to the sill to steady himself.

Old Adelbert had been working his way impatiently. The temper of the mob was growing ugly. It was suspicious, frightened, potentially dangerous. The cry of "To the Palace!" greeted his ears as he finally emerged breathless from the throng.

He stepped boldly to the old stone archway, and faced a line of soldiers there. "I would see the Chancellor!" he gasped, and saluted.

The captain of the guard stepped out. "What is it you want?" he demanded.

"The Chancellor," he lowered his voice. "I have news of the Crown Prince."

Magic words, indeed. Doors opened swiftly before them. But time was flying, too. In his confusion the old man had only one thought, to reach the Chancellor. It would have been better to have told his news at once. The climbing of stairs takes time when one is old and gasping with fatigue, and but one leg to go on.

However, at last it was done. Past a room where sat Nikky Larisch, swordless and self-convicted of treason, past a great salon where a terrified Court waited, and waiting, listened to the cries outside, the beating of many drums, the sound of multitudinous feet, old Adelbert stumped to the door of the room where the Council sat debating, and the Chancellor paced the floor.

Small ceremony now. Led by soldiers, who retired and left him to enter alone, old Adelbert stumbled into the room. He was out of breath and dizzy; his heart beat to suffocation. There was not air enough in all the world to breathe. He clutched at the velvet hangings of the door, and swayed, but he saw the Chancellor.

"The Crown Prince," he said thickly, "is at the home of the Americans." He stared around. Strange that the room should suddenly be filled with a mist. "But there be those—who wait—there—to capture him."

He caught desperately at the curtains, with their royal arms embroidered in blue and gold. Shameful, in such company, to stagger so!

"Make—haste," he said, and slid stiffly to the ground. He lay without moving.

The Council roused then. Mettlich was the first to get to him. But it was too late.

Old Adelbert had followed the mist to the gates it concealed. More than that, sham traitor that he was, he had followed his king.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

In the Road of the Good Children

HAECKEL crept to a window and looked out. Bonfires were springing up in the open square in front of the Government House. Mixed with the red glare came leaping yellow flames. The wooden benches were piled together and fired, and by each such pyre stood a gesticulating, shouting red demon.

Guns were appearing now. Wagons loaded with them drove into the Square, to be surrounded by a howling mob. The percentage of sober citizens was growing—sober citizens no longer. For the little King had not been shown to them. Obviously he could not be shown to them. Therefore rumor was right, and the boy was gone.

Against the Palace, therefore, their rage was turned. The shouts for the little King turned to threats. The archbishop had come out on the balcony accompanied by Father Gregory. The archbishop had raised his hands, but had not obtained silence. Instead, to his horror and dismay, a few stones had been thrown.

He retired, breathing hard. But Father Gregory had remained, facing the crowd fearlessly, his arms not raised in benediction, but folded across his chest. Stones rattled about him, but he did not flinch, and at last he gained the ears of the crowd. His great voice, stern and fearless, held them.

"My friends," he said, "there is work to be done, and you lose time. We can not show you the King, because he is not here. While you stand there shrieking his enemies have their will of him. The little King has been stolen from the Palace."

He might have swayed them, even then. He tried to move them to a search of the city. But a pallid man, sweating with excitement, climbed on the shoulders of two companions, and faced the crowd.

"Aye, he is stolen," he cried. "But who stole him? Not the city. We are loyal. Ask the Palace where he is. Ask those who have allied themselves with Karnia. *Ask Mettlich.*"

There was more, of course. The cries of "To the Palace!" increased. Those behind

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pushed forward, shoving the ones ahead toward the archway, where a line of soldiers with fixed bayonets stood waiting.

The Archduchess and Hilda,with a handful of women, had fled to the roof, and from there saw the advance of the mob. Hedwig had haughtily refused to go.

It had seemed to Hedwig that life itself was over. She did not care very much. When the archbishop had been driven back from the balcony, she foresaw the end. She knew of Nikky's treason now, knew it in all its bitterness, but not all its truth. And, because she had loved him, although she told herself her love was dead, she sought him out in the room where he sat and waited.

She was there when old Adelbert had brought his news and had fallen, before he could finish.

Nikky had risen, and looked at her, rather stonily. Then had followed such a scene as leaves scars, Hedwig blaming him and forgiving him, and then breaking down and begging him to flight. And Nikky, with the din of the Place in his ears, and forbidden to confront the mob, listening patiently and shaking his head. How little she knew him, after all, to think that he would even try to save himself. He had earned death. Let it come.

He was not very clear himself, as to how it happened. He had been tricked. But that was no excuse. And in the midst of her appeal to him to save himself, he broke in to ask where Olga Loschek was.

Hedwig drew herself up. "I do not know," she said, rather coldly.

"But after all," Nikky muttered, thinking of the lady in waiting, "escape is cut off. The Palace is surrounded."

For a moment Hedwig thought she had won. "It is not cut off," she said. And spoke of the turret door, and whither it led.

All at once he saw it all. He looked at her with eyes that dilated with excitement, and then, to her great anger, shot by her and to the room where the Council waited. He was just in time to hear old Adelbert's broken speech, and to see him reel and fall.

At the hospital, Haeckel, the student, stood by his window, and little by little the veil lifted. His slow blood stirred first. The beating of drums, the shrieks of the crowd, the fires, all played their part. Another patient joined him, and together they looked out.

"Bad work!" said the other man.

"Aye!" said Haeckel. Then, speaking very slowly, and with difficulty. "I do not understand."

"The King is dead." The man watched him. He had been of interest to the ward.

"Aye," observed Haeckel, still uncomprehending. And then, "Dead—the King?"

"Dead. Hear the bell."

"Then—" But he could not at once formulate the thought in his mind. Speech came hard. He was still in a cloud.

"They say," said the other man, "that the Crown Prince is missing, that he has been stolen. The people are frenzied."

He went on, dilating on the rumors. Still Haeckel labored. The King! The Crown Prince! There was something that he was to do. It was just beyond him, but he could not remember. Then, by accident, the other man touched the hidden spring of his memory.

"There are some who think that Mettlich——"

"Mettlich!" That was the word. With it the curtain split, as it were, the cloud was gone. Haeckel put a hand to his head.

A few minutes later, a strange figure dashed out of the hospital. The night-watchman had joined the mob, and was at that moment selecting a rifle from a cart. Around the cart were students, still in their carnival finery, wearing the colors of his own corps. Haeckel—desperate of eye, pallid and gaunt, clad still in his hospital shirt and trousers—Haeckel climbed onto the wagon, and mounted to the seat, a strange swaying figure, with a bandage on his head. In spite of that, there were some who knew him.

"Haeckel!" they cried. The word spread. The crowd of students pressed close.

"What would you do?" he cried to them. "You know me. You see me now. I have been done almost to death by those you would aid. Aye, arm yourselves, but not against your king. We have sworn to stand together. I call on you, men of my corps, to follow me. There are those who to-night will murder the little King and put King Mob on the throne. And they be those who have tortured me. Look at me! This they have done to me." He tore the bandage off, and showed his scarred head. "Quick!" he cried. "I know where they

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hide, these spawn of hell. Who will follow me. To the King!"

"To the King!"

They took up the cry, a few at first, then all of them. More than his words, the gaunt and wounded figure of Haeckel in the cart, fought for him. He reeled before them. Two leaped up and steadied him, finally indeed, took him on their shoulders, and led the way. They made a wedge of men, and pushed through the mob.

"To the little King!" was the cry they raised, and ran, a flying wedge of white, fantastic figures. Those who were unarmed seized weapons from the crowd as they passed, urged by Haeckel, they ran through the streets.

Haeckel knew. It was because he had known that they had done away with him. His mind, working now with almost unnatural activity, flew ahead to the house in the Road of the Good Children, and to what might be enacting there. His eyes burned. Now at last he would thwart them, unless——

Just before they turned into the street, a horseman had dashed out of it and flung himself out of the saddle. The door was bolted, but it opened to his ring, and Nikky faced the concierge, Nikky, with a drawn revolver in his hand, and a face deathly white.

He had had no time to fire, no time even to speak. The revolver flew out of his hand at one blow from the flail-like arms of the concierge. Behind him somewhere was coming, Nikky knew, a detachment of cavalry. But he had outdistanced them, riding frenziedly, had leaped hedges and ditches across the Park. He must hold this man until they came.

Struggling in the grasp of the concierge, he yet listened for them. From the first he knew it was a losing battle. He had lost before. But he fought fiercely, with the strength of a dozen. His frenzy was equaled by that of the other man, and his weight was less by a half. He went down finally and lay still, a battered, twisted figure.

The cavalry, in the meantime, had lost the way, was riding its foam-flecked horses along another street, and losing time when every second counted.

But Black Humbert, breathing hard, had heard sounds in the street, and put up the chain. He stood at bay, a huge, shaken figure at the foot of the stone staircase. He was for flight now. But surely—outside at the door some one gave the secret knock of the tribunal, and followed it by the password. He breathed again. Friends, of course, come for the ammunition. But, to be certain, he went to the window of his bureau, and looked out through the bars. Students!

"Coming!" he called. And kicked at Nikky's quiet figure as he passed it. Then he unbolted the door, dropped the chain, and opened the door.

Standing before him, backed by a great crowd of fantastic figures, was Haeckel.

They did not kill him at once. At the points of a dozen bayonets, intended for vastly different work, they forced him up the staircase, flight after flight. At first he cried pitifully that he knew nothing of the royal child, then he tried to barter what he knew for his life. They jeered at him, pricked him shamefully from behind with daggers.

At the top of the last flight he turned and faced them. "Gentlemen, friends!" he implored. "I have done him no harm. It was never in my mind to do him an injury. I——"

"He is in the room where you kept me?" asked Haeckel, in a low voice.

"He is there, and safe."

Then Haeckel killed him. He struck him with a dagger, and his great body fell on the stairs. He was still moving and groaning, as they swarmed over him.

Haeckel faced the crowd. "There are others," he said. "I know them all. When we have finished here, we will go on."

In the back room they found the little King. They were fearful of frightening him, and only two went back, with the key that Haeckel had taken from the body of Black Humbert. They unlocked the door, to find his Majesty sitting on a chair, with a rather moist handkerchief in his hand. He was not at all frightened, however, and was weeping for his grandfather.

"Has the carriage come?" he demanded. "I am waiting for a carriage."

They assured him that a carriage was on the way, and were very much at a loss.

"I would like to go quickly," he said. "I am afraid—my grandfather—Nikky!"

For there stood Nikky in the doorway, a staggering, white-lipped Nikky. He was not too weak to pick the child up, and carry

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him to the head of the stairs. They had moved the body of the concierge, by his order. So he stood there, the boy in his arms, and the students, only an hour before in revolt against the King, cheered mightily.

They met the detachment of cavalry at the door, and thus, in state, rode back to the Palace where he was to rule, King Otto the Ninth. A very sad little King, for Nikky had answered his question honestly. A King who mopped his eyes with a very dirty handkerchief. A weary little King, too, with already a touch of indigestion!

Behind them, in the house on the Road of the Good Children, Haeckel, in an excess of fury, ordered the body of the concierge flung from a window. It lay below, a twisted and shapeless thing, beside the pieces of old Adelbert's broken sword.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

The Lincoln Penny

AND so, at last, King Otto the Ninth reached his Palace, and was hurried up the stairs to the room where the Council waited. Not at all a royal figure, but a tired little boy in gray trousers, a short black Eton coat and a rolling collar which had once been white.

He gave one glance around the room. "My grandfather!" he said. And fell to crying into his dirty pocket-handkerchief.

The Chancellor eyed grimly from under his shaggy brows the disreputable figure of his sovereign. Then he went toward him, and put his hand on his head.

"He was very eager for this rest, Otto," he said.

Then he knelt, and very solemnly and with infinite tenderness, he kissed the small, not overclean, hand.

One by one the Council did the same thing.

King Otto straightened his shoulders and put away the handkerchief. It had occurred to him that he was a man now and must act a man's part in the world.

"May I see him?" he asked. "I—didn't see him before."

"Your people are waiting, Sire," he said gravely. "To a ruler, his people must come first."

And so, in the clear light from the room behind him, Otto the Ninth first stood before his people. They looked up, and hard eyes grew soft, tense muscles relaxed. They saw the erectness of the small figure, the steadiness of the blue eyes that had fought back their tears, the honesty and fire and courage of this small boy who was their king.

Let such of the revolutionists as remained scream before the Parliament House. Let the flames burn and the drums beat. The solid citizens, the great mass of the people, looked up at the King and cheered mightily. Revolution had that night received its death blow, at the hands of a child. The mob prepared to go home to bed.

While King Otto stood on the balcony, down below in the crowd an American woman looked up, and suddenly caught her husband by the arm.

"Howard," she said. "Howard, it is Bobby's little friend!"

"Nonsense!" he retorted. "It's rather dramatic isn't it? Nothing like this at home! See, they've crowned him already."

But Bobby's mother looked with the clear eyes of most women, and all mothers.

"They have not crowned him," she said, smiling, with tears in her eyes. "The absurd little King! They have forgotten to take off his paper crown!"

The dead King lay in state in the royal chapel. Tall candles burned at his head and feet, set in long black standards. His uniform lay at his feet, his cap, his sword. The flag of his country was draped across him. He looked very rested.

In a small private chapel near by, lay old Adelbert. They could not do him too much honor. He, too, looked rested, and he, too, was covered by the flag, and no one would have guessed that a part of him had died long before, and lay buried on a battle-field. It was, unfortunately, his old uniform that he wore. They had added his regimental flag to the national one, and on it they had set his shabby cap. He, too, might have been a king. There were candles at his head and feet, also; but, also, he had now no sword.

Thus it happened that old Adelbert, the traitor, lay in state in the Palace, and that monks, in long brown robes, knelt and prayed by him.

Perhaps he needed their prayers. But perhaps, in the great accounting, things are balanced up, the good against the bad. In that case, who knows?

The Palace mourned, and the Palace rejoiced. Haeckel had told what he knew and the leaders of the Terrorists were in prison.

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Some, in high places, would be hanged with a silken cord, as was their due. And others would be esthetically disposed of. The way was not yet clear ahead, but the crisis was passed and safely.

Early in the evening, soon after he had appeared on the balcony, the Court had sworn fealty to Otto the Ninth. He had stood on the dais in the throne-room, very much washed and brushed by that time, and the ceremony had taken place. Such a shout from relieved throats as went up, such a clatter as swords were drawn from scabbards and held upright in the air.

"Otto!" they cried. And again "Otto!"

The little King had gone quite pale with excitement.

Late in the evening Nikky Larisch went to the Council room. The Council had dispersed, and Mettlich sat alone. There were papers all about him, and a glass of milk that had once been hot, stood at his elbow. Now and then, as he worked, he took a sip of it, for more than ever now he must keep up his strength.

When Nikky was announced he frowned. Then, very faintly, he smiled. But he was stern enough when the young soldier entered. Nikky came to the point at once, having saluted. Not, when you think of it, that he should have saluted. Had he not resigned from the service? Was not his sword, in token of that surrender, still on the table and partly covered with documents? Still he did. Habit, probably.

"I have come," he said, "to know what I am to do, sir."

"Do?" asked the Chancellor, coldly.

"Whether the Crown—whether the King is safe or not," said Nikky, looking dogged and not at all now like the picture of his mother. "I am guilty of—of all that happened."

The Chancellor had meant to be very hard. But he had come through a great deal, and besides he saw something Nikky did not mean him to see. He was used to reading men. He saw that the boy had come to the breaking-point.

"Sit down," he said, "and tell me about it."

But Nikky would not sit. He stood, looking straight ahead, and told the story. He left nothing out, the scene on the roof, his broken promise.

"Although," he added, his only word of extenuation, "God knows I tried to keep it."

Then, the message from the Countess Loschek, and his long wait in her boudoir, to return to the thing he had found. As he went on, the Chancellor's hand touched a button.

"Bring here at once the Countess Loschek," he said, to the servant who came. "Take two of the guard, and *bring her*."

Then, remembering the work he had to do, he took another sip of milk. "These things you have done," he said to Nikky, "and weak and wicked enough they are, but, on the other hand, you found the King."

"Others found him also. Besides, that does not affect my guilt, Sire," said Nikky steadily.

Suddenly the Chancellor got up and going to Nikky, put both hands on his shoulders.

"My boy, my boy," he said heavily, "I'm afraid I am very old. I have forgotten my youth and its temptations. I supposed I asked of you the impossible."

He turned to the table, ashamed of his emotion. There he saw Nikky's sword, and picking it up, handed it to him.

"Put it on," he said, almost irritably. "And then go away and let me have some peace. I need my brains to-night."

Nikky took it. He was trembling. "You mean, sir. I——"

"I mean," said the Chancellor, picking up a package of papers and running his eyes over them, "that King Otto the Ninth needs his friends too much to lose you."

Nikky buckled on his sword, and was about to swear a great oath. He had, however, only begun on it when the Chancellor spoke again: "We shall need soldiers, too," he said, without glancing up. "The alliance with Karnia is unpopular. It will have to be abandoned." He took another sip of milk.

QUITE to the end now, with the Countess not in her rooms or anywhere in the Palace. With the bonfires burned to cold ashes, and the streets deserted. With the police making careful search for certain men whose names Haeckel had given, and tearing frenzied placards from the walls. With Hilda sitting before her dressing-table, holding a silk stocking to her cheek, to see if she would look well in black. With Miss Braithwaite still lying in her drugged sleep, watched over by the sisters who had cared for the dead King, and with Karl, across the mountains, dreaming of a bride who would never be his.

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SO HE STOOD THERE, THE BOY IN HIS ARMS, AND THE STUDENTS CHEERED MIGHTILY.

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Quite to the end. Only a word or two now, and we may leave the little King, to fulfill his splendid destiny. Not a quiet life, we may be certain. Perhaps not a very peaceful or untroubled one. But a brave and steadfast and honorable one, be sure of that.

What would we gain by following Olga Loschek, eating her heart out in England, or the Committee of Ten, cowering in its cells; they had failed, as the wicked, sooner or later, must fail. Or Karl, growing fat in a prosperous land, alike greedy for conquest and too indolent for battle?

To finish the day then, and close with midnight.

Nikky first, a subdued and rather battered Nikky. He was possessed by a desire, not indeed unknown to lovers, to revisit the place where he and Hedwig had met before. The roof, no less. Not even then, that he hoped for himself any more than he had hoped before. But at least it would not be Karl.

He felt that he could relinquish her easier since it was not to be Karl. As if, poor Nikky, it would ever make any difference who it was, so it were not he!

Strangely enough, Hedwig also had had a fancy to visit the roof. She could not sleep. And, as she had not read the Chancellor's mind, her dressing-room, filled to overflowing with her trousseau, set her frantic.

So she had dismissed her maid and gone through Hubert's rooms to the roof. Nikky found her there. He stood quite still for a moment, because it was much too good to be true. Also, because he began to tremble again. He had really turned quite shaky that evening, had Nikky.

Hedwig did not turn her head. She knew his steps, had really known he must come, since she was calling him. Actually calling, with all her determined young will. Oh, she was shameless!

But now that he had come, it was Nikky who implored, and Hedwig who held off.

"My only thought in all the world," he said. "Can you ever forgive me?" This was tactless. No lover should ever remind his lady that he has withstood her.

"For what?" said Hedwig, coolly.

"For loving you so." This was much better, quite strategic, indeed. A trench gained!

"Do you really love me? I wonder."

But Nikky was tired of words, and rather afraid of them. They were not his weapons. He trusted more, as has been said somewhere else, in his two strong arms.

"Too much ever to let you go," he said. Which means nothing unless we take it for granted that she was in his arms. And she was, indeed.

The King, having been examined and given some digestive tablets by the Court physicians—a group which, strangely enough, did not include Doctor Weiderman—had been given a warm bath and put to bed.

There was much formality as to the process now, several gentlemen clinging to their hereditary right to hang around and be nuisances during the ceremony. But at last he was left alone with Oskar.

Alone, of course, as much as a king is ever alone, which, what with extra sentries and so on, is not exactly solitary confinement.

"Oskar!" said the King from his pillow.

"Majesty!"

Oskar was gathering the royal garments, which the physicians had ordered burned, in case of germs.

"Did you ever eat American ice-cream?"

"No, Majesty. Not that I recall."

"It is very delicious," observed the King, and settled down in his sheets. He yawned, then sat up suddenly—"Oskar!"

"Yes, Majesty."

"There is something in my trousers' pocket. I almost forgot it. Please bring them here."

Sitting up in bed, and under Oskar's disapproving eye, because he too was infected with the germ idea, King Otto the Ninth felt around in his small pockets, until at last he had found what he wanted.

"Have I a small box anywhere, a very small box?" he inquired.

"The one in which your Majesty's sealring came is here. Also there is one in the study which contained crayons."

"I'll have the ring box," said his Majesty. And soon the Lincoln penny rested on a cushion of white velvet, on which were the royal arms.

King Otto looked carefully at the penny, and then closed the lid.

"Whenever I am disagreeable, Oskar," he said, "or don't care to study, or—or do things that you think my grandfather would not have done, I wish you'd bring me this box. You'd better keep it near you."

He lay back. "Did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln, Oskar?" he asked.

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"I—I have heard the name, Majesty," Oskar ventured cautiously.

"My grandfather thought he was a—great—man." His voice trailed off. "I—should—like——"

The excitements and sorrows of the day left him gently. He stretched his small limbs luxuriously, and half turned upon his face. Oskar drew the covering in stiff and geometrical exactness across his small figure, and tiptoed out of the room.

Sometime after midnight the Chancellor passed the guard and came into the room. There, standing by the bed, he prayed a soldier's prayer, and into it went all his hopes for his country, his grief for his dead sovereign, his loyalty to his new King.

King Otto, who was, for all the digestive tablets, not sleeping well, roused and saw him there, and sat upright at once.

"Is it morning?" he asked, blinking.

"No, Majesty. Lie down and sleep, again."

"Would you mind sitting down for a little while? That is, if you are not sleepy."

"I am not sleepy," said the Chancellor, and drew up a great chair. "If I stay, will you try to sleep?"

"Do you mind if I talk a little? It may make me drowsy."

"Talk if you like, Majesty.

King Otto eyed him gravely. "Would you mind if I got on your knee?" he asked almost timidly. In all his life no one had so held him, and yet Bobby, that very evening, had climbed on his father's knee. "I would like to try how it feels."

"Come, then," said the Chancellor.

The King climbed out of bed and up on his lap. His Chancellor reached over and dragged a blanket from the bed.

"For fear of a cold!" he said, and draped it about the little figure. "Now, how is that?"

"It is very comfortable. May I put my head back?"

Long, long years since the Chancellor had sat thus, with a child in his arms. His sturdy old arms encircled the boy closely.

"I want to tell about running away," said the King, wide-eyed in the dusk. "I am sorry. This time I am going to promise not to do it again."

"Make the promise to yourself, Majesty. It is the best way."

"I will. I intend to be a very good king."

"God grant it, Majesty."

"Like Abraham Lincoln?"

"Like Abraham Lincoln," said the Chancellor, gravely.

The King, for all his boasted wakefulness, yawned again, and squirmed closer to the old man's breast.

"And like my grandfather," he added.

"God grant that, also."

This time it was the Chancellor who yawned. He was very weary, and very sad.

Suddenly, after a silence, the King spoke: "May a king do anything he wants?"

"Not at all," said the Chancellor, hastily.

"But if it will not hurt the people? I want to do two things, or have two things. They are both quite easy." His tone was anxious.

"What are they?"

"You wouldn't like to promise first, would you?"

The Chancellor smiled in the darkness.

"Good strategy, but I am an old soldier, Majesty. What are they?"

"First, I would like to have a dog. One to keep with me."

"I—probably that can be arranged."

"Thank you. I do want a dog. And—" he hesitated.

"Yes, Majesty?"

"I am very fond of Nikky," said the King. "And he is not very happy. He looks sad, sometimes. I—I would like him to marry Hedwig, so we can all be together the rest of our lives."

The Chancellor hesitated. But, after all, why not? He had followed ambition all his life, and where had it brought him? An old man, whose only happiness lay in this child in his arms. "Perhaps," he said gently, "that can be arranged also."

The night air blew softly through the open windows. The little King smiled contentedly, and closed his eyes.

"I'm getting rather sleepy," he said. "But if I'm not too heavy, I'd like you to hold me a little longer."

"You are not too heavy, Majesty."

Soon the Chancellor, worn not with one day, but with many, was nodding. His eyes closed under his fierce eyebrows. Finally they both slept. The room was silent.

Something slipped out of the little King's hand, and rolled to the floor.

It was the box containing the Lincoln penny.

THE END.

"The White Arc"—a new serial by Henry Kitchell Webster—begins in November.

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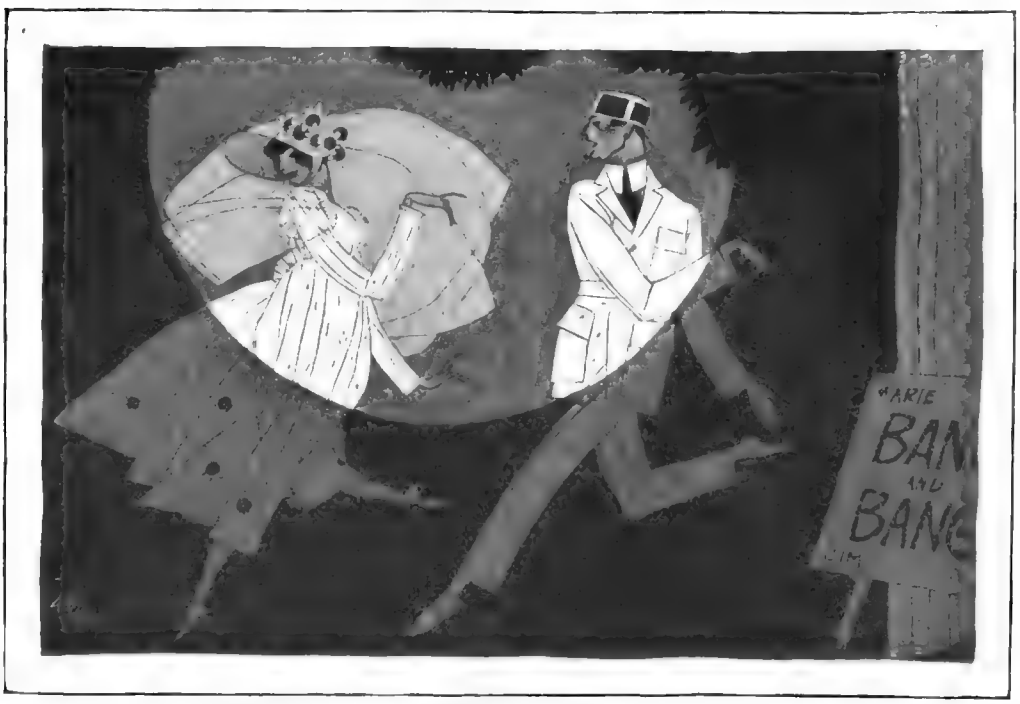
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE



HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A NUMBER of physicians on their way to a medical convention in Washington had gathered in the smoking compartment to discuss professional matters. The talk turned to germs and their dissemination. Just then the porter entered, waving his whisk-broom.

"Brush you off, suh?" he asked of the doctor nearest him.

"Here," said the doctor, indicating the whisk-broom, "is one of the finest little systems of spreading germs that was ever devised. This porter comes and he brushes me off; then he brushes you, and you, and you, and every one else; and starts a lot of germs flying about in the air, to be breathed in and start disease. I say that germs ought not to be disturbed in public. It's dangerous. They ought to be let alone—not thrown into the air by all this brushing."

There was a moment of silence, during which the porter grinned. He waved his brush.

"Come on, Doctah," he said, "and let me brush you off. Don't let dat idea about microbes bother you. What little brushin' I'se goin' to do ain't goin' to disturb no germs. No, suh!"

NERVOUS EMPLOYER: "Thomas, I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work."

OFFICE BOY: "I ain't working, sir; I'm only whistling."

SHE was never happy unless she was suffering from some malady or other. Her physician was at his wits' ends in treating her, because he disliked to dose her with medicines for imaginary ailments.

One day he examined her and found, as usual, that there was nothing wrong.

"I shall give you something for what troubles you, but you must promise faithfully to follow directions."

She assented, but much to her surprise found later that the directions were: "Keep this bottle tightly corked."

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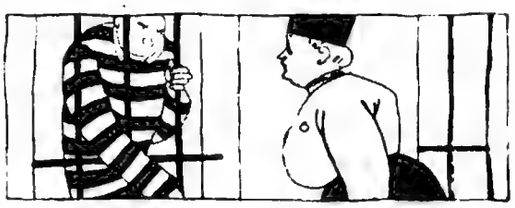
THE head of a certain manufacturing firm is an old gentleman who built up his business from nothing by dogged and persistent toil, and who never felt that he could spare the time for a holiday. Not long ago, however, he decided that he was getting on in years and that he was entitled to a rest; so, calling his son into the library, he said:

"Tom, I've worked hard for a long time and have done well, so I've decided to retire and turn the business over to you. What do you say?"

The young man hesitated a moment, then in sudden thought he suggested:

"I was just thinking, father," "how would it be for you to work a few years more and then we could both retire together?"



SHE was much interested in prison reform and was visiting a large prison one day.

"Don't any of your friends come to see you on visiting-days?" she asked of a big, burly ruffian.

"No'm," responded the ex-burglar; "they're all here wit' me."

LUELLA saw the circus for the first time and sat through the performance as primly as if at church.

"What was the matter?" her uncle asked the little lady later.

"Why, the clowns," she explained. "I could hardly keep from laughing at them."

MRS. JOHNSON, the widow, was engaged at her washtub, when there entered to see her Mr. Botts, a devoted admirer and suitor.

After a bit, Mrs. Johnson asked: "Yo' sho' yo' loves me?"

"Why, Mrs. Johnson, of co'se I's sho'!"

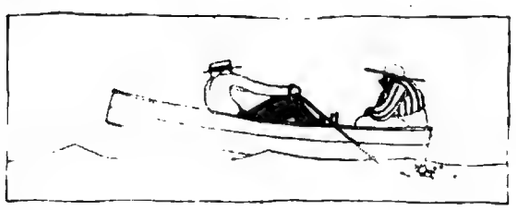
Then, from Mrs. Johnson, after a suspicious survey of Mr. Botts:

"Yo' ain't gone an' lost yo' job, has yo'?"

A GENTLEMAN who was visiting his lawyer for the purpose of making his will, insisted that a final request be attached to the document. The request was, that his Ford car be buried with him after he died. His lawyer tried to make him see how absurd this was, but failed, so he asked the gentleman's wife to use her influence with him. She did the best she could, but she also failed.

"Well, John," she said finally, "tell me *why* you want your Ford car buried with you?"

"Because I have never gotten into a hole yet but what my Ford could pull me out," was the reply.



UNDER the cottonwoods, in a boat tied close to the bank, a seedy-looking colored gentleman twitched a fish-line lazily through the waters of the lower Mississippi River. The heavily laden traveler eyed him for a moment and then shouted:

"Say, uncle, can you row?"

"No, Ah cain't ro'."

"Well, let me borrow the boat to go down to Bungtown for the train and I'll give you a dollar."

The darky hauled in his line with alacrity, the stranger jumped into the boat, picked up the oars, and pulled rapidly out into the stream. It was not long, however, before the hot sun showed its effects and the rower paused, panting for breath. His colored companion then seized the oars and began rowing with great speed and little apparent effort. Gasping in astonishment, his passenger remarked somewhat crisply:

"I thought you said that you couldn't row?"

"For lawdy sake, did yo' mean ro' a boat? Ah done thought yo' meant ro,' like a lion."

BILLTON (engaging new chauffeur): And have you any references from your last employer?

APPLICANT: No, sir; but I can get some in about a week.

BILLTON: Why the delay?

APPLICANT: He's in the hospital, sir.

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John Gordon, Printing Salesman talks about filling other men's waste baskets

"YES, yes" said Mr. Henry Mason, rather impatiently, "I understand all those things about Old Hampshire Bond, but you seem to persist in forgetting one very important factor."

"What is that, Mr. Mason?" asked Gordon.

"You seem to forget that I am thinking of using a large percentage of these letterheads for circular letters."

"Indeed I haven't forgotten that fact, Mr. Mason."

"Well, then—why do you—?"

"Because, Mr. Mason," Gordon broke in, "I am firmly convinced that if you think it worth while to send out circular letters at all, you should send out as good circular letters as possible."

"Yes, Gordon, theoretically you are right—but so many circular letters are consigned to the waste basket."

Mr. Mason pointed expressively to his own well filled waste basket alongside his desk.

"Exactly Mr. Mason—but why?" asked Gordon.

"Well," said Mr. Mason, slowly, "perhaps because they are of little interest to the man who gets them."

"Are your circular letters ever sent to men who have no interest in your business?" smiled Gordon.

"Not if I can help it" snapped Mr. Mason.

"Then the majority of your letters that go to other men's waste baskets will go there because they are not read.

"Perhaps" admitted Mr. Mason.

"And they are not read because they are not attractive.

"That's why I advocated Old Hampshire Bond for these letterheads, Mr. Mason," continued Gordon. "Ninety out of a hundred letters written on Old Hampshire Bond—circular letters or otherwise—are carefully read.

"Their very feel and crackle, their beautiful appearance, their reflection of the character and stability of your house, compel reading.

"I'll gamble, Mr. Mason," said Gordon, finally, "that at this moment there aren't any Old Hampshire Bond letters in that waste basket of yours."

Mr. Mason laughed.

"I don't believe there are myself, Gordon," he answered. "Let's go over those figures of yours again."

Old Hampshire Bond is the stationery best suited to those business houses which desire to create favorable impressions.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 4 OCTOBER, 1917 Vol. XXXVII

WILLIAM HARD

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D. E. Beeman

Doctor E. E. Beeman

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With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS.

"TO THE LAST CENT—TO THE LAST MAN—TO THE LAST HEART-BEAT"

WE HAVE been at war with Germany for six months, and——

To-night, in millions of homes in this fortunate country we shall be saying "good night," and seeking our pillows in perfect security only because in the shell-torn trenches of France, men of France by thousands are laying down their lives for us.

Our dreams will be peaceful, our rest unbroken, because men of Britain and Belgium in tortured Flanders awake from ghastly nightmares to ghastlier realities.

And on the morrow, because the British navy guards the gateways to the Atlantic, we shall go to our offices and about our profitable businesses as we always have.

We shall sit down to our noonday meal as usual, and as usual eat our fill because patient, courageous, self-denying women of France, of England, of a dozen lands are accepting a food pittance which barely ties the soul to the body.

For three years we have been a sheltered people.

For three years we have watched from a safe place the flood of treasure and blood poured out by others in their effort to strangle a Beast, whose jaws were, from the very beginning, slavering with the desire to sink in our fat flanks, and thus recoup richly the cost of his European orgy.

Let us be candid for once. Is it not true that a good many of us from that safe place were busy digging channels to divert to ourselves a good bit of the flood of treasure? And as for the blood poured out by others? Did we want to save that for our Victor Chapmans and our Norman Princes —that race of "eagles" to whom strict neutrality even denied the name "American?"

Are we as yet fully awake to the great truths of this situation?

Do we frankly acknowledge *now* how completely our present allies have been standing—still stand—between us and the Beast?

And, are we at last prepared to play our part?

"To the last cent—to the last man—to the last heart-beat?"

It is a good time to take a sober inventory of ourselves in this respect, for we are on the eve of another great bond offering, and its fate will measure exactly the conscious or unconscious attitude of millions of individual Americans toward this war.

Suppose we approach the taking of this inventory from an unusual angle? What do our French comrades believe it to contain?

Here, for example, is what the eloquent Viviani, fresh from his mission to us, and in the presence of General Pershing, told his fellow countrymen in the French Chamber, were our collective motives and purposes:—

> ***"To see a nation receiving fierce blows from an aggressor without crying out, and returning them without boasting; to see that nation united, the people of the factories and those of the trenches, the people of thought and the people of toil, to see these grouping themselves around their fighters; to see at the Marne the triumph of dash, at Verdun the triumph of patience; to see this palpitating capital, which German calumny had called the capital of pleasure and frivolity, so peaceful in tragic***

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WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

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hours, so calm when glory later came to shine upon our banners, reserving its enthusiasm for the day when universal right, by force of our arms, shall be implanted throughout the whole world—that is the spectacle which, I assure you, stirred to its depths the American soul.

"It would have been easy for America, if she had desired to stand aloof, to think only of her individual grievances at the hands of imperial Germany. She might have said that she could not tolerate on her own soil the tortuous intrigues of a faithless Ambassador. She might have said that she would never subject the honor of the land of Washington to the arrogance of Germany; that she could not bear to hear the cries of those unfortunate victims who, in summer evenings and winter nights, were hurled without warning, by criminal hands, into the depths of the sea.

"America did say these things, but she said more. Her merit after stating her own grievances, the thing that will constitute her historic honor before the world, is that she heard the cry of all humanity, that she invoked human right, universal right.

"America has entered the war with the belief that there can be no peace without victory, unless we are to be recreant in our duty to the tomb and to the cradle, and by the barbarous system that returns every thirty years, are to allow our sons to go upon the battle-field and stand where their fathers have fallen. She has entered knowing what she has to do; not only to continue what she did while still chained to neutrality—render us financial and economic service—but to go to the end with her full might, giving to the Allies immediate aid of every kind until victory is won by constant cooperation."

Do you find a little tightening of the throat as you read this characterization of your America? If so—it is true so far as you are concerned, and your inventory is right.

Do you say: "It has not been true of me up to this time, but, please God, I shall make it true from this time on?" Then your inventory is hopeful.

Do you say: "What rot!" But this cannot be—it is incredible that among EVERYBODY'S readers there is one content to purchase a sound night's sleep with the blood of men, the sufferings of women, and the famine of children!

For America is going to justify France's splendid faith in her.

In that justification there is place for the courageous, self-sacrificing troops we can send to stand side by side with the men of our allies.

There is place for our ships-of-war beside those of England and France at the gateways to the Atlantic, and for our carrying ships with their cargoes of life-giving grains and death-dealing munitions.

There is place for the "eagles," who will fly wing to wing with their brothers of France and England, and for the great soldiers of the Red Cross, who, on the very field of battle, will bind up the wounds of the stricken and find shelter for the homeless.

Great place is there for all these, but they can fill the place only with Time and Money.

Time our allies can provide, and we can improve it by raising and arming our troops, and by gathering equipment; but the Money, both for ourselves and for our allies, we can and must find.

Shall we ask: "How much?" in such an hour?

Shall we, like a miser sitting among his money-bags, financing a doubtful venture, say to France: "Give us the reckoning of the billions of treasure you have poured out, but do not add to it the toll of your ruined cities and countrysides, and of your hero dead?"

Shall we say this to England, to Servia, to Poland?

Or shall we pour out our great wealth gladly, freely, conscious of the enormity of our debt to our allies—living up to France's splendid vision of us, willing, if need be, to go down with our allies to bitter poverty if only in that way the world may be made safe for all our children?

How different that picture for the ages from one in which America alone issued from this great conflict rich and forever contemptible!

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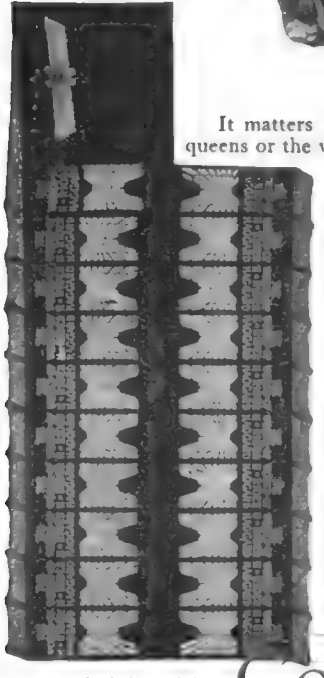

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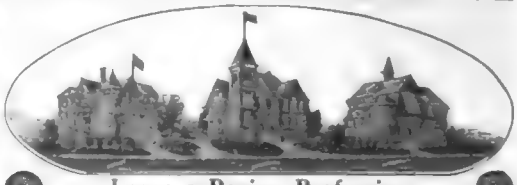

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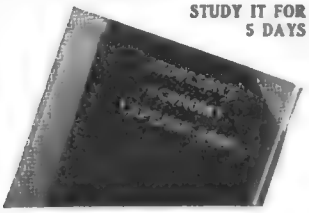

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Can be Secured Only Through Rejuvenating Vital Foods, says Dr. Burroughs.

The elements needed to nourish and repair wastes in the Brain and Nerves are not to be found in drugs, says Dr. Alfred Burroughs, but are derived solely from certain easily digestible vital foods—lean meats, game, poultry, fish, dairy products, etc., properly combined with green vegetables, juicy fruits and but little starchy foods. There has been much reliable proof of this statement thru 25 years tests made under the von Walden System of Brain and Body Building, which is the most accurate science we have, because it is based upon the effects produced by foods upon the human body. Examples show that when these rejuvenating vital foods are properly used increased brain power, greater nerve force, enduring vigor invariably follow; in fact the brain can be vitalized to meet the stress of the most exhausting mental activities; while wrong combinations of food invite disease discomfort, dullness and a lack of mental efficiency. Prof. von Walden's records show how the change from a clogging, death-producing diet to energizing foods, can cause literal transformation. One man, weighing 316 pounds, unable to lie down because of smothering spells, with dropsical swellings, catarrh, bronchial trouble, reduced his weight 126 pounds and found permanent relief from all his other ailments. A thin man, suffering from stomach trouble, irregular heart action and nervous exhaustion, was completely restored and added 35 pounds to his weight. A traveling salesman, unable to work for 3½ years, due to Angina Pectoris, suffering intense pain, unable to walk, was enabled to return to his work a well man.

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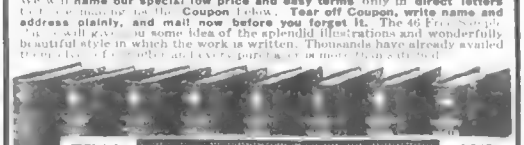

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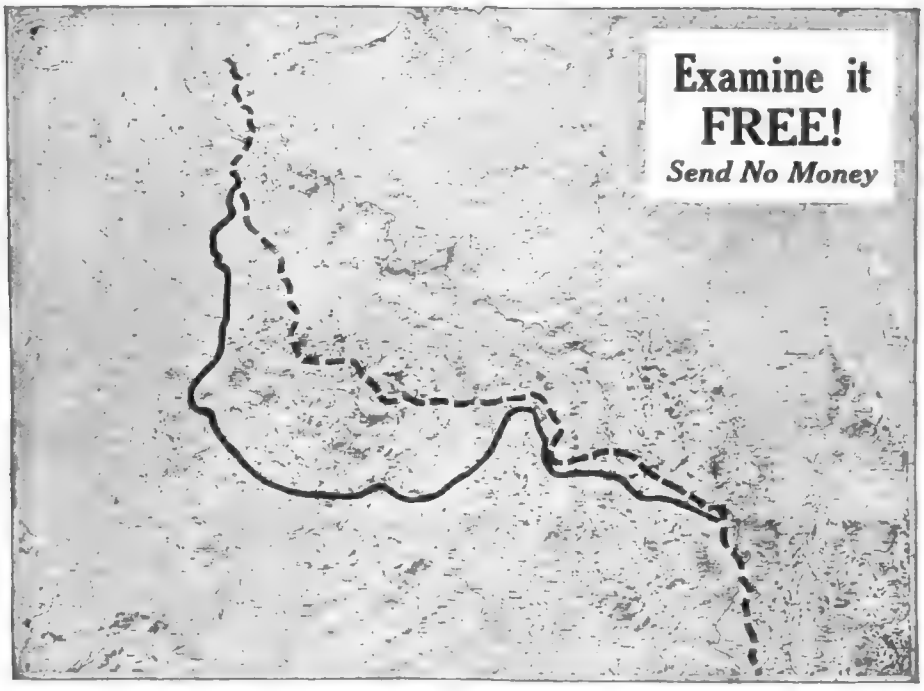

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On the News-stands October 23

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FOR lace curtains to look fresh and unworn in spite of repeated washings, something more is required than careful handling in the laundry and on the drying frame. The really important factor is the soap. If ordinary soap is used, they soon will show signs of wear. The delicate threads simply cannot withstand the destructive action of the free alkali and other harsh ingredients.

On the other hand, if they are washed with Ivory Soap, only common sense handling is needed to eliminate all risk of injury. Ivory Soap being free from uncombined alkali and all harmful materials, does not affect the strength and life of the finest threads. It does nothing but cleanse, and in the gentlest way imaginable.

To Wash Lace Curtains

SHAKE and brush to remove the dust and soak in soapy water over night. Work the curtains gently up and down in the water and squeeze them between the hands to get the dirt out. Put them into clean warm suds and keep changing the water until the curtains are clean. Never wring curtains by hand; lay them on a strip of cloth and put carefully through the wringer. Rinse well in several waters, and put through hot, moderately thick starch. If the curtains are white, the starch should be blued; if cream color, strong coffee should be added to it. Pin each point carefully to the drying frame and set in the air to dry. Two or three curtains may be dried at the same time on one frame. If you have no frame, lay clean sheets over the floor of an unused room, stretch the curtains into shape, square and true, and pin each point so that it will not slip. If points are out of shape when dry, they may be dampened with a cloth and ironed.

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How I Raised My Earnings from $30 to $1000 a week

The Story of a Young Man's Remarkable Rise, as Told by Himself

THREE years ago I was earning $30 per week. With a wife and two children to support it was a constant struggle to make both ends meet. We saved very little, and that only by sacrificing things we really needed. Today my earnings average a thousand dollars weekly. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to, and I do less work than ever before.

What I have done, anyone can do—for I am only an average man. I have never gone to college, my education is limited, and I am not "brilliant" by any means. I personally know at least a hundred men who are better business men than I, who are better educated, who are better informed on hundreds of subjects, and who have much better ideas than I ever had. Yet not one of them approaches my earnings. I mention this merely to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education and to convince my readers that there is only *one* reason for my success—a reason I will give herein.

One day, a few years ago, I began to "take stock" of myself. I found that, like most other men, I had energy, ambition, determination. Yet in spite of these assets, for some reason or other I drifted along without getting anywhere. My lack of education bothered me, and I had thought seriously of making further sacrifices in order to better equip myself to earn more. Then I read somewhere that but few *millionaires* ever went to college. Edison, Rockefeller, Hill, Schwab, Carnegie—not one of them had any more schooling than I had.

One day something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of no great consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover myself. Along towards dawn I resolved to try an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to put it "over"—that I would not be "afraid" of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to "give" me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—*to demand and command what I wanted.*

But how shall I begin? What shall I do first? It was easy enough for me to determine to do things—I had "determined" many times before. But this was a question of will power, and I made up my mind that the first step was to muster up enough of my own will power to stick to and carry out my determination.

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. I was sure that other men must have studied the subject, and the results of their experience would doubtless be of great value to me in understanding the workings of my own will. So, with a directness of purpose that I had scarcely known before, I began my search.

The results at first were discouraging. While a good deal had been written about the memory and other faculties of the brain, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be possible.

But a little later in my investigation I encountered the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson and Royce, had just completed the most thorough and constructive study

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of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of Training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought that my case is exceptional. Let me again assure you that I am but an average man, with no super-developed powers, save that of my will. And to further prove my contention, let me cite one or two instances I have since come across, which seem to show conclusively that an indomitable will can be developed by anyone.

One case that comes to my mind is that of a young man who worked in a big factory. He was bright and willing, but seemed to get nowhere. Finally he took up the study of will training, at the suggestion of Mr. W. M. Taylor, the famous efficiency expert, and in less than a year his salary was increased 800%. Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Just a short time after receiving the methods in will development suggested by Prof. Haddock, he felt that they would be worth from $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $90 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. These are but a few—there are many other equally amazing examples which I personally know about. And aside from the financial gain, this training has enabled thousands to overcome drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Pelton has authorized me to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 200,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will," are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 24-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

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A magic teaspoon is a solid metal teaspoon, to all appearances just like any other spoon until you use it; but immediately it is placed in a cup of hot tea or coffee—presto! It slips down into the cup and vanishes.

You will find only a nugget of soft gray metal in the bottom of the cup. The trick-spoon is made of certain metals mixed together. Separately, each has a high melting-point, but combined in certain proportions they melt at the temperature of moderately hot water, not gradually, as ice does, but "in a flash," the instant the critical temperature is reached.

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Any man who ever had a bad fire in his own thriving

enterprise will tell you to beware of taking chances.

Any official in a fire department will warn you against putting your faith in any safeguard that does not reduce your insurance rate from a third to a tenth of what you now pay.

An architect or insurance official will tell you fireproof walls will not save the business going on within them, as is proved by the insurance rate on the contents of "fireproof" buildings.

If your working capital is tied up, we shall be glad to give you the names of reputable concerns that will accept insurance savings as part of deferred payments on a Grinnell System. Frequently, the savings will pay off the entire cost in a few years.

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E. A. Arend, Architect.

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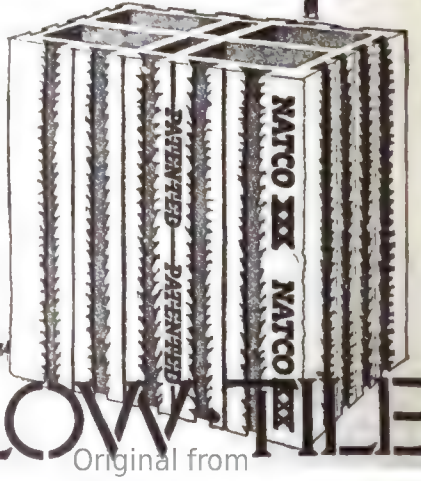

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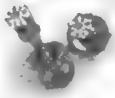

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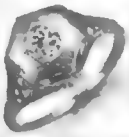

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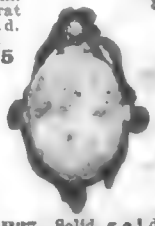

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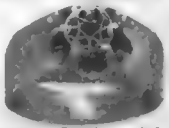

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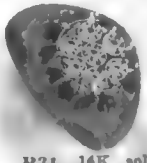

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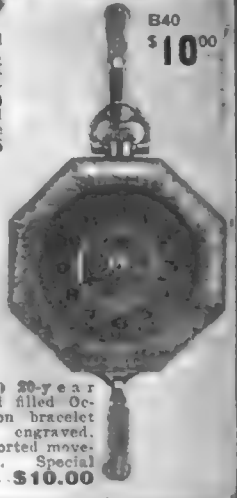

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ABBOTT, Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½ 3½x5¼	25.35 29.40	7	2-4	2	122	SF	32x4 33x4½ 32x3½	Vac.	Remy	$1295 to $2150
ALLEN, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	Sommer	3¾x5 3½x4½	22.5 15.63	5	4	2	112	FF	33x4 30x3½	Vac.	W'house	895 to 1195
ALTER, Plymouth, Mich.	2	4-6	Al-Chal	3x4½	21.60	5			106-114	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Al-Chal.	675 to 850
AMERICAN SIX, Plainfield, N. J.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4	5	2-4		122	¾F	32x4	Grav.	Gray & Davis	1375 to 2000
ANDERSON, Rock Hill, S. C.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	5-6	5		120	FF	33x4	Grav.	W'house	1393
APPERSON ROADPLANE Kokomo, Ind.	3	6-8	Own	3½x5 3¾x5	30 34	7	4	2	130	DF	34x4 35x4½	Vac.	Bijur	1990 to 3750
			Teetor	3½x5	23.44					¾F	34x4		Delco	
AUBURN, Auburn, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x3¼	29.40	5-7	2-4	3	120-131	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Remy	1195 to 1935
AUSTIN, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	12	Weidely	2¾x5	39.6	5-6-7	2-4	3	142	2S	34x4½	Vac.	Delco	3400 to 5200
BELL, York, Pa.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	19.6	5	4		112	FF	31x4	Vac.	Dyneto	895
BEN HUR, Cleveland, O.	1	6	Buda	3½x5¼	29.4	5-7	4	1	126	FF	34x5½	Vac.	W'house	1875 to 2750
BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa.	1	4		3¾x5½	22	4-5	2-4	4	121	¾F	32x4 33x4½ 30x3½	Vac. Grav.	Gray & Davis Disco	2500 to 4000
BIMEL, Sidney, Ohio	2	4-6				5	2		102-116	FF	32x4	Vac.	W'house	615 to 1150
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									106		31x4			
BUICK, Flint, Mich.	3	4-6	Own	3¾x4¾ 3½x4½	18.2 27.3	5-7	2	2	118 124	¼F FF	34x4 34x4½	Vac.	Delco	795 to 2175
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COEY FLYER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				5	2		106	SF	30x3½	Grav.		695
COLE 8, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	8	N'way	3½x4½	39.22	7	4	2	127	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Delco	1995 to 2695
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CROW ELKHART, Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	19.6	5	3		114	FF	32x3½	Grav.	Dyneto	845 to 935
CROWTHER DURYEA, Rochester, N. Y.	1	4				5	4		112		32x3½	Grav.	Dyneto	650
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DAVIS, Richmond, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	7	4	1	119-124	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Delco	1295 to 1795
DETROITER, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	5	4	2	119	SF	33x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	1395 to 1875
DISPATCH, Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	Wis.	3¾x5	22.5	7	2	1	120	New	36x3½	Vac.	D-U-S-L	1135 to 1400
DIXIE FLYER, Louisville, Ky.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5	16.92	5	4	1	112	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Dyneto	895 to 1295
DOBLE, Detroit, Mich.	1	2	Own	5x4		4-7	3	2	135		33x5	Pres.	Wag.Ltg	2500
DODGE BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4½	24	5	2	2	114	FF	32x3½	Vac.	No. East	835 to 1265
DORRIS, St. Louis, Mo.	1	6	Own	4x5	38	7	4	3	130	FF	36x4½ 30x3½	Vac.	W'house	2785 to 4150
DORT, Flint, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¼x5	16.9	5	3	2	105	¾F	31x4	Grav.	W'house	725 to 1095
DREXEL, Chicago, Ill.	2	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	5-7	4		112-118	¾F	33x4	Vac.	Bijur	985 to 1650
DRUMMOND, Omaha, Nebr.	1	8	Spillman	3x5	28.8	5	3-4		120	FF	34x4	Vac.	W'house	1800
DUNN, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	1	4	Own	3x4	14.5		2		84		28x2½	Grav.		295
EAGLE, Sandusky, Ohio	1	5	Own	3¼x5	30	5		1	118	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Wagner	1500 to 1850
ELCAR, Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	19.6	5	2-4		115	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Dyneto	845
ELGIN, Chicago, Ill.	1	6	Falls	3x4¼	21.6	5	4		116	FF	33x4	Vac.	Wagner	985
EMPIRE, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4-6	Teetor-Hartley Cont	3¾x5 3¼x4½	24 25.6	5-7	2-4	1	115-120	FF	33x4 34x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	1125 to 1625
ERIE, Painesville, Ohio	1	4	G B. & S.	3¾x4¼	23	5	2		118	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Dyneto	850
F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	1	4	Own	5¼x6	42	7	2	6	140	FF	34x4½	Vac.	W'house	5500 to 6550
FORD, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¾x4	22.5	5	2		100	FF	30x3	Grav.		345 to 645
FRANKLIN, Syracuse, N. Y.	1	6	Own	3½x5	25.3	5	2-4	5	115	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Dyneto	2000 to 3200
OEM, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	31.9	5			112	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Dyneto	845

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DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

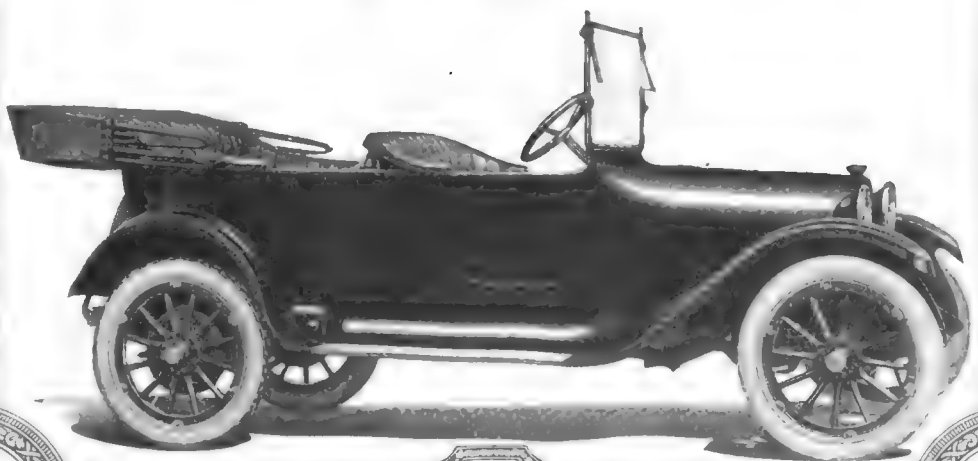
Owners everywhere report ridiculously small upkeep expenditures

The repair cost, except in case of accident, is next to nothing

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

Touring Car or Roadster, $835. In Canada, $1185
Sedan or Coupé, $1265. In Canada, $1800
All prices f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



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	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse-Power	Touring Car Passenger Cap.	Roadster Passenger Cap.	Encl. Bodies No. of Styles	Wheel-Base	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Starting and Lighting Systems	Range of Prices F. o. b. Factory
GLIDE, Peoria, Ill.	1	6	Rutenber	3½x5	23.44	5	4	1	119	FF	34x4	Vac.	W'house	$1295 to $1495
GRANT, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3x4½	21.6	5	3	2	112	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Wagner	875 to 1050
HACKETT, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	G. B.& S.	3½x4¼	22.5	5	4		112	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Dyneto	888
HAL TWELVE, Cleveland, Ohio	1	12	Weidely	2½x5	39.6	7	2-4	4	135	FF	34x4½	Vac.	W'house	2600 to 5000
HARVARD, Troy, N. Y.	1	4	Sterling	3x4½	14.4		2		100	SF	28x3	Grav.	Wagner	750
HATFIELD, Sidney, N. Y.	2	4	G. B.& S.	3½x4½	22.5	5	2		106-115	FF	31x4 32x4	Vac.	Dyneto Disco	875 and 950
				3½x5	29.4				121		34x4 34x4½		Leece-	
HAYNES, Kokomo, Ind.	2	6-12	Own	2¾x5	36.3	5-7	4	2	127	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Neville	1595 to 2690
HOLLIER, Chelsea, Mich.	2	6-8	Falls Own	3x4½ 3x4½	21.6 28.8	5	4		116	FF	32x3½ 34x4	Vac.	Al-Chal. Apico	1085 to 1285
HOMER-LAUGHLIN, Los Angeles, Calif.	1	8	Own	2½x3¾	16.2		2		112		30x3½	Vac.	Disco	1050
HUDSON SUPER SIX, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	7	4	6	125½	SF	32x4½ 35x4½	Vac.	Delco	1650 to 3025
HUPMOBILE, Detroit, Mich.	2	4	Own	3⅜x5½	22.5	5-7	2	3	119-134	FF	34x4 35x4½	Grav.	W'house	1385 to 1735
INTERSTATE, Muncie, Ind.	1	4	Beaver	3½x5	19.6	5	2-4	1	110	¼ F	33x4	Grav.	Remy	850 to 1325
JACKSON, Jackson, Mich.	1	8	Ferro	3x3½	28.8	5-7	2-4	1	118	¼ F	34x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	1395 to 2095
JEFFERY, Kenosha, Wis.	1	6	Own	3½x4½	29.4	7	2	1	125	SF	34x4	Vac.	Bijur	1435 to 1630
JONES, Wichita, Kansas	1	6	Lewis	3½x5½	35	7	4	1	125	FF	34x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	1675 to 2550
JORDAN, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¾	29.40	4-7	2	4	127	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Bijur	1795 to 3300
KING, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3x5	28.8	4-7	3	1	120	FF	34x4	Vac.	Bijur	1585 to 2300
KISSEL KAR, Hartford, Wis.	2	6-12	Own Weidely	3¼x5 2¾x5	25.35 39.68	5-7	3-4	3	117 128	FF	34x4 34x4½	Vac.	Remy Delco	1295 to 2650
KLINE KAR, Richmond, Va.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	5	2-3-4		120	FF	34x4 33x4	Vac. Vac.	W'house	1275 to 1295
LAMBERT, Anderson, Ind.	2	4-6				5			112	SF	34x3½	Grav.	Remy	895 and 985
LAUREL, Richmond, Ind.	1	4	G. B.& S.	3½x4¼	22.5	5-7	4		112	FF	32x3½	Grav.	Disco	895
LENOX, Boston, Mass.	1	6	Buda	3⅜x5½	33.5	5-7	3		130	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Bijur	2000 to 2650
LEXINGTON, Connersville, Ind.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	29.4	5	4	2	116	FF	32x4	Vac.	W'house	1345 to 1510
LIBERTY, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	5	4	4	115	SF	32x4	Vac.	Delco	1350 to 2600
LOCOMOBILE, Bridgeport, Conn.	2	6	Own	4¼x5 4½x5½	43.40 48.60	4-6-7		3	139-142	FF	36x4½ 37x5	Pres.	W'house	5000 to 7400
LOZIER, Detroit, Mich.	2	4-6	Own	4¼x6½ 3½x6	28.9 36	5-7	2	1	120 132	FF	36x4½	Pres.	Gray & Davis	1695 to 4650
LUVERNE, Luverne, Minn.	1	6	Cont.	3¾x5¼	36	7	4		130	SF	36x4½	Vac.	Bosch	1500
MCFARLAN 6. Connersville, Ind.	1	6	Own	4½x6	48.6	5-6-7	2-4	8	136	FF	35x5	Vac.	W'house	3500 to 5300
MADISON, Anderson, Ind.	2	6	Rutenber	3¼x5	23.44	5-7	4		120 124	FF	34x4	Vac.	Remy	1485
MAIBOHM, Racine, Wis.	1	4	Own	3½x4	15.63		2		105	¼ F	30x3½	Grav.	Disco	795
MARION-HANDLEY, Jackson, Mich.	2	6	Rutenber Cont.	3¼x5 3½x5¾	23.4 29.6	7	4		120-125	¼ F	35x4½	Vac.	W'house	1350 to 1650
MARMON 34. Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3⅜x5½	33.75	5-7	3-4	4	136	¼ F	32x4½	Grav.	Bosch	3050 to 5800
MAXWELL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4½	21.03	5	2	3	109	¼ F	30x3½ 31x4	Grav.	Simms- Huff	745 to 1095
MERCER, Trenton, N. J.	2	4	Own	3¾x6¾	22	4-6	2	2	115-132	FF	32x4 34x4½	Vac.	U. S. L.	3250 to 5000
METZ, Waltham, Mass.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4	25	5	2		108	Solid	32x3½	Grav.	W'house	650
MITCHELL, Racine, Wis.	2	6	Own	3¼x5 3½x5	25.4 29.4	5-7	2-3-4	4	120 127	¼ F FF	32x4 34x4	Vac.	W'house Sp'dorf	1250 to 2785
MOLINE-KNIGHT, E. Moline, Ill.	2	4	Own	3¾x5 4x6	22.5 25.6	5-7	4	2	118 122	SF ¼ F	34x4 35x4½	Vac.	Wag.Gen. Auto Lite	1495 to 2495
MONARCH, Detroit, Mich.	1	8							125					1500
MONITOR, Columbus, Ohio	2	4-6	G. B.& S. Cont.	3⅜x4¼ 3½x4½	22.50 25.35	5	4	2	110-117	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Heinse	995 to 1195
MONROE, Pontiac, Mich.	2	4	Sterling Own	3x4½ 3¼x4½	14 16.9	5	2		96-115	¼ F	30x3 32x4	Grav. Vac.	Auto Lite	565 to 1095
				3¼x4½	25.3					FF	34x4			
MOON, St. Louis, Mo.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.4	7	4	5	125	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Delco	1485 to 2450
MOORE 30. Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	G. B.& S.	3⅜x4¼	22.5	5			106	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Disco	550
MORSE, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	2		3½x3½	11		2-3		105		28-3	Grav.		300 and 350
MURRAY, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	7	2		128	FF	34x4½	Vac.	W'house	2800
NATIONAL, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	6-12	Own	3½x5¼ 2⅞x4¾	29.4 39.7	7	4	2	128	FF	34x4½	Vac.	W'house Bijur	1995 to 3420
OAKLAND, Pontiac, Mich.	1	6	N'way	2.81x4¾	19	5	2		112	FF	32x4	Vac.	Delco	945
OLDSMOBILE, Lansing, Mich.	2	6-8	Own	2.81x4¾ 2⅞x4¾	18.9 26.4	5-7	2-4	2	112-120	FF	32x4 34x4	Vac.	Delco	1185 to 1695
				3⅜x5	18.23				104-106		31x4			
				4⅛x4½	27.23									
OVERLAND, Toledo, Ohio	4	4-6	Own	3¼x4½	25.35	5	2-3-4	2	112-116	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	735 to 1585
OWEN MAGNETIC, Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	3½x5¼ 3¾x5½	29.4 33.6	4-5-7	4	5	125-136	FF	35x5	Vac.	Own	3300 to 5200
PACKARD, Detroit, Mich.	2	12	Own	3x5	43.4	5-7	4	12	128-136	SF	35x5	Pres.	Bijur	3450 to 5600
PAIGE, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Rutenber Cont.	3¼x5 3½x5¼	23.4 29.4	5-7	3-4	4	117 127	¾ F	32x4 35x4½	Grav. Vac.	G. & D. Remy	1260 to 2850
PARTIN-PALMER, Chicago, Ill.	4	4	Lycom.	3½x4½ 3½x5	28 34	5	2-4		96-110-112	FF	30x3½ 32x3½	Vac.	Disco	545 to 975
PATERSON, Flint, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25	5-7	4		117	FF	32x4	Vac.	Delco	1265 to 1295
PATHFINDER, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	12	Own	2⅞x5	39.9	7	4	5	135	FF	35x5	Grav.	Delco	3250 to 4850
PEERLESS, Cleveland, O.	1	8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	7	4	3	125	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Auto Lite	2090 to 3590
PHIANNA, Newark, N. J.	1	4	Own	3.906x6	25	5		2	125	FF	32x4½	Vac.	Ward- Leonard	5000 to 6000
				4x5½	38.40				134		37x5 37x5½			
PIERCE-ARROW, Buffalo, N. Y.	3	6	Own	4½x5½ 5x7	48.60 60.00	4-5-7	2-3	20	142-147½	SF	38x5½	Pres.	W'house	4800 to 8000
PILLIOD, Toledo, Ohio	1	4	Own	4½x5		5	2		122	FF	34x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	1485
PILOT, Richmond, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	3¼x5	23.4	5	4		119	FF	32x4	Vac.	Delco	1295
PREMIER, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3⅝x5½	27.3	7	4	1	125½	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Delco	2285 to 3285
PRINCESS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	G. B.& S.	3¼x4¼	27.7	5	2-3		108	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Disco	825
PULLMAN, Ypsilanti, Mich.	1	4	G. B.& S.	3¼x4¼	22.6	5	2-4	2	114	FF	31x4	Vac.	Dyneto	860 to 1400
REGAL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4¼	19.6	5			108	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Auto Lite	795

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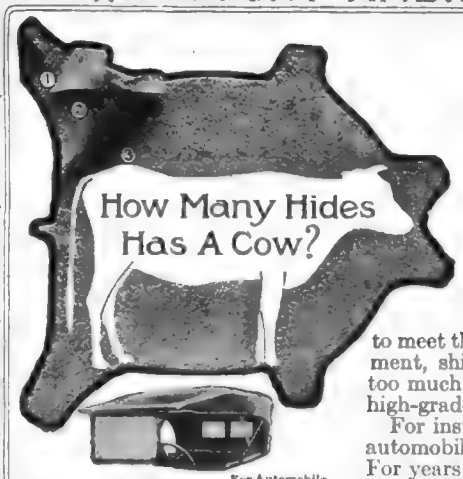
DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

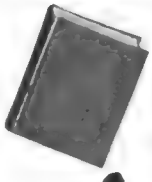


For Automobile Tops and Upholstery

For Boat Cushions and Upholstery

For Furniture Upholstery

For Bags, Trunks and Suitcases



For Book-binding

For Home Decorations, Novelties, Belts, etc.

Uncle Sam Knows the Real Answer:

NOT ENOUGH!

Save Leather for Soldiers

To make America's hide supply go as far as possible, hides are being split into five or more thin sheets; but, even this saving scheme fails to meet the requirements for soldiers' shoes, harness, equipment, ship upholstery, factory needs, etc., chiefly because too much hide leather is used by the public in places where high-grade leather substitutes will serve as well or better.

For instance, the leather upholstery of one average size automobile would make twenty pairs of soldiers' shoes. For years America's largest producers of automobiles have successfully used Motor Quality Fabrikoid for upholstering their cars. Thousands of owners never even knew their cars were not upholstered in leather, because Fabrikoid looks and feels just like the finest leather and actually wears better than the coated split leather most used for upholstery of automobiles not covered with Fabrikoid.

Again, the furniture you buy with leather upholstery is probably covered with split leather that will not give service equal to

DU PONT FABRIKOID
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Craftsman Quality

That "genuine cowhide leather" suitcase of yours will probably reveal on inspection that its covering is only a pasted-on piece of split leather not much thicker or stronger than this sheet of paper.

It is true that some few high-priced automobiles and pieces of furniture are upholstered in genuine grain leather of good quality, and bags and suitcases are to be had at a price that are made of thick grain cowhide.

But the pride of possession of luxurious, expensive leather should now yield to patriotic preference for satisfactory substitutes that will divert this leather to more necessary uses.

Uncle Sam Has Set the Pace

The new U. S. motor trucks and ambulances will be upholstered in leather substitutes.

For several years the standard for book-binding in the Government Printery has been Du Pont Fabrikoid.

The upholstery specifications for the new Merchant Marine call for "Craftsman Quality Fabrikoid."

What Uncle Sam has found by experience and tests good enough for the Government's severe requirements should be good enough for every loyal American.

How You Can Help

If you are a manufacturer using leather, probably part or all of your requirements can be met by some grade of Fabrikoid. While not feasible for every use of leather, the illustrations herewith show you its wide range of utility. If you use leather in your home for any purpose, try the proper grade of Fabrikoid instead.

When buying an automobile, boat or piece of furniture, prefer Fabrikoid upholstery. Help the manufacturer conserve leather by patronizing those who use good leather substitutes like Fabrikoid.

Every hide displaced by a good substitute helps supply our armies with shoes, our farms with harness and our factories with belting—it helps win the war.

Manufacturers! write us your requirements and let us co-operate with you.

Americans everywhere! write for samples and names of manufacturers of the article you want who use Fabrikoid and of stores near you selling it by the yard.

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY
Wilmington, Delaware
World's Largest Manufacturers of Leather Substitutes
Factories at Newburgh, N. Y., Elizabeth, N. J., Fairfield, Conn., Toronto, Ont

DU PONT

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	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse-Power	Touring Car Passenger Cap.	Roadster Passenger Cap.	Encl. Bodies No. of Styles	Wheel-Base	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Starting and Lighting Systems	Range of Prices F. o. b. Factory
				4¼x4½	27.2					SF	34x4	Grav.		
REO, Lansing, Mich.	2	4-6	Own	3.563x5⅛	30.4	5-7	3-4	2	115-126	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Remy	$ 985 to $1950
RICHARD, Cleveland, O.	1	4	Own	4x9	25	9			137	FF	34x6	Vac.	W'house	8000
ROAMER,			Cont.	3½x5¼	29.44									
Kalamazoo, Mich.	2	6	Rutenber	3½x5	23.44	4	4	2	127	FF	34x4	Vac.	Bijur	1890 to 3150
			Spillman	3½x5	33.8								Ward-	
ROSS, Detroit, Mich.	2	6-8	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	7	3	3	130	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Leonard	1750
				2¾x4	12.10						30x3			
SAXON, Detroit, Mich.	2	4-6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	20	5	2-4	1	96-112	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Wagner	495 to 1325
SCRIPPS-BOOTH,			Mason	3.688x4	21.7						30x3½		Remy	
Detroit, Mich.	2	4-8	Ferro	2¾x3¾	22.1		3-4	1	110-120	¼F	32x4	Vac.	Wagner	1250 to 1450
SENECA, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4		2⅝x3¼	22	5	3-4		108	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Al-Chal.	735
SIMPLEX,											36x4½			Chassis
New Brunswick, N. J.	1	6	Own	4½x6¼	46.9	7		2	143½	FF	37x5	Pres.	Bosch	7000
SINGER, New York City.	1	6	Spillman	4x5½	38.4	5-6-7	3-4	5	139	FF	35x5	Vac.	W'house	3800 to 5800
STANDARD,				3x5	28.8									
Pittsburgh, Pa.	2	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	7	4	2	121-127	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Spl'dorf	1950 to 3500
STANLEY STEAMER,														
Newton, Mass.	1	2	Own	4x5		5-7	3		130	SF	35x4½		Apleo Ltg	2200 to 2300
STATES,														
Kalamazoo, Mich.	1	4		3¾x4¼		5			112	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Dyneto	895
STEARNS,				3¾x5⅝	22½						34x4			
Cleveland, Ohio	2	4-8	Own	3¾x5	33.8	5-7	3-4	6	119-125	SF	35x4½	Vac.	W'house	1585 to 3785
STEPHENS SALIENT											32x4			
SIX, Freeport, Ill.	1	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.3	5	3		118	FF	34x4	Vac.	Delco	1385
STUDEBAKER,					24.22				112		34x4			
Detroit, Mich.	2	4-6	Own	3½x5	36.33	7	2	4	122	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Wagner	1050 to 2750
			Own	4½x6	30.6						32x4½			
STUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4	Wis.	4¾x5½	36.1	4-6	2		120-130	¼F	34x4½	Pres.	Remy	2375 to 2550
SUN, Elkhart, Ind.	1	6	Own	3½x5	23.4	5-7	4	1	116	FF	34x4	Vac.	Remy	1345
THOMAS,													Leece-	
Buffalo, N. Y.	1	6				5-7	2	2	134	FF	37x5	Vac.	Neville	4000 to 5000
				3¼x4½	25.4						32x4			
VELIE, Moline, Ill.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	5-7	2-4	4	115-124	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Remy	1165 to 2300
WACO, Seattle, Wash.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	37	5			112	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Disco	950
WESTCOTT, Springfield, O.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	5-7	4	2	125	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Delco	1790 to 2690
											33x4½			
											34x4½		Leece-	
WHITE, Cleveland, Ohio	2	4	Own	4¼x5¼	28.9	7	4	5	124½-137½	SF	37x5	Vac.	Neville	4600 up
WILLYS SIX, Toledo, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	7	4	1	120	FF	33x4½	Vac.	Auto Lite	1295 and 1975
WILLYS KNIGHT,				4½x4½	27.23									
Toledo, Ohio	2	4-8	Own	3½x4	36.45	7		3	121-125	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Auto Lite	1450 and 2750
WINTON SIX,				3¾x5¼	33						36x4½			
Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	4½x5½	48	5-6-7	2-3-4	12	128-138	FF	37x5	Vac.	Bijur	2685 to 4750
WONDER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				5			126	FF	34x4	Grav.		900
WOODS, Dual Power,														
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Cont.	2¾x4	12.12			1	124	SF	35x4½	Grav.		2950
WOODS MOBILETTE,														
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Perkins	3½x4			2		104	FF	28x3	Grav.	Delco	490

Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"ACASON," Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Chassis only. Hotchkiss drive.	1½ to 5	On application
"ACME," Cadillac Auto Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	$1650 to $3100
"ARMLEDER," The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2750 and 3600
"ATLAS," Martin Truck & Body Corp'n, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive.	1500 lbs.	885
"ATTERBURY," Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2275 to 3675
"AUTOCAR," The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1½ to 2	1815
"AVAILABLE," Available Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1775 to 4500
"BECK," Beck Motor Truck Works, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2½	1080 to 2000
"BEECH CREEK," Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear drive.	3	3850
"BESSEMER," Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1250 to 3450
"BOURNE MAGNETIC" Bourne Magnetic Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 2 models. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	3300 to 4000
"BRINTON," Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. Chassis, including Cab.	1 and 2½	1250 to 2400
"BRISCOE," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive.	¾	725 and 750
"BROCKWAY," Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3200
"BURFORD," Taylor Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	2 and 4	2500 to 3650
"CHASE," Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 5 models. Complete. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1500 to 3600
"CLYDESDALE," Clyde Car Co., Clyde, O. 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 3	1025 to 4200

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"COEY," Coey Motor Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Express bodies extra. Shaft drive.	½	$ 695
"COLLIER," Collier Motor Truck Co., Sandusky, Ohio, 1 model. With or without body. Direct bevel drive.	¾	900 and $ 995
"COMMERCE," Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models. 6 bodies. Internal and Bevel Gear drive. Also semi-trailer.	¾ and 1	1175 to 1490
"CORBITT," Corbitt Motor Truck Co., Henderson, N. C., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1650 to 4200
"COUPLE GEAR," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric.)	3½ to 7	5800 to 6900
"CRANE & BREED," Crane & Breed Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		3360 to 4200
"CROWTHER-DURYEA," Crowther Motor Co., Rochester, N. Y., 1 model. Complete. Roller drive.	½	600
"DART," Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ to 3½	850 to 3200
"DAYTON," Dayton Motor Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 7½	2650 to 4950
"D-E.," Day-Elder Motors Corp'n Newark, N. J., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	950 to 2365
"DE KALB," DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra.	2 to 2½	2100 to 2450
"DENBY," Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models, 1-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal gear drive.	1 to 3	1490 to 2525
"DENMO," The Denneen Motor Co., Cleveland, O., 4 models. Chassis only. Internal gear drive.	¾ to 3	995 to 2325
"DIAMOND T," Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1725 to 4600
"DISPATCH," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete. Internal chain drive.	¾	1100 to 1200
"DORRIS," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2	2285

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Johnson's Liquid Prepared Wax cleans and polishes with one operation. It will quickly and permanently remove that bluish, cloudy appearance from your piano, victrola and mahogany furniture. Just the polish and protection for your floors and linoleum.

Tell your dealer that Johnson's Prepared Wax is now made in ***Liquid Form*** and insist upon him supplying you. If he is unable to do so we will prepay the express to any point in the U. S. East of the Rockies.

Quarts... .$1.40 Pints.....$ .75

Write for our folder on "Keeping Your Car Young"—it's free.

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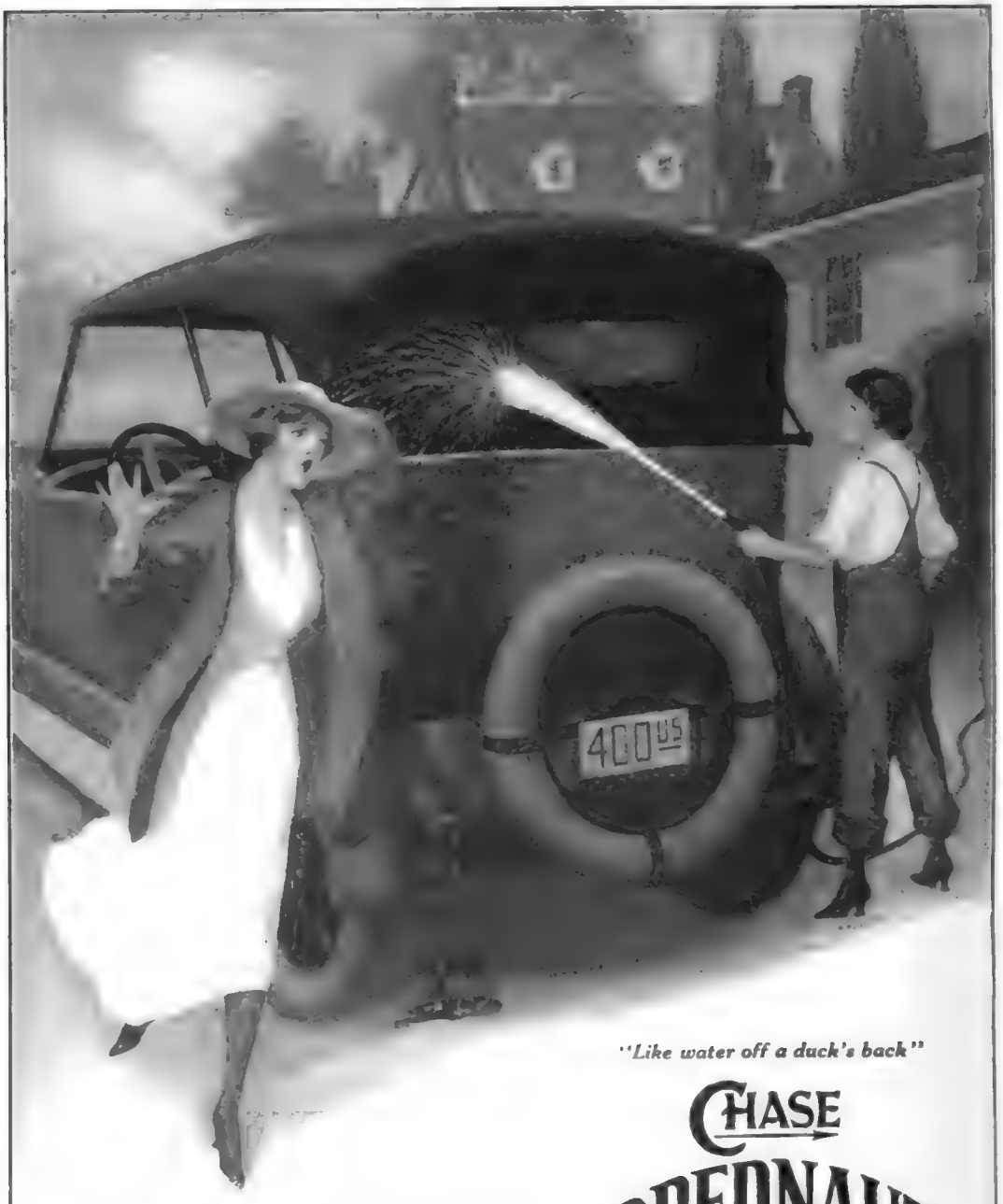

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NEW YORK DETROIT CHICAGO

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	Capacity Tons	Prices
"DOWNING," Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models.	¾ to 1½	$ 600 and $ 750
"DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE," Duplex Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 1 model.	3½	3600
"ELLSWORTH," Mills - Ellsworth Co., Keokuk, Iowa, 1 model. Complete.	½	695 and 720
"ERIE," Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1500 to 3000
"FARGO," Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	2	2200
"FEDERAL," Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1750 to 4200
"F. W. D.," Four-Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Chassis only. Bevel Gear drive.	3	4000
"GABRIEL," Gabriel Motor Truck, Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models, Chassis only. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	900 to 2400
"GARFORD," The Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, Ohio, 10 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. Special fire equipment & Road Builders.	1 to 10	1750 to 6000
"GARY," The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	On application
"GEM" Gem Motor Car Corp'n. Grand Rapids Mich. 1 model. Light delivery. Shaft drive.		675 to 750
"GLOBE," Globe Motor Truck Co., E. St. Louis, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1375 to 3185
"G. M. C.," General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	¾ to 5	On application
"GRAMM-BERNSTEIN," Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6	On application
"HAHN," Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1150 to 4150
"HALL," Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Worm and Chain drive.	2 to 7	2150 to 3800
"HARLEY - DAVIDSON," Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 3 models. Cycle delivery.	300 lbs.	310 to 380
"HARVEY," Harvey Motor Truck Company, Harvey, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2500 to 4000
"HATFIELD," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	1000 lbs.	765 to 820
"HAWKEYE," Hawkeye Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 1 model. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1½	1500
"HENDERSON BROS.," Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive	1200 lbs. and 1 ton	1225 and 1500
"HEWITT - LUDLOW," Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. Also tractors.	1 to 5	1950 to 4550
"HOOVER," Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	¾	1375
"HORNER," Detroit - Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich. 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2350 to 4350
"HOUGHTON," The Houghton Motor Car Co., Marion, Ohio, hearses and ambulances. Worm drive.	¾	1685 to 1750
"HURLBURT," Hurlburt Motor Truck Co., New York City, N. Y., 5 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1½ to 7	2350 to 5500
"INDEPENDENT," Independent Motors Co., Port Huron, Mich., 2 models. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1385 and 1850
"INDIANA," Indiana Truck Corp'n Marion, Ind., 4 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 5	1550 to 4000
"INTERNATIONAL," International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive	¾ and 1	1450 and 1750
"KEARNS," Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.	1000 lbs.	785
"KELLY," The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	2500 to 4750
"KING," A. R. King Mfg. Co., Kingston, N. Y., 1 model. Chassis only. Chain drive.	3½	2800
"KISSEL," The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Bevel drive.	¾ to 5	1185 to 3750
"KLEIBER," Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2350 to 4500
"KOEHLER," H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1¼	1150
"KOENIG & LUHRS," Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model.	¾	900
"LAMBERT," Buckeye Mfg. Co., Anderson, Ind., 5 models. Also tractors. Chain drive.	½ to 2	900 to 2200
"LAMSON," Lamson Truck & Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Four wheel drive. Also tractor and dumping equipment.	3 and 5	4000 to 5000
"LANGE," Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 2½	1950 to 2650
"LARRABEE," Larrabee-Deyo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	$1600 to $3400
"LENOX," Lenox Motor Car Co., Boston, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. 12 to 28 tons haulage.	Tractor	On application
"LESLIE," Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel.	¾	On application
"LIPPARD-STEWART," Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ to 2	1025 to 2600
"LITTLE GIANT," Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co., Chicago, Ill., 7 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3450
"MACCAR," Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5½	2400 to 4500
"MACK," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 7½	2400 to 5000
"MAXIM," Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive.	2	3000 and 4000
"MAXWELL" Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich. 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1	865
"M. H. C.," Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		On application
"THE MENOMINEE," Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	1425 to 4150
"MODERN," Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1800 and 2800
"MOELLER," New Haven Truck & Auto Works, New Haven, Conn., 3 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	1½ to 5	2500 to 4500
"MOGUL," Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	1600 to 4000
"MONARCH," Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	750 and 950
"MOON," Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 1½	1000 and 1650
"MORELAND," Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	1290 to 4250
"MORTON," Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3	4250
"NASH," The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Bevel and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1495 to 3250
"NELSON LEMOON," Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1700 to 4200
"NETCO," New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 2	2450 to 4450
"NILES," Niles Car & Mfg. Co., Niles, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1500 to 2400
"NORTHWESTERN," Star Carriage Co., Seattle, Wash., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½	2150
"OLD HICKORY," Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	¾	875
"OLD RELIABLE," Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 7	1950 to 5000
"PACKARD," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6½	2325 to 4800
"PARAGAN" Paragan Motor Truck Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model. 4 bodies.	1	975
"PEERLESS," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 6 models. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 6	3000 to 5000
"PIERCE - ARROW," Pierce - Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 5	3300 to 5000
"RAINIER," Rainier Motor Corp., Flushing, N.Y. City, 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½	995
"RELIANCE," Racine Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 5 models. Enclosed Spur Gear drive.	¾ to 5	995 to 3850
"REO," Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive.	½ and 2	1125 and 1900
"REPUBLIC," Republic Motor Truck Co., Alma, Mich., 5 models. ¾-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3½	895 to 2750
"RIKER," The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra. Worm drive.	3 and 4	On application
"ROWE," Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special.	1 to 5	2450 to 4500
"RUSH," Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	½	895
"SANDOW," Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1485 to 3[illegible]

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	Capacity Tons	Prices
"SANFORD," Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 5	$1290 to $4500
"SAURER," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive.	5 and 6½	4800 and 5800
"SCHACHT," The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2750 to 4400
"SELDEN," Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3½	1075 to 3400
"SERVICE," Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1500 to 4300
"SIGNAL," Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 sizes, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1800 to 4300
"STANDARD," Standard Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2500 to 4000
"STEGEMAN," Stegeman Motor Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 5 models, 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 7	2600 to 5000
"STERLING," Sterling Motor Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	2½ to 7	2800 to 5250
"STEWART," Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	795 to 1975
"STUDEBAKER," Studebaker Corp. of America, South Bend, Ind., 2 models. With and without bodies. Shaft drive.	½ and 1	945 and 1300
"SUPERIOR," Superior Motor Truck Co., Atlanta, Ga., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 and 2	1500 and 2000
"THOMAS," Thomas Auto Truck Co., Inc., New York City, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	3000 and 3500
"TON A FORD" (Extension Chassis, Ton A Ford Truck Co., Racine, Wis. Ford chassis and motor. Bodies extra.	1	685
"TOWER," Tower Motor Truck Co., Greenville, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra.	¾ to 3	1150 to 2500
"TRABOLD," Trabold Truck Mfg. Co., Johnstown, Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2	975 and 1750
"TROJAN," The Commercial Truck, Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1	1600 and 1700
"UNITED," United Motors Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 6 models of trucks and tractors. Bodies extra. Worm and internal gear drive.	2 to 6	2350 to 4250
"U. S.," United States Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 5 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2650 to 4550
"UNIVERSAL," Universal Service Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 3	2000 to 3400
"VEERAC," Veerac Company, Minneapolis, Minn., 3 models, 2 cylinders. Complete. Chain drive.	¾ and 1	950 to 1150
"VELIE," Velie Motors Corpn., Moline, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2750 and 3600
"VIALL," Viall Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	¾ to 5	940 to 3500
"VIM," Vim Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 12 delivery bodies. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	¼	815 to 1505
"VOLTZ," Voltz Brothers, Chicago, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	3 and 5	2750 and 3600
"WALTER," Walter Motor Truck Co., N. Y. City, 5 models. Also tractor. Bodies extra. Both rear and four wheel drive.	3 to 7½	4500 to 5000
"WARE," Twin City Four Wheel Drive Co., Inc., St. Paul, Minn., 3 models.	1-3-5	$2800 to $4800
"WATSON," Watson Wagon Co., Canastota, N. Y. Tractor and trailer.	5	On application
"WHITE," The White Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus, etc., special. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 5	2300 to 5000
"WICHITA," Wichita Falls Motor Co., Wichita Falls, Texas, 8 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1 to 5	1750 to 4000
"WILCOX TRUX," H. E. Wilcox Motor Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	On application
"WILSON," J. C. Wilson Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. 9-ton haulage body extra. Worm Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3250
"WISCONSIN," Myers Machine Co., Sheboygan, Wis., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1¼ to 5	1650 to 4500
"WONDER," Wonder Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 3 bodies (truck and pleasure).	1	800 to 850

Electric Commercial Vehicles

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"ATLANTIC," Atlantic Electric Vehicle Co., Newark, N. J., 4 models. With or without bodies. Chain drive.	1 to 5	On application
"BEARDSLEY," Beardsley Electric Vehicle Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 2 models. Shaft drive.	150 and 2000 lbs.	$1185 and $2000
"C. T.," Commercial Truck Co. of America, Phila., Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Gear drive.	½ to 5	1600 to 3800
"COUPLE GEAR," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 2 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Electric)	3½ and 5	5200 and 6000
"G. V.," General Vehicle Co., Inc., Long Island City, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	½ to 5	1560 to 3700
"LANSDEN," Lansden Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Direct drive.	½ to 6	1450 to 3500
"WALKER," Walker Vehicle Co., Chicago, Ill., 6 models. Chassis only. Tractors up to 10 tons. Balance drive.	½ to 5	On application
"WARD ELECTRICS," Ward Motor Vehicle Co., Mount Vernon, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm and Helical Bevel drive.	750 lbs. to 5	840 up

Electric Pleasure Cars

	Prices
"BEARDSLEY," Beardsley Electric Co., Los Angeles, Calif., 2 models, 3 bodies, W. B. 90 in. and 103 in.	$1285 to $3000
"DETROIT," The Anderson Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 chassis, 6 bodies, W. B. 100 in.	2125 to 2775
"FRITCHLE," Fritchle Electric Co., Denver, Colo., 2 models, 4 bodies (R. etc.), W. B. 96 in. and 104 in.	2400 to 3200
"HUPP - YEATS," Hupp-Yeats Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 2 bodies (2 coupés), W. B. 86 and 100 in.	1500 and 1750
"MILBURN," Milburn Wagon Co., Toledo, Ohio, 1 model. W. B. 105 in.	1785
"OHIO," The Ohio Electric Car Co., Toledo, Ohio, 3 models, 3 bodies.	2580 to 3250
"RAUCH & LANG, ELECTRIC" Baker R. & L. Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models, 2 bodies W. B. 92 in. & 102 in.	3000 to 3200
"WOODS DUAL POWER," Woods Motor Vehicle Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 1 body. Combination electric and gas. W. B. 124 in.	2950

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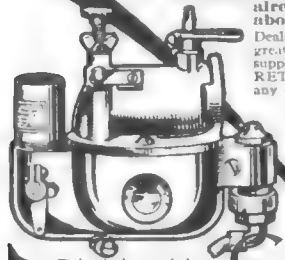

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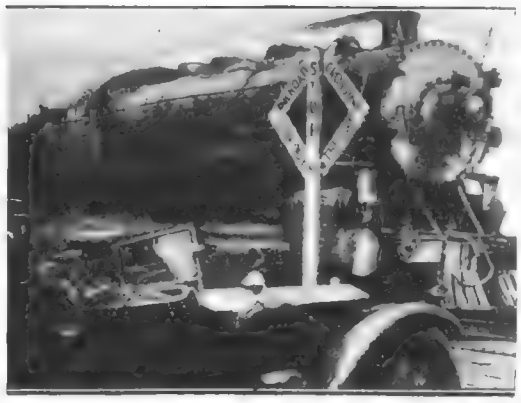

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Your life depends on the efficiency of your brake lining. Grabbing or slipping brakes menace your safety.

In traffic, in an emergency, on hills, your brakes *must* work promptly and smoothly.

Realizing the importance of good brake lining, leading car and axle manufacturers select for their cars and axles the brake lining that won't grab or slip—Thermoid Brake Lining.

Scientific construction of Thermoid Brake Lining

The reason Thermoid Brake Lining has the ideal coefficient of friction, is impervious to moisture, and is durable, lies in its scientific construction. In its process of manufacture it has three exclusive features:

1. **It has over 40% more material by actual weight than any woven lining**
This means longer service—best service.
2. **It is Grapnalized**
Thermoid Brake Lining is impregnated throughout with Grapnal. This exclusive process makes it impervious to gasoline, oil, water, dust, etc.
3. **It is hydraulic compressed**
Powerful hydraulic presses compress Thermoid into a solid mass. This makes it far tougher and stronger than ordinary linings.

Specify Thermoid

When you reline your brakes, specify the brake lining the experts specify—Thermoid. Jobbers, garages, and dealers will be glad to supply you.

Our Guarantee—

Thermoid will make good or WE WILL.

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices TRENTON, N. J.

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Indianapolis, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Boston, London, Paris.

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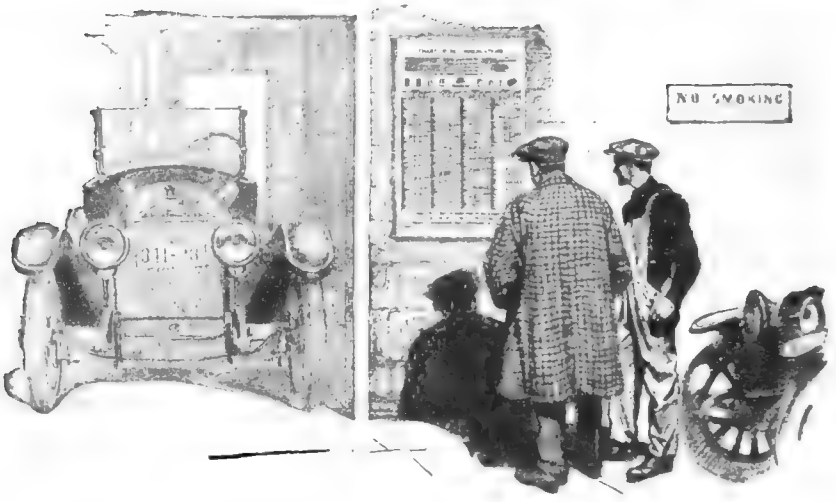
Make this Chart your guide



Look for it on your dealer's wall

YOUR oil runs low. You stop for a fresh supply.

You now come to a vital question. What oil will the dealer pour into your oil-reservoir? Will it be just "oil"—or will it be the correct lubricant for *your* engine?

Among thousands of dealers this is what happens:

The dealer recognizes the make of your car—and the year's model. He runs his finger down the Vacuum Oil Company's Chart (shown above in miniature) until he finds your car's make and model. Then he supplies you with the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car by the Chart. This oil will effectively seal your piston rings against power-waste, gasoline-waste and oil-waste.

Why are thousands of dealers placing such reliance in this Chart?

Experience has taught them that something like 50% of all engine troubles are due to incorrect lubrication.

They realize that scientific lubrication is a problem for specialists. Since the dealer has neither time nor equipment for studying this intricate subject he draws on the experience of a recognized authority.

That is why you find on his walls the large Chart of Recommendations, issued by the Vacuum Oil Company.

If you inquire about the Chart you will find this:

The Vacuum Oil Company for 50 years have specialized in scientific lubrication. Today their world-wide leadership in lubrication matters is unquestioned in scientific circles.

For years their Chart of Recommendations has been recognized as the scientific guide to correct automobile lubrication.

In keeping this Chart up to date, each

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new model of every automobile is carefully analyzed. This work involves lengthy and painstaking engineering study by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations of this Chart are proven correct by repeated practical tests.

But nothing has given dealers such faith in this Chart as their experience with the oils themselves. For no one knows better than the dealer how difficult it is to secure efficient lubrication—and how much efficient lubrication means.

Write for new 56-page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems, list of troubles with remedies and complete Charts of Recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Motor-boat Engines.

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

Electric Vehicles — For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year 'round. For open chains and differential, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," the year 'round.

Exception—For *winter lubrication* of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If your dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches:	Detroit	Kansas City, Kan.	Minneapolis	
	Boston	Chicago	Pittsburgh	
	New York	Philadelphia	Des Moines	
		Indianapolis		

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation: In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A", "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Co.'s Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

Model of CARS	1917		1916		1915		1914		1913	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 32-34-35)					A	Arc				
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Auburn (4 cyl)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc					
Case	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
" (Mod 6-40)			A	Arc						
" (Mod. 6-30)	A	A	A	A						
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	A
Cole			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Cunningham					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A							
Dart	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
" (Mod C)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
Detroiter	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					Arc	Arc				
Dodge	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E				
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Federal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Hal-Twelve	A	A	A	A						
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Hudson		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (Super Six)		Arc		A	A					
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jeffery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
" (6 cyl)	A	A								
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kearns			E	E	E	E				
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Kieb				A	Arc	A	A	A	E	
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" " Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Mod 48)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" " (12 cyl)	A	A								
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Leppard Sweeart	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Mod W)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" " Mod M W	A	Arc								
Locomobile	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc	
McFarlan	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (22-70)					Arc	Arc				
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell (8 cyl)			A	A						
Moline					A	Arc			A	Arc
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Moon (4 cyl)					Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
National	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Oakland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Oldsmobile			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard					A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" Com	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Paige					A	Arc	A	A	A	E
" (6-46)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
" (6-36 & 39)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Pathfinder	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)			A	A	Arc	Arc				
Renault (French)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Richmond	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rider	E	E								
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E		
Selden	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Velie (4 cyl)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (16 valve)	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A		
Willys-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A		
Willys Sun	Arc	Arc								
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	

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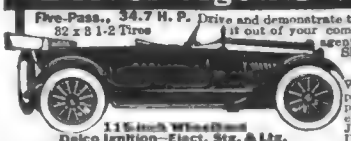

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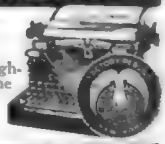

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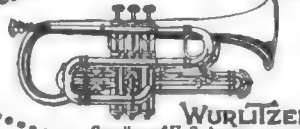

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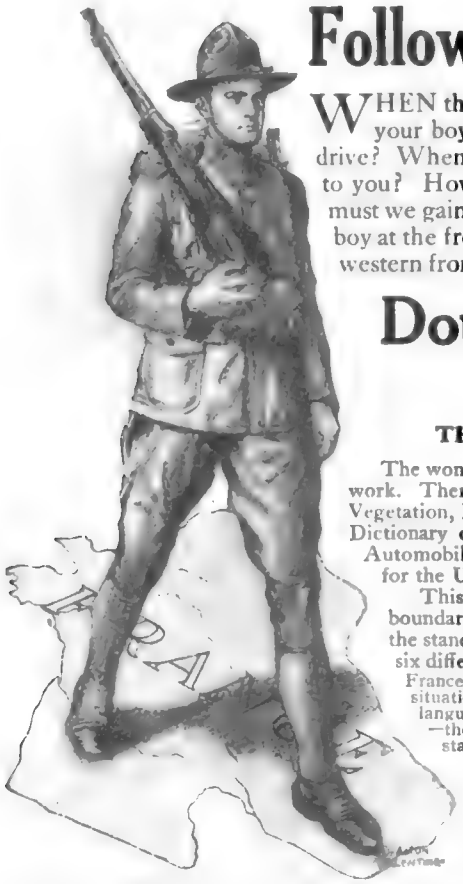

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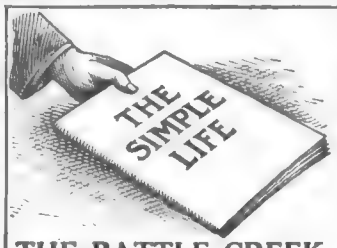

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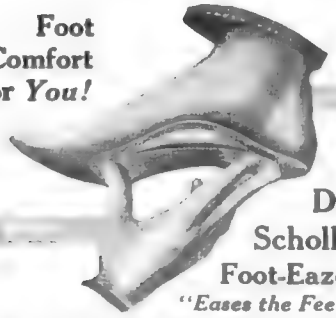

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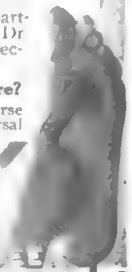

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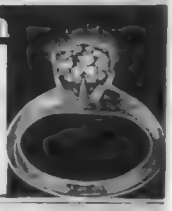

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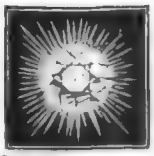

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FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters simply are boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT-LINED CANS**. They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send **BOOK OF RECIPES** for preparing all our products. *Write for it.* Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price, so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

Frank E. Davis Co.
223 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.
223 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.

Please send me your latest **Fish Price List.**

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....

You Take No Risk
This Razor is GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

This Shumate "Barber" razor is so good that we dare guarantee it to you for *life*. Here's the reason—the blade is made from Tungsten Alloy Steel, which takes a keener edge than any ordinary steel *can*—and it holds it. You can use it for years without honing. The secret of this wonderful steel is *ours alone*, and we guard it jealously.

Here's our *unqualified guarantee:* Buy a Shumate "Barber" razor and use it—not once, but as long as you like. If you say after an exacting trial that you don't like it, we'll exchange it *without a word.*

Sent postpaid, **$2.00**

In remitting, mention your dealer's name, and a chamois lined, rust-proof case will be included with your razor.

State whether you want light, medium or heavy blade. Heavy blade for very strong beards.

Established 1884
Output 6,000 razors daily

Shumate Razor Co., 734 Locust St., St. Louis, U. S. A.

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Don't Go By-

Don't Keep That Corn

Every drug store that you pass has Blue-jay waiting for you.

Stop and get it, and it means the end of any corn.

Pass it by, and the corn will stay. You know that from experience.

Blue-jay does more than end a corn. It proves that corns are needless.

Apply it, and the corn pain stops. Leave it on two days, and the whole corn disappears. Only extra stubborn corns need a second application.

Prove that once, and corn troubles end forever. You will never again permit them.

To millions of people—users of Blue-jay—corns are a pest of the past.

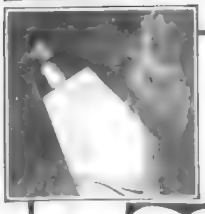
Do what they did—try it. See what a Blue-jay does. Learn why so many millions are now used each year.

Lay aside the old-time methods. Use this modern way tonight. You will wish that you had started years ago.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of
Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns
Instantly Quickly

25c Packages at
Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion
Plasters



Aches and Pains

of any kind—from any source are instantly relieved by Thermolite. It does everything your old-fashioned hot-water bottle or poultice can do and more.

See How Easy It Is To Relieve Pain.

Thermolite
LIGHT AND HEAT INFUSER

heat *penetrate*. The [illegible] And yet heat is only half [illegible] addition. Attachable to any [illegible] Harmless—ask your physician [illegible]

H. G. McFADDIN & CO., 53 Worth Street, New York

Oh, You Skinny!

Why stay **thin** as a rail? You *don't* have to! And you *don't* have to go through life with a chest that the tailor *gives* you; with arms of childish strength; with legs you can hardly stand on. And what about that *stomach* that flinches every time you try a square meal? Are you a *pill-feeder?*

Do you expect Health and Strength in tabloid form—through pills, potions and other exploited piffle?

You can't do it; it can't be done.

The only way to be well is to build up your body—all of it—through nature's methods—not by pampering the stomach. It is not *fate* that is making you a failure—it's that poor, emaciated body of yours; your half-sickness shows plain in your face and the world loves healthy people. So be *healthy—strong—vital.* That's *living.* Don't think too long; send 5 cents in stamps to cover mailing of my book, **"INTELLIGENCE IN PHYSICAL CULTURE,"** written by the *strongest physical culture instructor in the world.*

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical Culture Expert
[illegible] Park Ridge, Newark, N. J.

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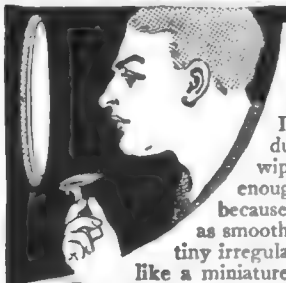
Pathé

A STRIKINGLY beautiful art model Pathephone in Jacobean style—mahogany or oak. Plays all makes of disc records. Write for the new Pathé catalog showing other models from $25 to $225.

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 20 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Pathé Frères Phonograph Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto



The Edge is Rusty

Invisible surface rust dulls a razor. You can't wipe a razor blade dry enough to prevent rust because the cutting edge isn't as smooth as it looks. It has tiny irregular "hills and valleys" like a miniature saw. A powerful magnifying glass shows this. Rust caused by moisture forms between these saw-like teeth—*unless prevented!*

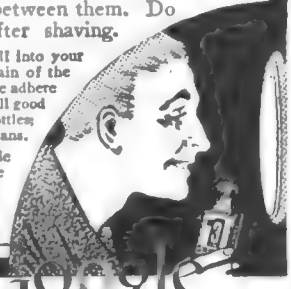
3-in-One Oil

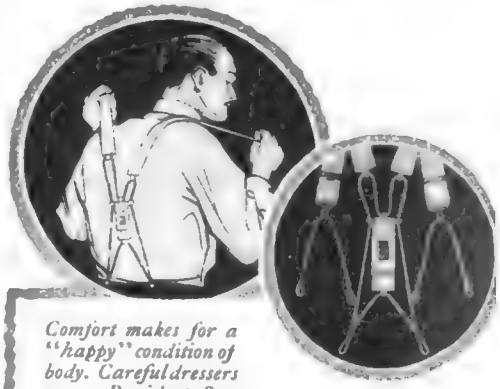
prevents rust—keeps the cutting edge clean and keen—makes shaving easier. Moisten your thumb and forefinger with a drop of 3-in-One. Draw the razor blade gently between them. Do this before and after shaving.

Rub a little 3-in-One well into your strop to bring out the grain of the leather and make the blade adhere to the strop. For sale at all good stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and "Razor Saver" Circular sent free.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
165CYR. Bdwy., N.Y.





Comfort makes for a "happy" condition of body. Careful dressers wear President Suspenders because they are so good to the shoulders.

President Suspenders for comfort

THE "give and take" feature adjusts with every movement of the body—no pull on buttons, no grip on shoulders—so light and easy. And they hang the trousers *right* under all conditions.

For Every Preference

there's a President; all weights, lengths and widths; popular colors and serviceable webs. Light Presidents for dress-wear or business; sturdy ones for rougher service; the best possible suspender *quality* obtainable.

Ask for Presidents by Name

All dealers, everywhere, sell Presidents at 50c, and guarantee them. Say to your dealer: "I want a pair of *President* Suspenders." Then if they are not absolutely satisfactory—in every respect—WE will replace, repair, or (if requested) refund your money.

Look for the "President" buckle on suspenders. Buy no others. Presidents are *guaranteed* to give you absolute satisfaction and service in every way.

President

President Suspender Company
SHIRLEY, MASS.

The makers of the famous President Suspenders make a complete line of suspenders to satisfy every preference. "Shirley Make" on a pair of suspenders is your guarantee of highest quality and service.

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Where Will He Be?

WHEN that man you know—your husband—your son—your brother—is gone—will you depend on hasty newspaper reports to know where he is going—censored reports—reports twisted by prejudice?

Or will you follow him in his trials and his struggle under the guidance of the master historian that this war has brought forth—the man who has been there—who has seen it—who knows—who seems marked by fate to tell the mighty tale.

FRANK SIMONDS

Writer of the Great War History

This war which out of the commonplace of private life has made great generals, made great statesmen, made heroes by the thousands—has also produced a man whose power of the pen, whose knowledge and understanding is so great that he can tell this mighty story.

His years of study of military strategy, his service in the Spanish-American War, his making of maps have all borne fruit. He who spoke to America has been heard by Europe. He is read by European General Staffs, he is welcomed by President Poincaré and by Lloyd George. He has had access to places and documents—he has had opportunity to get material such as make a real tribute to his services. He is the one great historian whom this war has developed.

Once in a generation—no, not so often—there appears one man who seems to have a gift for making history vital, lucid, alive—a man like Ridpath or Macaulay—geniuses who combine a natural gift for language, a natural gift for history, a natural gift for facts, with a marvelous technical craftsmanship. All this is Simonds—he is the man of this generation—he is this generation's Macaulay.

And because Frank Simonds has become so great, the whole world is eager to help him with the writing of this story. Therefore, those who know best some individual part of the great conflict—those who have played a part in it—have written of what they know best. One-third of the whole history is written by them—the other two-thirds being written by Frank Simonds. They are the illuminating, picturesque footnotes of his history. A few of them are:

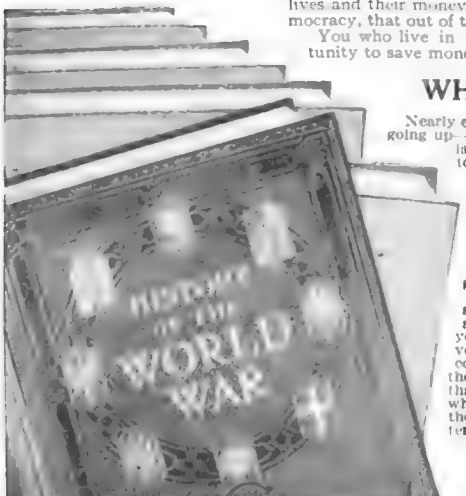
RUDYARD KIPLING
STANLEY WASHBURN
Russian Correspondent for the London Times
LORD NORTHCLIFFE
EX-PRESIDENT TAFT
VISCOUNT BRYCE
A STAFF OFFICER OF THE U.S.A.
WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT
STEPHANE LAUZANNE
Editor of the Paris Matin
ARNO DOSCH FLEUROT
Eye-Witness of the German Entry into Belgium
IAN HAY
SPENCER CHURCHILL
HUDSON MAXIM
Inventor of High Explosives
LIEUT. MÜLLER
Commander of the "Emden"
JAMES McCONNELL
Killed with the American Air Squadron in France
SIMON LAKE
Inventor of the Submarine
ORVILLE WRIGHT
Inventor of the Flying-Machine

You would like to have lived when Napoleon was startling the world, or when Cæsar was marching in glory. You are living in a more thrilling time than any of these.

In the history of this nation there has never been a time like this. Not in the Civil War or during the Revolution have the American people been in such heroic mood.

Here before you is the astounding spectacle of 105,000,000 people ready to sacrifice their lives and their money for a cause. They believe that this is the great fight for real democracy, that out of the fiery furnace of this war, a greater world will rise.

You who live in this generation must own this work—you who have an opportunity to save money on it must not miss this chance.



WHY IT COSTS YOU LESS NOW

Nearly every newspaper you pick up tells you how the price of paper is going up—the price of ink is going up—the price of cloth—the price of labor. Everything that goes into the making of a book seems to go up every day.

One volume of this set is now complete—the second volume is in process of manufacture, and the whole set will not be finished until the war is over.

But to those who order now, we will make the price of the complete set on the basis of the cost of this first volume although we know that the tenth volume will cost us much more to manufacture.

We do this because it is to our advantage to get some idea of how many sets will be ordered.

It is quite possible that it may cost us twice as much to manufacture the tenth volume as it does to manufacture the first. But if you order your set now—you get the ten volumes on the basis of the present cost of one. The longer the war lasts, the higher prices will go and the more that tenth volume will cost. Those who order their sets later will pay the price based on the cost of the tenth volume.

Send the coupon NOW and get the lower price

Eve. 10-17

Review of Reviews
30 Irving Place New York

Gentlemen: Please send me, all charges prepaid, the first volume of the "History of the World War" by Frank H. Simonds and other famous contributors. If not satisfactory I will return it in five days, but otherwise I will remit $1.00 a month for sixteen months. In return I am to receive the other volumes (at least four) of this history as soon as they are released from the press. The set will contain the complete history of this World War from beginning to end.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

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PAINT prevents the decay of woodwork and zinc postpones the decay of paint. The best paint will not last forever but

New Jersey Zinc in paint

combined with lead improves the qualities of each ingredient.

A good zinc paint not only gives greater toughness to the paint film but also deeply penetrates the surface painted and firmly anchors this film to the wood fibers.

This means greater weather resistance and prevents cracking and peeling.

You can buy zinc paint, prepared, ready to apply or if your painter prefers to mix his own paint, he can get composite zinc pastes ground in oil. We will be glad to send you, on request, a list of brands of zinc paints, also a list of manufacturers who grind composite zinc pastes in oil.

Write for our booklet "Zinc in Paint." It contains information that will enable you to get the most for your paint money.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
55 Wall Street, New York
ESTABLISHED 1848
Branch: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building, Chicago

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Photograph from Brown Brothers, New York

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

There's a big, new *Everybody's* coming in **November**—a complete new dress and a larger magazine. Among the many features are:

"The White Arc"—a new serial by Henry Kitchell Webster.

"Room 12A"—a story of the far edge of war, by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

"Congo"—a remarkable story of circus and jungle, by Courtney Ryley Cooper.

Two new humor pages—**"Pen-and-Inklings,"** by Oliver Herford; **"Missed by the Censor and Caught by K. S."**

"Tam o' the Scoots"—the experiences of a daring Scotch aviator, reported by Edgar Wallace.

"Davison—First Aid to the Red Cross," a character study by Edward Hungerford.

Four full-page color drawings: two to illustrate fiction, by Everett Shinn and W. E. Hill, and two war pictures, by F. Luis Mora and L. A. Shafer.

On the News-stands October 23

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HOW do you know it's Dinner Time ?

"Your Nose Knows"

By the *fragrance!* How the frying bacon whets your hungry appetite and promises a keen delight to come. Just so the *pure fragrance* of a good tobacco promises absolute smoke satisfaction. No sense on earth is so dependable as that of *pure fragrance*—"Your Nose Knows."

Such a promise you will find in

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Made of the most *fragrant* leaves of the tobacco plant—the tender, Burley leaves, ripened in the Blue Grass sunshine of Old Kentucky, mellowed and carefully blended—Tuxedo has a *pure fragrance* all its own—"Your Nose Knows."

Try This Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

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When the Bullet Missed Its Mark!

Her nervous hands missed the mark and sent the bullet into the man's throat.

The audience clapped. They thought it was a part of the play. But behind those lowered curtains, a bigger, more breathless drama was going on.

Why had she kept the secret from him? He had misunderstood everything. Was it too late now to show him what he in his blindness had never seen?

Read this story of stage life as it really is behind the scenes. It could have been written only by

O. HENRY

Across the dark war clouds that hover over the world today, there is one ray of light that cheers and heartens—it is O. HENRY.

England is reading him and loving him as she never did before. France is turning to him to lighten her sorrow.

They are reading O. Henry to remember that human nature is not really wicked and depraved—that life may be glad and sweet.

Now that America has gone into this great war for right—we, too, read him more than ever.

He grows dearer to us. He has stood the greatest of all tests. He is the writer whom we love best to have near us in times of tragedy and darkness. He must be dearer to us than to any one else. He is one of us. He is writing about our own people and the country we love.

With swift, sure strokes he drives his story home every time. Never a word is wasted. From the first word the interest starts and you are carried on in the sure magic of his vivid sentences to a climax so unexpected that it draws you up sharply.

Don't get him to read once. You will read him a hundred times and find him each time as fresh and unexpected as the first. And each time you will say, "Why do I love him so much?"—and neither you nor any one else can answer, for that is the mystery of O. HENRY—his power beyond understanding.

They are showing O. Henry's stories in moving pictures. Everywhere people are talking of them. All over the country audiences are thrilling with the real drama of his exciting plots. Read his stories first so that you can enjoy them more when you see them on the screen.

KIPLING 6 Volumes, 179 Stories FREE

Before the war started Kipling easily held place as the first of living writers. Now we know him to be greater than ever, for in his pages is the very spirit of war. Not only the spirit of English war, but the spirit of all war, regardless of nation or flag—the lust of fight, the grimness of death, and the beating heart of courage.

THE PRICE GOES UP AGAIN!

The price of paper went so high that we had to raise the price of the books. Fortunately, we secured one big lot of paper at a comparatively reasonable price, so that we had to add only one payment to the price of the books. So long as this paper (enough for one edition) lasts you can have your set of O. Henry at the present low price with the Kipling free. But paper is still higher now, cloth is higher, and this is the last edition that we shall ever be able to make at the low price. So send the coupon now—at once—for your set on approval free.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO., 30 Irving Place, New York

Ev 10-'17

Review of Reviews Co.
30 Irving Place
New York

Send me on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 6-volume set of Kipling, bound in cloth. If I keep the books, I will remit $1 per month for 17 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the Kipling set without charge. Otherwise I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

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The beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For this luxurious binding, change payments to $1 per month for 15 months.

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Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

Makes it easy to keep your stove clean. Just apply with a cloth on either warm or cold stove for a brilliant, lasting polish. Black Knight Stove Polish will not burn.

10c **Keep your Stove Bright** **10c**

At all Dealers

Manufactured by the makers of the famous **2 in 1** SHOE POLISHES.

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He had a dream and it shot him!

FRIGHTENED—ragged—dirty—the boy stood. It was midnight and the doctor, waked up from sleep, demanded—"But how did they shoot him?" The boy trembled—stuttered. "He had a dream and it shot him."

Don't you remember it—how that boy was Huck Finn—and how Tom Sawyer was shot—and Huck's preposterous, terrified explanation?

How it rolls back the years! How it carries you back to the day, when as a youngster you read and read Huckleberry Finn until you nearly died laughing.

Have you read Huck Finn this year and realized its bigness—its philosophy—its sadness—all those things, which now to you, become so mixed with the laughter of youth? For Mark Twain was the most serious of all our writers—he was a great fighter for freedom, for liberty, for ideals.

BOY STORIES

Get back the glamour of youth. Read once more of Tom Sawyer, the best-loved boy in the world; of Huck, that precious little rascal; of all the small folks and grown folks that made Mark Twain so dear to the hearts of all.

HISTORY

Read "Joan of Arc" if you would know Mark Twain in all his greatness—the most amazing story in the world—accurate as history, spiritual in idea, beautiful in execution.

ROMANCE

Everything he wrote was touched with the golden freshness of youth and romance whether in such books as "The Prince and The Pauper"—"A Connecticut Yankee" or "Roughing It."

SHORT STORIES

They are so many and so good.

ESSAYS

He could not see injustice without fighting it. The flame of his anger seared and burst forth in essays that will live forever.

TRAVEL

You have not seen the world until you see it through Mark Twain's wise and humorous eyes.

MARK TWAIN

"He traveled always such a broad and brilliant highway with plumes flying and crowds following after"—and his death left nations weeping. But in a larger sense he is not dead. He lives forever in work more truly American than that of any other man.

RUDYARD KIPLING, writing to the most important officials in India, said: "I have seen Mark Twain this golden morning, have shaken his hand, and smoked a cigar—no, two cigars with him, and talked with him for more than two hours! Understand clearly that I do not despise you; indeed I don't. I am only very sorry for you, from the Viceroy downward."

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? All the short stories? All the brilliant fighting essays—all the history?

Why the Price Must be Raised

To Mark Twain two things were precious above all others—one was a love for his wife—the other was a love of the people. At every side he was surrounded by tributes of honor, by joyous affection. In every corner of the world he was known and loved. And because of this it was his desire that his books be so made and sold at such a low price that every family could own a set.

So this set of Mark Twain has been sold at a much lower price than would ordinarily be the case for a set of books of this character. But Mark Twain could not foresee that the price of ink, paper, binding—that everything that goes into the making of a set of books—was to go to heights undreamed of even two years ago. It is impossible to continue the sale of this set of books at that low price. For a few weeks longer—until the present edition is taken up—this low price will be in force, but on the next edition the price must be higher.

If you send the coupon at once you can have your set at the low price—but send the coupon at once.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Franklin Sq., N.Y.

Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, with untrimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $2.00 within 5 days and $2.00 a month for 12 months, thus getting the benefit of your half-price sale.

Everybody's 10-17

Name.....

Address.....

For our beautiful red half-leather edition, change the above terms to $2.50 cash and $3.00 a month for 20 months.

Harper & Brothers
1817 NEW YORK 1917

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How Do Uneducated Men Make Such Big Successes?

You have wondered how men with almost no education have gone to the top, grown wealthy, made big successes.

John D. McEwen of the Department of Public Works in New York City wondered too. He has found the answer — He says: "It has been my puzzle to know why men with ordinary schooling are so successful financially. The Course in Personal Efficiency discloses the secret."

The qualities that you lack, you find through Efficiency — the qualities that you have, you make the most of through Efficiency. And you can learn Efficiency, as you would learn any other subject, through the Emerson

Course in Personal Efficiency

You can learn to apply to yourself—to your brain—your health—your time—

The same principles that enabled Von Moltke to conquer France during the Franco-Prussian War in the almost unbelievable period of seven weeks.

—The principles that, applied to railways, industrial corporations, etc., have resulted in lower costs, higher profits, higher wages and nearly double the output.

—The principles that, applied to the United States Navy, have resulted in a tremendous increase in the marksmanship of our gunners.

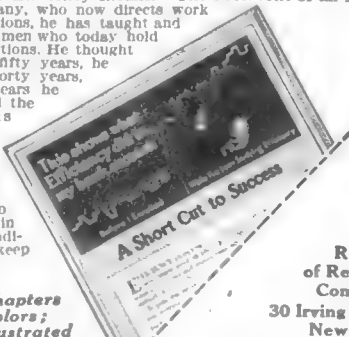
Every success that the world has ever seen has had behind it one or more of the principles of Efficiency.

John Wanamaker, by the application of only one of these principles, has sold over five million dollars' worth of goods to the American people.

One principle and one alone, that of Records, has been responsible for the success of the United Cigar Stores. Three hundred thousand Ford Motor cars were sold during 1915 as a result of following one of the principles laid down in the Emerson Course. Personal Efficiency marks the sole difference between the concern that goes to the wall after years of heartrending struggle and the one that succeeds in placing its product in every nook and corner of the country.

Personal Efficiency is the difference between success and failure; between wealth and poverty, power and weakness. It is the difference between the $10.00 a week clerk and the $10,000 a year salesman. And Harrington Emerson is the man who can teach you.

Harrington Emerson learned from practical experience what Personal Efficiency meant. The President of an Efficiency Company, who now directs work in big corporations, he has taught and trained young men who today hold highly paid positions. He thought Efficiency for fifty years, he taught it for forty years, for twenty years he slowly collected the data for this course. And through this course he has prepared, you can learn how to control your future, how to make success in spite of all conditions, how to keep your health.



Eve. 10 17

FREE—THIS BOOK

14 Chapters in colors; Illustrated

Send for this book. It contains the answer to the ever-present question of "A Short Cut to Success." Some of the chapters: **What is Efficiency? For whom is Efficiency? How you are taught Efficiency. Are you ear-minded or eye-minded? Find out what you are actually doing with your time. Most failures are due to guess-work. You use only half your power. To what do some men owe their success? Health culture. Personal finances. Mr. Emerson's message to you.**

There is no standing still in life. If you're not going forward, you are going backward. If Efficiency doesn't grow on you, inefficiency will. This course will send you forward to your goal—it will put you on the shortest, quickest, easiest road to success. Send the coupon for information now—today. It costs you nothing and may be the biggest thing you ever did in your life.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place, New York.

Review of Reviews Company
30 Irving Place
New York

Send me free and without obligation on my part your book, "A Short Cut to Success." Also particulars about your Course in Efficiency, and "Story of Emerson."

Name _____

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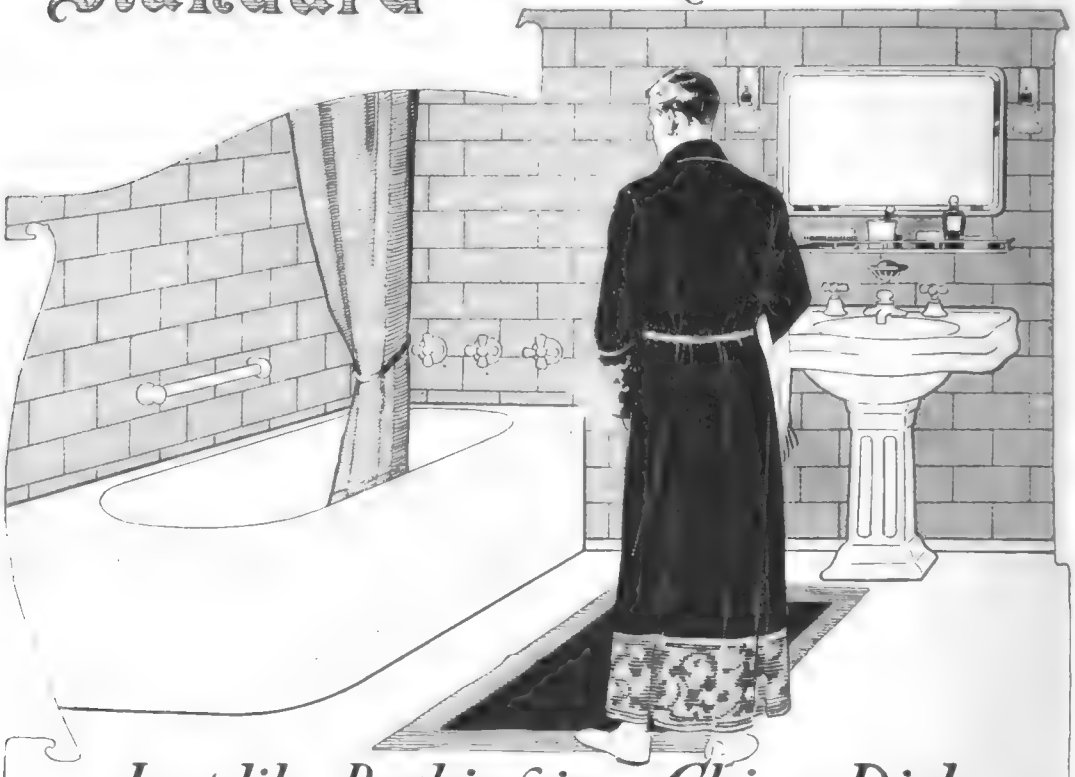
"Standard" "Pembroke" Built-in Baths



Just like Bathing in a China Dish

Graceful, massive, beautifully white, *inviting*. The "Pembroke" is exceedingly good to look at. And, moreover, it is a delightful bath to use, because of its convenient height. It is 5½ inches lower than ordinary tubs, yet equally spacious. The "Pembroke" *builds in* perfectly, so that bath, floor and walls are practically one sanitary piece, free from dirt-catching corners. Its enameled-all-over attractiveness helps the appearance of any bathroom.

Talk to your plumber about "Standard" fixtures for Bath, Kitchen and Laundry.
Write for free copy of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home."

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Dept. G, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

See "Pembroke" Baths at any "Standard" Showroom

NEW YORK.....35 W. 31ST	COLUMBUS.....243-255 S. THIRD	NASHVILLE.....315 TENTH AVE. S.
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPT.).50 BROAD	CANTON.....1106 SECOND ST. N. E.	NEW ORLEANS.....846 BARONNE
BOSTON.....186 DEVONSHIRE	YOUNGSTOWN.....456 W. FEDERAL	HOUSTON.....PRESTON & SMITH
PHILADELPHIA.....1215 WALNUT	WHEELING.....3120-30 JACOBS	DALLAS.....1200-1206 JACKSON
WASHINGTON.....SOUTHERN BLDG.	ERIE.....126 W. TWELFTH	SAN ANTONIO.....212 LOSOYA
PITTSBURGH.....106 SIXTH	ALTOONA.....918 11TH	FORT WORTH.....828-830 MONROE
CHICAGO.....14-30 N. PEORIA	MILWAUKEE.....95 W. WATER ST.	KANSAS CITY.....RIDGE ARCADE
ST. LOUIS.....100 N. FOURTH	SAN FRANCISCO.....149-55 BLUXOME	TORONTO, CAN.....59 E. RICHMOND
CLEVELAND.....4409 EUCLID	LOS ANGELES.....671 MESQUIT	HAMILTON, CAN.....20 W. JACKSON
CINCINNATI.....633 WALNUT	LOUISVILLE.....319 W. MAIN	DETROIT OFFICE.....HAMMOND BLDG.
TOLEDO.....311-321 ERIE		CHICAGO OFFICE.....KARPEN BLDG.

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WHAT IT IS. *WHY YOU WANT IT.*

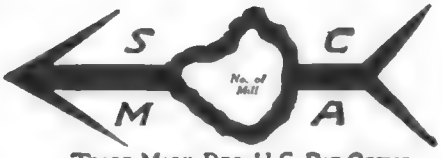
"Tide-water" Cypress

"A WORD TO THE 'BUYS' IS SUFFICIENT." *HOW TO GET IT.*

Owing to the nation-wide insistence upon Cypress, "The Wood Eternal," for all uses that invite decay, (as well as for artistic uses in interiors), it became necessary to devise safeguards for lumber-consumers who have had no reason to become skilled in identifying different woods or in judging their gradations or adaptabilities.

The one way for you to be sure that the Cypress you get was grown in a region near enough to the coast to possess the MAXIMUM *of decay-resisting quality* is to refuse all but genuine "TIDE-WATER" CYPRESS—and the **only way** to *know* that you're getting *Tide-water* Cypress is to *insist* (and *keep on insisting*) upon SEEING WITH YOUR OWN EYES the REGISTERED TRADE-MARK of the Southern Cypress Mfrs. Assn., *stamped ineradicably* in *one or both ends* of EVERY CYPRESS BOARD OR TIMBER, and on EVERY BUNDLE of "small sticks," such as flooring, siding, moulding and shingles. This is the mark to BUY BY—now that every piece of thoroughly reliable

"TIDE-WATER" CYPRESS MANUFACTURED BY ASSOCIATION MILLS IS IDENTIFIED BY THIS TRADE-MARK



TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Only mills which are qualified by the superior physical character of their product AND the ethical character of their business practice can belong to the Southern Cypress Mfrs. Assn. —and *only member-mills* can ever apply this legally registered trade-mark to ANY Cypress.

Let our ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT help YOU *MORE.* Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

1200 HIBERNIA BANK BLDG., NEW ORLEANS, LA., *or* 1200 HEARD NAT'L. BANK BLDG., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

INSIST ON TRADE-MARKED CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL LUMBER DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, *LET US KNOW.*

TELL HIM TO REMEMBER "BUY BY THE CYPRESS ARROW"

"Signed Lumber is Safe Lumber."

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Courier of Soldier and Civilian

Our troops are now on the firing line in France. While at home every instrumentality of our government and private industry is being urged at top speed to insure victory. The telephone is in universal demand as courier, bringing to the front men and the materials of war.

From the farms the telephone courier brings foodstuffs; from the mines the telephone courier calls forth metals; from the factories this courier gathers manufactured products. The telephone courier leads troop and supply trains to the front; summons fighting flotillas and transports; and, in fact, leads practically every contributing unit of supply to the firing line.

At such a time, when the government is straining at its task and every industry is loyally contributing its energy, this national courier is constantly being used to call up the reserves. It is at the base of every contributing activity.

The right of way must be given to the military for the direction of troops and to the government for the marshaling of endless supplies. To do this, and also make the telephone serve all other needs, both patriotic and private, all must economize.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

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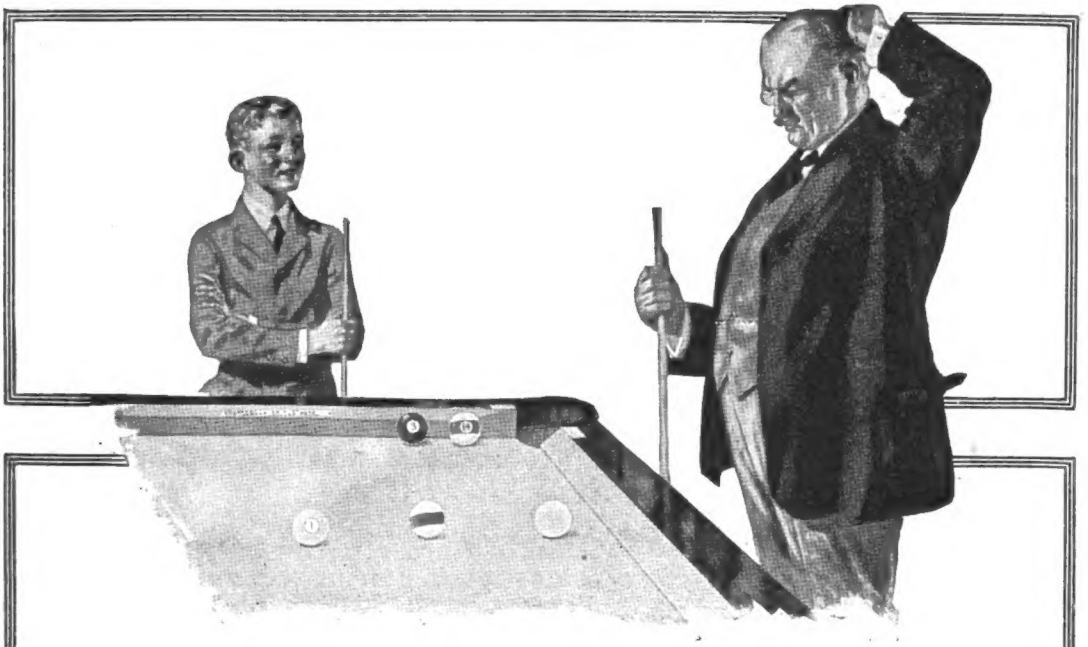

Sons and Fathers Meet at Billiards —MAN TO MAN!

Play Carom and Pocket Billiards *in your home* and rear red-blooded boys. Unite *all* members of your family in this life-long comradeship. Homes need the protection of these fascinating pastimes shared in common—you owe your boys and girls your own society.

Parents who secured home tables for their young folks write us that they themselves can hardly wait each day for the "Billiard Hour."

BRUNSWICK
HOME BILLIARD TABLES

Not toys—but scientific Carom and Pocket Billiard Tables with fast Monarch cushions, accurate angles and ever-level playing beds.

Handsome designs in oak and mahogany. Regular or folding styles in sizes to fit all homes.

EASY TERMS—BALLS, ETC., FREE

Brunswick prices range from $35 upward, according to size and design. Popular Purchase Plan lets you play while you pay—on low monthly payments.

Expert Book of 33 Carom and Pocket Games and High Class Outfit of Balls, Cues, etc., given with every Brunswick.

SEND FOR BILLIARD BOOK FREE

Learn how billiards exhilarates mind and body, aids digestion and—how it keeps boys off the street. See the tables in attractive color reproductions and get our low price and home trial offer. All contained in our color-book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet." Send your address today without fail for free copy.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 55M, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

"Baby Grand"
DEALERS: Write for agency proposition without delay.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 55M, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

You may send me free copy of your color book—"BILLIARDS—The Home Magnet," and tell about your home trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

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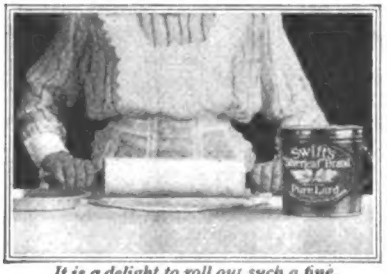
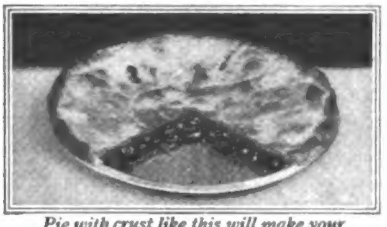
Bake and fry deliciously!

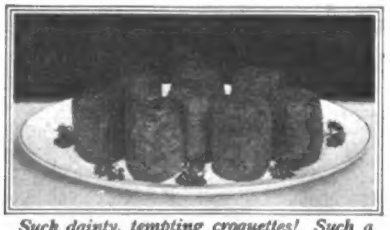


It is a delight to roll out such a fine, smooth dough



Pie with crust like this will make your reputation as a cook!

When the lard is piping hot, put them in. Watch the delicate brown crust form at once



Such dainty, tempting croquettes! Such a crisp, brown crust! Your family will love them

DO you make tender, flaky pie-crust? Do you fry croquettes and potatoes that are brown-crusted, yet soft and flavory inside?

To bake and fry most deliciously, you must select your lard with utmost care. It should be of just the right consistency, neither too soft nor too stiff. It was with this essential principle in mind that Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard was prepared.

Makes delicious pie-crust!

Swift's "Silverleaf" is exactly right for shortening. It works into the flour with wonderful smoothness. It makes a dough which is easy to handle with the light touch that insures a tender pie-crust. When you use this lard, you will be surprised at the new delicacy, the light, crisp flakiness your pie-crusts will have.

Why it is ideal for frying, too!

You can fry deliciously with this lard because you can heat it to an extremely high degree without its scorching or discoloring. See what a delicate brown crust immediately forms on your croquettes or potatoes, and keeps in all the fragrant, steaming aroma, all the delicious flavor.

Your food never gets grease-soaked. It cooks quickly, yet is well done all through. When your family tastes the croquettes you fry with this lard, they will think you have discovered some piquant new way to season them.

Get some of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard today. Give your family delicious croquettes, pie-crusts that melt in their mouths. Hear them say that the things you cook are the best they ever ate.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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Bon Ami

Saves Repainting—

You can't use a scouring-powder on paint, but you can use Bon Ami, for Bon Ami is made of a softer mineral.

Without scratching into the paint, it gently rubs off the grime and finger-marks.

Don't talk about repainting until you find that the paint is actually worn away and the bare wood shows through!

Use either Bon Ami Cake or Bon Ami Powder.

"Hasn't Scratched Yet!"

Made in both Cake and Powder form.

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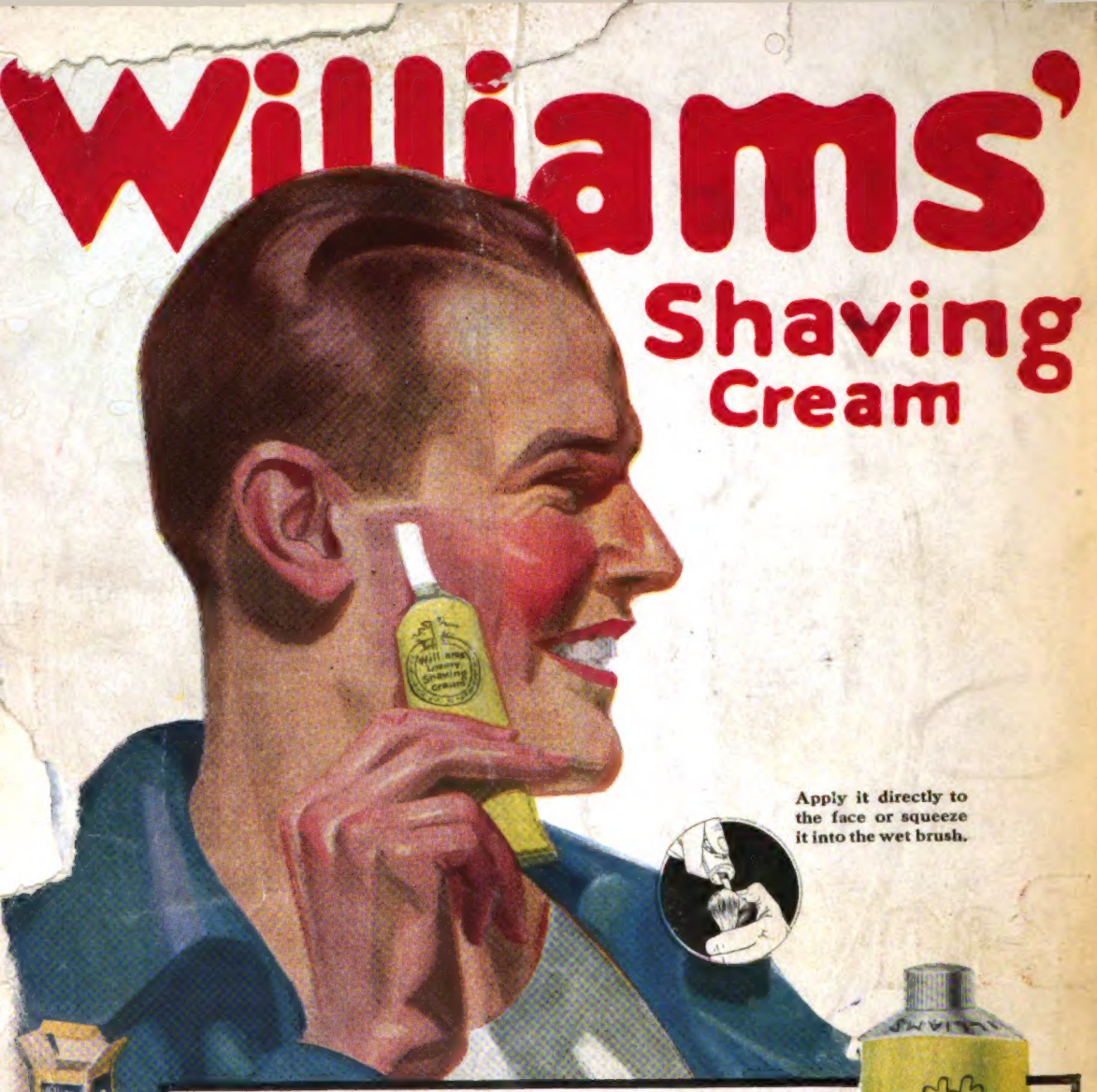
Williams' Shaving Cream



Apply it directly to the face or squeeze it into the wet brush.

Williams Holder Top Shaving Stick
Williams' Shaving Liquid
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO. GLASTONBURY CONN. U.S.A.
J.B. Wms Co

FOR the sake of your face—be careful. Getting the wrong shaving soap is serious. Calling it a cream isn't enough. It may be cream but it must be shaving soap. We have taken the famous Williams' lather and put it into a tube. You release a little every morning and get a shave that is a joy in the getting and a comfort all day. When the beard sees it coming it just gives up and quits. But the skin rejoices and never knows a razor has been along. That's shaving cream for you! Ask for it by its first name—"Williams'."

Send 12c in stamps for trial sizes of the Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4c in stamps for any one.

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A. Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder

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WILLIAMS